THE TOURIST'S MARITIME PROVINCES

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

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THE TOURIST'S MARITIME PROVINCES

HOPEWELL ROCKS, NEW BRUNSWICK

"Outline unsearchable and shadow vast!
And evermore, as moons grow or decline,
The whirl and speed of tidal lathe and plane
Shaping chaotic mass to forms divine."

THE TOURIST'S MARITIME PROVINCES

With Chapters on the Gaspé Shore, Newfoundland and Labrador and the Miquelon Islands

BY

RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

Author of "The Tourist's Russia," "The Tourist's Spain and Portugal," "The Tourist's California," etc.

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NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1915

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TO

PHILIP

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THE TOURIST'S MARITIME PROVINCES

CHAPTER I

GENERAL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE MARITIME PROVINCES, NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Transportation — Customs — Provincial Railways and Steamers — Routes — Tourist Bureaux — Cabs and Trams Motorways — Money — Postage — Telegraph and Telephone Lines — Language — Climate and Seasons.

. . .

Transportation.

Steamers from the United States.

A WEEKLY service between New York and Halifax is maintained by the well-equipped steamers of the Red Cross Line (17, Battery Place, New York; pier adjoining Hamilton Ferry, Brooklyn). The voyage of 570 miles is accomplished in somewhat less than two days. Regular trips as well as the 12-day vacation tours advertised at an inclusive cost of $5 to $9 a day, permit of a 24-hour call at Halifax en route for St. John's, Newfoundland, the ultimate destination of the *Stephano* and *Florizel*, where a stay of two to three days is made. Returning to New York, another day is spent in the Nova Scotia capital.

The Red Cross steamers are exceptional in their cleanliness, attractive furnishings, and cuisine.

They are designed to battle in winter with the ice of northern seas and are therefore very staunchly constructed. The voyage from New York through Long Island Sound and thence northward to Halifax is very little longer and far less arduous than one made overland by way of Boston or Montreal.

The mail packet *Trinidad* of the Quebec Steamship Company, Ltd. (A. E. Outerbridge and Company, 29, Broadway, New York), proceeds from New York every two weeks in the summer season via the Sound to Halifax, arriving in about 48 hours, and departing again, after a stop of half a day, for the Canso and Northumberland Straits, Gaspé Basin (Quebec) and the city of Quebec. A side excursion is made up the river Saguenay. The return itinerary includes a call at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, besides a stop at Halifax.

The Plant Line (Commercial Wharf, Boston) offers a convenient schedule and fast service between Boston, Halifax, Hawkesbury and Charlottetown. Steamers leaving Boston at noon reach Halifax (390 miles) the following afternoon. Hawkesbury, at the southernmost point of Cape Breton Island, on the Gut of Canso, is an overnight sail from Halifax, and is about eight hours distant from Charlottetown, the terminus of the Plant Line. The *Evangeline*, pride of this service, is

the largest ship plying between the United States and the Provinces.

The Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Company (Central Wharf, Boston) offers the shortest route between the States and Nova Scotia. During the summer, six to eight sailings a week, both east and west bound, are scarcely sufficient to meet the demands of the tourist traffic. The crossing between Boston and Yarmouth consumes about 17 hours. Distance, 240 miles.

A direct, all-water, bi-weekly service between Boston and St. John, New Brunswick, is performed by the steel steamers of the Eastern Steamship Corporation (Central Wharf, Boston), with additional Sunday sailings out of Boston from July to September. Distance, 280 miles. Time, 20 hours.

The Coastwise Service of the International Line, administered by the above-mentioned Corporation, is maintained by steamers which call at Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Maine, on the way between Boston and St. John.

Steamers from Canadian Ports to the Provinces.

The *Cascapedia* of the Quebec Steamship Company sails fortnightly from Montreal and Quebec for Pictou, Nova Scotia (147 miles by rail from Halifax), via the St. Lawrence River, Gaspé Basin, Percé (Quebec), Summerside (Prince Ed-

ward Island) and Charlottetown. The trip of about a thousand miles is made in five days.

Reference has already been made to the summer service of the Quebec Steamship Co., Quebec – Halifax.

The Black Diamond Line has regular sailings between Montreal, Summerside, Charlottetown, Sydney, N. S., and St. John's, Newfoundland.

Trans-Atlantic Steamers.

Many passenger lines from British and Continental ports touch at Halifax, N. S., and at St. John, N. B. There is frequent connection, also, between the West Indies and Halifax.

Rail Connection from the United States and Montreal, Canada.

The most direct all-rail route from New England to the Maritime Provinces is via the Boston and Maine, Maine Central and Canadian Pacific Railroads from Boston to St. John, N. B. Thence by way of Moncton and Truro to Halifax or Sydney (Intercolonial Railway); and by way of Moncton and Painsec Junction to Point du Chene where the steamer is taken across Northumberland Strait to Summerside, Prince Edward Island. The "Provincial Express" leaves Boston daily at 7:30 P. M., arrives in St. John about 10:00 the following morning and in Halifax at 10:00 P. M., Atlantic Standard time (one hour earlier than Eastern or Boston time). Distance, Boston – St. John, 455

miles; Boston – Halifax, 730 miles; Boston – Sydney, Cape Breton, 882 miles; New York – St. John by all-rail route via Boston, 681 miles; New York – Halifax, 956 miles; New York – Sydney, 1108 miles.

Time, St. John – Point du Chene about 4 hours. Distance, 108 miles. Time of passage Point du Chene – Summerside, P. E. Island, about 3 hours. Distance, 35 miles.

The most direct connection between New York and Montreal is made over the New York Central and Hudson River, the Delaware and Hudson and Grand Trunk Railroads. Distance, about 300 miles. Time, 12 hours. Montreal may be reached from other points by various roads via Albany, Utica, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul, or over the trans-continental lines of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways. Distance, Chicago – Montreal, 850 miles.

From Montreal [1] there is a morning and an evening express on the Intercolonial Railway for Moncton (junction for St. John and Point du Chene, N. B.) and Halifax. The Ocean Limited (daily at 19:30 = 7:30 P. M.) reaches Halifax (836 miles) in about 27 hours.

Distance, Montreal – Quebec [2] via Intercolonial Railway, 163 miles.

[1] See *Cascapedia* and Black Diamond Line under "Steamers from Canadian Ports."

[2] See Note 1, and Quebec S.S. Co. under "Steamers from the United States."

Distance, Montreal – St. John via Canadian Pacific Railway, 483 miles.

Fares on Canadian railways approximate three cents a mile.[3] Each passenger is entitled to a free baggage allowance of 150 pounds. The railway coaches are similar in arrangement to those of the United States. With very few exceptions, train service is suspended throughout Canada on Sunday.

Customs.

Travellers entering Canada submit their baggage for inspection at ports of entry or frontier stations, unless, by special request, it has been bonded through to some other Customs station. Canadian Customs inspectors will examine baggage at Portland, Maine, and at the Central and Dearborn R. R. stations, Chicago, and bond it through to the passenger's destination. Hand baggage is inspected at frontier ports.

Personal effects, including wearing apparel, are admitted free of duty, also 40 cigars and 100 cigarettes in open packages. A deposit is required on fire-arms, fishing tackle and like importations, but is returned if the traveller leaves Canada within six months.

United States Customs officers will examine bag-

[3] The reader is referred to the pamphlet, "Summer Excursion Fares," issued by the Canadian Government Railways, Moncton, N. B., as to fares to and in the Provinces, local steamer rates, routes, etc.

gage entering the United States, at St. John, Quebec and Montreal railroad stations. Baggage not bonded through from these points will be examined at the international boundary or port of arrival. Residents of the United States may bring in articles for personal use, or souvenirs or curios not bought on commission or intended for sale to the value of $100, exempt from duty. But all articles must be declared. Each passenger over 18 years of age may bring into the United States 50 cigars, or 300 cigarettes, or 3 pounds of smoking tobacco for his personal use, free of duty in addition to the $100 exemption.

Non-residents of the United States must declare all articles aside from personal effects.

Provincial Railways and Steamers.

The most extensive rail system in the three Maritime Provinces — Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island — is the Intercolonial road, operated by the Canadian Government. It may truly be said to have "founded confederation," for previous to its construction the Provinces had no rail connection with other parts of the Dominion, whose inhabitants the haughty Provincials dubbed "Canadians." Seventy years ago, Nova Scotia's orator-journalist, Joseph Howe, made bold to predict in a speech delivered at Halifax that "some of his hearers would live to hear the whistle of a steam engine among the passes of

the Rockies, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days." This prediction the Intercolonial Railway has valiantly helped to fulfill.

For nearly half the total mileage of its trunk line, Halifax to Montreal (836 miles), it runs through the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The division Truro – Sydney traverses for 200 miles the northern section of Nova Scotia, including part of Cape Breton Island. The main line of the Prince Edward Island Railway and its branches (260 miles) is under the control of the Intercolonial.

Both the Government Road and the Canadian Pacific Railway traverse the 90 miles from Moncton to St. John, the latter using the rails of the Intercolonial. Several branches of the Canadian Pacific reach points in southern and northern New Brunswick. The Intercolonial Loggieville – Chatham Jc. – Fredericton division (129 miles) joins the New Brunswick capital to the main Intercolonial line, Halifax – Montreal. Fredericton and St. John are connected by the Canadian Pacific and by steamers on the river St. John (84 miles).

The New Brunswick Division of the National Transcontinental Railway (Grand Trunk System) is operated by the Intercolonial Railway, Moncton to Edmundston, 230 miles. From Edmundston to Connors, N. B. (32 miles) the Tem-

iscouata Railway follows the St. John River along the Maine boundary. This road, which pierces a sportsman's country, has its northern terminus at Rivière du Loup, Quebec, on the St. Lawrence River (Intercolonial Trunk line).

From St. Leonards (26 miles southeast of Edmundston) the International Railway goes through a primitive region to Campbellton (112 miles), thus linking the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial roads. Campbellton is on the main Intercolonial line near the Quebec frontier. Small steamers leave this port once a week, on arrival of the Ocean Limited from Montreal, for ports on the Gaspé Peninsula. Matapedia, 12 miles west, is the starting-point of the Quebec Oriental Railway which, with its supplementary line, the Atlantic Quebec and Western, gives a long-needed rail service to towns on the famously beautiful Gaspé shore.

The dividing line where Eastern Standard changes to Atlantic Standard time passes through Campbellton.

The southern peninsula of Nova Scotia is served by the Dominion Atlantic Railway (Canadian Pacific) and by the Halifax and Southwestern. A branch of the latter crosses the province from the Atlantic on the east coast to the Bay of Fundy on the west. The main lines of the Halifax and Southwestern and the Dominion Atlantic meet at Yarmouth.[4] At Digby (66 m. north of Yar-

[4] See Boston and Yarmouth S.S. Co., under "Steamers from the United States."

mouth) passengers embark for St. John, N. B., on the fast steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway which traverse the Bay of Fundy (47 m.) in 2 to 3 hours. Those who arrive at St. John by rail or steamer from the United States or Montreal may shorten the journey to points in Nova Scotia by crossing to Digby on this line. The S.S. *St. George* is driven by turbine, and having triple screws has a speed capacity of 23 knots an hour.

A sail across the Basin of Minas (Wolfville – Kingsport – Parrsboro) is provided by the *Prince Albert* of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. The time of the steamer's departure to and from Parrsboro (connection by Cumberland Ry. with Intercolonial at Springhill Jc.) is determined by the tides of Minas Basin.

The Dominion Atlantic joins Windsor, N. S., to Truro; and Windsor to Windsor Jc., en route to Halifax.

A branch from the line Truro – Sydney connects at Stellarton with Pictou, N. S., from which point the *Northumberland* of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company crosses every week-day to the capital of Prince Edward Island,[5] 50 miles distant, unless prevented by ice. The winter service is maintained by ice-breaking craft.

[5] See under "Rail Connection from the United States" for route to P. E. Island, Point du Chene – Summerside. The Intercolonial Railway will soon put in service an ice-breaking car ferry which will transfer trains from Cape Tormen-

At Mulgrave (184 miles from Halifax en route to Sydney) small steamers connect with the Intercolonial for Arichat, Canso and Guysboro on the Atlantic side, and for other towns on the Gulf of St. Lawrence side of northern Nova Scotia. Also for St. Peter's, Grand Narrows and intermediate points on the Bras d'Or Lakes. The *Weymouth* connects at Hawkesbury with the Boston boat and passes through the Lakes to Sydney.

Point Tupper, to which place trains are conveyed by ferry from Mulgrave, across the Strait of Canso, and Hawkesbury are on the Island of Cape Breton. Point Tupper is the southern terminus of the railway of the Inverness Coal Company which skirts the Island's western coast as far as Inverness (62 miles); and of the Cape Breton Railway, Point Tupper – St. Peter's (31 m.). St. Peter's is on the canal which gives access from the ocean to the Bras d'Or Lakes.

A steamer connects at Grand Narrows and Iona for Baddeck, on the Little Bras d'Or, 55 miles from Sydney. Sydney and North Sydney are the points of departure for a steamboat which calls at Baddeck (55 miles) and at Whycocomagh (80 miles) on the Lakes; also for other steamers which touch ports on the most northerly promontory of Cape Breton Island, including Bay St. Ann, In-

tine (reached from Sackville, N. B.) to Cape Traverse, P. E. I., about 10 miles. To this end the Prince Edward Island road gauge will be changed from narrow to standard.

gonish, Aspy Bay and Bay St. Lawrence, or make weekly connection with Louisbourg and Arichat, continuing to Mulgrave and Hawkesbury.

The lake and coasting steamers afore-mentioned are moderately comfortable. Those which breast the open Atlantic and the Gulf of St. Lawrence are not recommended to travellers who suffer from sea-sickness. The meals on most of the boats are poor and on some are execrably bad.

The Reid – Newfoundland steamers which sail on alternate week-day evenings from North Sydney to Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, 100 miles across Cabot Strait, are strong, handsome vessels, especially designed for this service.

The mail steamer, Halifax – St. Pierre, on the Miquelon Islands, calls at North Sydney during the summer.

From Sydney, 5 miles across the bay from North Sydney, a road branches to the new town of Louisbourg, which has succeeded the historic French city and fortress of that name.

A new line is being pushed to completion between Dartmouth (opposite Halifax) and Guysboro, along the northeast shore of Nova Scotia through a farm and timber country. Small coastal steamers, some of them only indifferently clean, ply between Halifax and Nova Scotia ports both northeast and southwest of the capital. Farquhar & Co. have two new boats connecting Halifax

with places on the "eastern"[6] (northeastern) shore and the coast of Cape Breton, West Newfoundland and P. E. Island.

Little craft run between Pictou and the Magdalen Islands, via Souris (P. E. I.); and connect St. John with St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Eastport (Maine), Campobello Island and Grand Manan Island, N. B. Two lines of steamboats connect St. John and Fredericton.

The mail steamer for St. Pierre, Miquelon Islands (a French colony), leaves Halifax every fortnight.

The traveller will find officials and employés on trains and steamers throughout the Provinces and the Colony of Newfoundland unusually courteous. One cannot commend too warmly their attitude toward those temporarily under their care. In all that goes to make travelling agreeable, the Intercolonial Railway has set standards rarely attained in countries where speed is the chief requisite. The cars are roomy, clean and comfortable, the attendants immaculately uniformed, the service polite and efficient. Conductors are never too pompous, brakemen never too impressed with the dignity of their office to lend a strong and willing arm in case of need. Even the emergency which compels one to ride on a "mixed" has its reward

[6] This term as locally used applies to the coast above Halifax. The "Southwestern Shore" extends from Halifax to Yarmouth.

in the cup of tea proffered by the master of the train if it is lunch hour in the caboose, or in the informing chat with a blue-overalled handy-man who relates moose stories, scraps of folk-lore, or news of mining and agricultural ventures with the same facility with which he uncouples a freight.

There are minor railways whose gait would exercise a Russian's patience. The vagaries of time-tables which decree the departure of certain trains on different days to specific stations are not always easy of solution. Some schedules, especially those on Prince Edward Island lines, make havoc of early morning naps. But on main roads, travel in the Sea Provinces is an unvexed delight.

Routes.

Halifax and Yarmouth are the portals to mid-Acadia and to historic settlements on the Atlantic coast of lower Nova Scotia,— Lunenburg, Bridgewater, Liverpool, Shelburne. A Grand Tour of the Provinces will include, besides the above-mentioned towns, those of the Annapolis Valley and the Minas Meadows, "which Mr. Longfellow has made more sadly poetical than any other spot on the Western Continent"; a visit to St. John, chief city of New Brunswick, and adjacent resorts; a voyage by the much-vaunted St. John River to Fredericton; a journey through forest wilds to the Grand Falls of the St. John and Nepisiguit and to the Bay de Chaleur; a visit to the Hopewell

Rocks from Moncton, N. B.; a further journey across Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island via Point du Chene, returning via Pictou to upper Nova Scotia; and a tour thence to the Bras d'Or Lakes, Lake Ainslie, and the Margaree Valley before continuing to Sydney, Louisbourg, and the east coast of upper Cape Breton.

Or the traveller beginning his tour in Halifax or Yarmouth may proceed to Cape Breton after visiting southern Nova Scotia, retrace his steps to Pictou, N. S., cross to Prince Edward Island, recross to Point du Chene, N. B., proceed northwestward to the Bay de Chaleur region from Moncton, and come to St. John by rail from Campbellton – St. Leonard's – Fredericton, and by river from the capital to the chief port of New Brunswick. Or, arriving first at St. John, by rail or steamer, the course may be reversed, and the tour ended at a Nova Scotia port.

Those who approach the Provinces from the west will conveniently visit New Brunswick first, then Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and lower Nova Scotia.

Even a short tour will certainly embrace the Fundy shore towns of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with side trips to the Bras d'Or Lakes.

Tourists coming east via Montreal or Quebec, or those who travel westward to visit the northern section of New Brunswick, will find it a rewarding

experience to extend their journey to Percé and Gaspé Basin on the coast of the thumb-like peninsula which projects into the Gulf of St. Lawrence as part of the Province of Quebec. If the traveller elects to make the voyage from Montreal or Quebec by St. Lawrence River steamers, he can disembark at Gaspé Basin, continue to Percé by rail, and thence to Matapedia (junction of the Peninsula road with the Intercolonial line, Montreal – Halifax). Or, after a tour of the Gaspé coast, the steamer may be resumed at Percé for Charlottetown and Nova Scotia ports.

If the tour of the Maritime Provinces is to be supplemented by an excursion to Newfoundland, the steamer may be boarded at North Sydney, Cape Breton, for Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, the Island crossed by rail to St. John's, the capital, and another steamer taken back to Halifax or New York.

A trip to the very interesting French colonial islands of Miquelon may be taken from Halifax, and the return steamer left at North Sydney, the voyage to Newfoundland being pursued from the latter port. There is no passenger service between Newfoundland and the Miquelon Islands. Tugs or motor-boats may sometimes be engaged for the crossing, but at an immoderate rate.

Tourist Bureaux.

In Halifax and Yarmouth the interests of the

visiting stranger are efficiently conserved by Tourist Committees allied with the Chambers of Commerce. There is no provincial organisation as in New Brunswick, with associates in principal tourist towns.

The New Brunswick Tourist Association has its headquarters at 23, King Street, St. John. Its secretary will give information as to routes, connections, sporting outfits, and places to stay. There is a branch at 608, Queen Street in Fredericton.

The Publicity Agency in the Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown, serves as a general bureau for the somewhat limited tourist attractions of Prince Edward Island.

Cabs and Tramways.

The fare for cabs,[7] and the hire of carriages and motor-cars for pleasure trips is less in Provincial towns than the price asked in places of corresponding importance in the States. In Halifax and St. John, sight-seeing vehicles leave at stated hours from positions near the principal hotels and offer a comprehensive tour of the city for a small sum. A pair of horses and a landau (four persons) may be hired for an entire afternoon's drive within city bounds for $5; a horse and buggy all day for $4; one-horse carriage, $1 an hour; two horse, $1.50.

[7] Halifax: 50c per person per mile. St. John: 30c per person from stations and landings to hotels or central points.

In the country, the hire of a horse and buggy costs $2 to $3 a day.

The province of Nova Scotia has but four tramway systems throughout its length of 370 miles. These operate as urban and inter-urban lines in Sydney (Cape Breton), in Pictou County (Westville, Stellarton and New Glasgow), in Halifax, and in Yarmouth. In these towns as in St. John, Moncton and St. Stephen, N. B., the car-fares approximate those in American cities.

Motor-ways.

A maze of good roads extends from Halifax to distant suburbs, and through many sections of the province, both north and south. There is not yet a motor highway from the capital to Yarmouth via the Annapolis Valley such as motorists might desire, but this is a blessing promised for the future. The road from Annapolis to Kedgemakoogee Lake (35 miles inland) is fair in summer, and the road Wolfville – Annapolis – Digby – Weymouth (Clare District of Acadians) – Yarmouth is excellent for most of its length (150 miles). About Yarmouth the highways are especially well made and maintained.

The country roads which follow the east coast, Yarmouth – Halifax, are more used to the wheels of the ox-cart than to the rubber shoes of the automobile, but are often much better than one would

expect, especially in the Bridgewater – Lunenburg – Chester – Hubbards region.

The roads north of Truro are much travelled by motor-cars as far as Antigonish and St. Peter's and into the Cape Breton counties. Motorists speed from Sydney to Baddeck and St. Peter's for the week-end. Others more venturesome essay the trip across-country to the ravishing Margaree Valley and on to Cheticamp facing the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or pursue the rugged cliff roads from Sydney to Ingonish.

Automobiles are forbidden on the country roads of Prince Edward Island and are allowed on the streets of Charlottetown and suburban roads on specified days of the week only. This to safeguard the poise of the highly-esteemed island equine.

The roads in and about Moncton, N. B., are alive with shining cars. The drive to the wonderful Hopewell Rocks (20 miles) is much in favour. Likewise the tour to St. John by way of Petitcodiac, Sussex, Hampton and charming Rothesay.

The hills of St. John are ruinous to springs and tires. Automobiles are barred from the public parks here as in Halifax. The level Marsh Road and the Manawagonish are the best-kept driveways. On the way to resorts down the coast and along the St. John and Kennebecasis Rivers one meets occasional motor vehicles. Occasional ones,

too, on the coast roads of the north, but New Brunswick offers comparatively few good roads inducements to the motor tourist.

A deposit equal to the duty is required on cars brought from across the border into all provinces of the Dominion, but will be refunded upon departure for the United States within six months.

Money.

The dollar is the unit of currency in Canada, and United States notes and silver are accepted now at par. Only the nickel and copper coins of the United States are refused. The Canadian five-cent piece is a small silver coin, the cent an inconveniently large bronze one. The 20-cent piece is easily confused with the silver quarter of both Canada and the United States. Besides paper notes of $1, $2, $5, $10, $20, $50 and $100 denomination, the Canadian Government issues a $4 note, also gold coins which until recently were done at the Royal Mint in England.

A list of principal banks in the chief tourist towns of the Provinces is given at the rear of this volume. The Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit issued by reliable banks, tourist agencies and express companies are recommended as a safe and convenient means of carrying funds. As a provision against contingencies, travellers will find it advantageous to have their local banker certify to their signature before leaving home.

In all but exceptional instances, wearing apparel in Canada is more expensive than in the United States, quality for quality. The only exceptions of importance are furs, and rugs and garments made of wool, which may be of either British or Canadian manufacture.

Postage.

Letters: 2 cents per ounce to Canada, Newfoundland, the United States, Mexico, Great Britain and her Colonies. Five cents per ounce to other countries, including the French Islands of Miquelon (south of Newfoundland).

Postal cards: 1 cent to Canada, the United States and Mexico; other countries, 2 cents.

Newspapers: 1 cent for each 4 ounces to Canada, the United States and Mexico.

Books, Photographs and Printed Matter: 1 cent for each 2 ounces to all countries.

Merchandise: 1 cent per ounce to Canada and the United States.

Registration, 5 cents. Special Delivery, 10 cents.

Provincial tourist literature bears the insistent phrase, "Do not use United States stamps," from which it may be inferred that there are visitors who fall into this error.

Telegraph and Telephone Lines.

The Canadian Pacific and the Western Union Telegraph Companies serve the Provinces. Prince

Edward Island is telegraphically connected with the mainland by the cable of the Anglo-American (Western Union) Telegraph Company. It is said that this cable under Northumberland Strait was the first to be laid in American waters, and the second to be laid anywhere in the world.

The minimum rate for telegrams within the Dominion is 25 cents per 10 words; to the United States 40 cents for 10 words. "Night letters": 50 words for the day 10-word rate.

Cable to Newfoundland from the Maritime Provinces, 85 cents for 10 words, minimum rate. To Great Britain, 25 cents per word.

The Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Company gives connection to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick towns. Long distance communication with points in the United States is also made.

Prince Edward Island has a well-established telephone system.

Language.

Among the Acadians of the Pubnico and Clare Districts of lower Nova Scotia, in some northern settlements of New Brunswick, in the territory north of the Margaree River (on the west coast of Cape Breton) and at Arichat on the Isle Madame, one's French will be exercised in converse with the inhabitants, though the young people usually have command of some English.

The Acadian tongue is to-day much the same as

that which the peasants of Brittany and Normandy spoke at the beginning of the seventeenth century — the period of the first migrations from France to the New World. The Acadians' accent is better than that of the Quebec French, but their grammatical observance is less exact. Like Henry the Fourth and his subjects of three hundred years ago, the Clare Acadians say *j'ons* for *j'ai* (I have) and *ils avont* for *ils avaient* (they have), and they use the old form for "man," *houme* for *homme*. Proverbs and phrases used by Molière are still current in the district about Weymouth. Sometimes new words are derived from the English — *montains* for mountains, instead of *montagnes;* or words unequivocally Anglo-Saxon are introduced into a French sentence. "*Il est très* smart" is a phrase one often hears, and "God knows!" is a familiar interjection on the lips of *habitants* who speak no other English.

In the remote region beyond the Margaree, many miles from the railroad, the French heard in farm or fishing cottage is almost incapable of being understood by unaccustomed ears. Here, the language has degenerated to an unlovely *patois.*

There are other parts of Cape Breton where nearly all the natives "have the Gaelic," where one hears the tongue of the Highlands in guttural discussion on trains and street corners, and where the sermon is first given in the kirk in English and then repeated in Gaelic for patriarchs and grave-

faced wives who, though Canadian-born, cling to the language of their fathers.

Climate and Seasons.

It is well agreed that the summer climate of the Atlantic Provinces is nearly perfect, especially near the numerous gulfs and bays and on the ocean shore. Days that are hot in the United States are merely warm in the benign region of the Bras d'Or and the Bay of Fundy. Winds from the St. Lawrence Gulf cool miles of coast line on Cape Breton and Prince Edward Islands and northern New Brunswick. From Yarmouth to Sydney, Atlantic breezes blow upon the face of Nova Scotia. Even inland towns whose thermometers sometimes register an uncomfortable degree in the day are fortunate in their refreshing nights. The average summer temperature of coast towns is 62°, the average maximum 80°. In the woods of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and on the water-edge fires are often grateful on mid-summer evenings, and by the ides of September the blazing log is welcomed on many a hearth at the close of a day that has been warm and sunny.

Winter is not so dry nor so cold in the provinces by the sea as in those which lie further west, and therefore not so inviting. In this part of the world spring gives way reluctantly to impatient summer. Even in June the atmosphere is often too raw for out-door pleasures. July, August,

September and gay October are the dependable months,— warm enough and cool enough, and comparatively free from fogs and protracted rains. Off Prince Edward Island and on the Bay Chaleur coast, fogs are practically unknown.

CHAPTER II

HOTELS — CUISINE — SPORTS — AMUSEMENTS FESTIVALS

. . .

Hotels.[1]

Now-a-days one cannot say of Provincial inns, as did *Sam Slick* four score years ago, that a good one was no easier to find than "wool on a goat's back." The Yankee pedlar whom Judge Haliburton created to flay and spur the indolent Scotians would find himself comfortable at many a cross-roads hotel in this day of bettered travelling facilities, and excellently housed in certain hostelries which have met the exacting demands of tourists.

The most pleasantly typical inns of this vacation land are those which embody in their simple, cosy rooms and their kitchen supervised by the housewife and her daughters the standards of American home life. One comes upon these modest guest-houses mayhap without anticipation, but leaves them oft-times with savoury memories of home-baked biscuits and well-seasoned game, of crusty pies and wild berries which far more pretentious ménus cannot efface.

[1] See Hotel List at end of volume.

There is one such house "past the hawthorne bush and next to the forge" in Barrington Passage, a village of white cottages and dark firs facing the island of Cape Sable at the southernmost point of Nova Scotia. And there are others at near-by Lockeport and Port Medway, and in towns on Digby Neck, at Cheticamp far up in Cape Breton, at "Northeast" in the Margaree Valley, at Montague, Prince Edward Island, at Lakeside, New Brunswick, and at Arichat on an Acadian isle, twenty miles out in the Atlantic.

Frequented hotels at Liverpool and Bridgewater, Chester and Hubbards on the eastward shore of Nova Scotia, at Weymouth, Digby, Smith's Cove, Annapolis, Wolfville, Windsor and Parrsboro on the Fundy side, at Baddeck and Whycocomagh on the Bras d'Or Lakes, at Sussex, Hampton, Loch Lomond, Rothesay, St. Stephen, St. George, St. Martins, Woodstock, Grand Falls, St. Leonards and Chatham in New Brunswick, and at Brackley Beach, Hampton, Stanhope, Rustico, Tracadie and Alberton, Prince Edward Island, are elaborations of the country inn, with ampler accommodation for summer guests and more modern equipment, and, regrettably, a more stereotyped cuisine. It is a commentary on the tourist requirements peculiar to this region that large hotels dependent upon fashionable patronage are not as a rule successful. Several houses of this sort have closed their doors within recent years. An exception is

the Algonquin Hotel, conducted by the Canadian Pacific Company, at St. Andrews, N. B., which burned in May, 1914, but has been rebuilt. In this instance, however, there is a large Montreal clientage to give support. On Campobello Island are delightful inns patronised chiefly by vacationists from the New England states. At Dalhousie, N. B., the Inch Arran Hotel, an unconventional structure on the shore of the Bay Chaleur, is the resort of Eastern Canadians and a few Americans.

The Grand Hotel, Yarmouth, is the mecca of rustic honeymooners, being reputed for its size and for the length of its ménu. Experienced travellers forsake its barn-like pretensions for humbler and more hospitable inns.

Lour Lodge, also newly constructed after a fire which destroyed all but the annex and cottages, is not only the best hotel in Digby, but one of the most completely satisfying to be found anywhere in the Provinces. Less successful hotels would do well to take it as a model in cuisine, service and general conduct.

In its own sphere — that of a resort for anglers, huntsmen and forest lovers — the Kedgemakoogee Rod and Gun Club on Kedgemakoogee Lake, at the heart of the Nova Scotia peninsula, is equally worthy of praise. The Club House and cottages, the forest and island domain of 1500 acres and the fishing and hunting facilities are accessible to the casual tourist as well as to members. Though

"JAPANESE DAY" AT THE WAEGWOLTIC CLUB, NORTH WEST ARM, HALIFAX

distant by wagon-road 35 miles from Annapolis, the nearest sizeable town, the service is faultless, thanks to the genius of the charming and capable woman who presides as mistress of the club community.

Minard's cottage camp is also on Kedgemakoogee Lake; there is another resort affected by sportsmen at Milford, on the road from Annapolis (15 miles).

In the hotels of large towns the Knights of the Road hold sway in the office, and pre-empt the attention of the Hebes of the dining-room. In truth, one must share the verandah with members of the self-confident, loquacious fraternity at all but the strictly tourist hotels, of which there are regrettably few in proportion to the area and attractions of the Provinces.

The principal hotel at Moncton, the Brunswick. is set among paternal shade trees opposite the railroad station and is a genial, roomy house. At Shediac, near-by, is the Weldon, a summer hotel not far from Northumberland Strait. The hotels of Prince Edward Island are with few exceptions distinctly mediocre. The Victoria and the Queen at Charlottetown have the best rooms and the largest patronage. One could wish here, as in other towns of the Provinces, that less was attempted, and more achieved. The Clifton at Summerside is quite individually good.

Truro, at the junction of the Intercolonial trunk

line and the line to Sydney, and a town of consequence, could scarcely have less desirable accommodation than that provided by the two hotels known as "the best."

The "Royal George" at Antigonish, a small Nova Scotia town on the rail and motor highway to Sydney, is a hotel worthy of a larger and more appreciative community. The owner has installed a dozen private baths, provided good beds, telephones and modern plumbing in every chamber and furnished his wide porches with awnings and lazy chairs. Mr. Broadfoot's 400-acre farm, to which guests drive for buttermilk and berries, supplies rich Nova Scotia produce to the hotel table. A hotel such as this is an aid to tourism. In its own district it is doing pioneer work.

A chain of summer hotels is mooted which will include new houses at Whycocomagh, Baddeck, St. Peter's and other scenic resorts on the Island of Cape Breton. At the present time, the New Bras d'Or, Baddeck, where mine host Anderson presides, is the largest hotel on this inland arm of the sea, the Arm of Gold, whose increasing renown among travellers is still far from commensurate with its deserts.

Sydney has a hotel or two adequate for tourist needs. Aside from its two best-known houses, Halifax has several smaller hotels within the city limits and in the adjacent suburbs. It seems to be the opinion of travellers that the old Halifax is

waning and the newer Queen waxing in prestige. The Royal of St. John, the best of New Brunswick hotels, is quite typically British in substantial comfort and excellence of service. Like nearly all the hotels in the Provinces it is conducted on the American plan. A near neighbour is the well-kept Victoria just below King Square.

The terms for room and board without bath at the better class hotels of the cities approximate $3 per day per person. Principal hotels in smaller towns and at resorts charge $2 to $4 a day for the same accommodation, or $8 to $20 a week. Boarding-houses in towns and on farms, and humble inns, excellent, some of them, make a rate of $1 to $1.50 a day, or $5 to $8 a week.

Some tourist hotels have cabins in connection with the main building which are leased to guests preferring their restful isolation. Hotels having such accommodation (the Hillsdale, Annapolis, the Milford House, Milford, the Kedgemakoogee Club, Lour Lodge, Digby, the Hackmatack, Chester, the Gainsborough, Hubbards, the Rocky Point colony near Charlottetown, etc.) are specified in the Hotel List at the end of this volume. There are unconventional cottage colonies near Yarmouth, Weymouth, Smith's Cove, Wolfville, Antigonish and Charlottetown and on New Brunswick river and bay shores, where furnished cabins may be rented at reasonable prices.

Information concerning New Brunswick camps

will be supplied by the Tourist Association, St. John. The Intercolonial Railway issues an exhaustive list of sportsmen's hotels in out of the way districts.

The traveller who for the first time fares the length of the Peninsula to Gaspé Basin, a long day's journey from main roads of travel, does so with misgiving as to what sort of tavern will, in so remote a place, offer him hospitality. He arrives after dark and crosses by launch to the shore opposite the railway station. From the landing there is a heroic dash in a carry-all drawn by splendid horses up a breathless hill, and at the top — lights shining down a driveway on pavilion and grassy parterre, and gleaming from the windows of turreted chateau Baker, a way-farer's home unique among Canadian inns.

For years the house sat modestly enough by the road-side, overlooking the bay and the Gaspé hills. The few travellers who came this way by wagon and steamer found a rare good welcome, and rare good beds and meals to compensate the journey's tedium. John Baker's fame as a purveyor of comfort seeped by degrees to the edge of the outer world. Then the railroad crept part way down the coast and finally laid a path along the cliffs of Bay Chaleur to the Basin. As traffic increased, so did the size of Baker's House, and climbed and spread its wings and put forth new chambers and

baths fit for the Ritz, at Baker prices. But it never outgrew its homeliness.

The bachelor proprietor, whose taste governs even details of furnishing and the packing of fishermen's baskets; "Earl," the young vice-host; "Rose" and her bevy of dining-room helpers, and the cook who came into the household indefinite decades ago are all friends to make one's stay happy. Every one remains longer than he expected, and departs with a wish to return.

At Percé, a few miles south of Gaspé Bay, there is a new and very pleasant hotel kept by a young Jerseyman and his wife — Bisson's Percé Rock House — set on a knoll above the sea, facing the red and green heights of this marvellous coast. Other towns between Percé and Matapedia have sufficiently good accommodation to satisfy the few tourists who stop there.

Cuisine.

A long tour of the Provinces, of Newfoundland and related tourist regions undertaken in the summer and fall of the year 1914, and frequent inquiry of chef and housewife, revealed but two dishes peculiar to the country. The "brewis" of the Newfoundlander is a Sunday morning specialty composed of soaked hard tack and creamed cod. "Methodist bread" is made with eggs and raisins, and obtained its sectarian name because it was originally served to the mourners after Methodist

funerals. "Bread" in the Newfoundland outports is hard biscuit. Soft bread is "a loaf."

From Newfoundland there came to the land south of it the familiar beverage known as spruce beer. In this brew the Irish fishing admirals used to toast "the Pope and two pounds" (for a quintal of codfish). Owners of fishing schooners supplied it in unlimited quantities to their crews. According to a recipe published in 1827, the beer is made by the following process: A bough of black spruce fresh from the tree is chopped and put in an iron pot with six to eight gallons of water and boiled over a fire until the leaves fall off. Half a gallon of molasses is thereupon added. When the liquor is cool it must be poured into a cask where a pint of grounds from an old brewing has been left and stood way to "work."

If so lucid a direction is carefully followed the result will be found almost as agreeable as Russian *kwass* — a comparison flattering to any beverage.

The Saturday night pot of beans is a favourite in Nova Scotia homes, many of which were forefathered by New Englanders. In the early fall, ménus are varied in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by the broiled or baked flesh of the moose which when tender is juicier and of better flavour than beef. If killed too late in the season the meat is tough and "garney." Indians like the moose liver. An author writing in 1818 recommends to epicures the upper lip of the cow moose,

which "being of a consistency between marrow and gristle is a great delicacy when properly dressed." An old diary (1759) speaks of baked beaver as very good, and of fat cow caribou as "better than porcupine, and equal to beaver." The porcupine is "the lost man's friend" in the woods. Turned on a spit, the waddling despoiler of trees yields a roast not to be despised. Little rabbits which browse on spruce roots are cheap and delicious. In the open season, partridge and plover are designated thus upon numerous bills of fare. Other times they may appear as "broiled chicken" or in a meat pie, and lose none of their flavour by the deception. The lamb of Cape Breton and of the region about Antigonish has especial fame.

"Fish" signifies cod to the Maritime dwellers, who eat surprisingly little of it. Until one has partaken of cod fresh from the hook and crisply fried by a deft Provincial hand, he knows nothing of its merits as a fish delicate, moist and of an excelling tastiness. Cod's tongues and sounds with cucumbers are voted a palatable dish. The boned fillet, slightly salted and smoked like finnan haddie, or haddock, is a specialty of Digby, which is also renowned for its plump dried herring. Margaree salmon is especially commended by gourmets. But newly-caught salmon is good everywhere in these northern waters, and rarely costs more than 5 to 9 cents a pound. The tunny-fish or horse mack-

erel, much esteemed by the Romans, is harpooned or seined in great quantities on the Atlantic coast from Yarmouth to upper Cape Breton. Most of the catch is shipped fresh to the States for Italian consumption. The flesh is dark red before cooking; boiled it has the flavour of coarse salmon. The sword-fish, disdained in Provincial markets, is highly regarded in cities of the eastern States. The dog-fish, sold under a more appetizing name, is thought by some as good as halibut. Sea, lake and brook trout abound in every part of the Provinces and are bought for a song. At the Commercial Hotel, Arichat, on the Isle Madame, Mrs. Cutler prepares mackerel after a palatable recipe of her own. The fish is cut into small pieces and when salted, peppered and allspiced, is covered with vinegar and baked in a bean-pot for about an hour, or until the flesh falls away from the bones. Served cold, this is an appetizer commended to future visitors to the Isle of My Lady.

Delicious great scallops are taken about the shores of Mahone Bay and Margaret's Bay. The season for lobster varies according to latitude. When taboo at one place they are a feast at another. Usually they bring 10 to 20 cents each and are served without rich sauces, but with simple condiments, and if fresh from the pot, with melted butter.

There are two hundred lobster canneries on Prince Edward Island alone which pack over two

million cans a year. The razor-shell clams of "the Island" are plentiful, but the Malpeque oysters of Richmond Bay, north of Summerside, are its best-known sea product. New Brunswick claims superiority for her Shediac and Buctouche oysters.

Strawberries are ripe in July in the famous beds of Tusket, east of Yarmouth. As late as August one finds the wild variety for sale, at 50 cents the gallon, in northern counties of Nova Scotia. Huckleberries and blueberries are picked well on in September on woodland ridges of the major provinces. The bake-apple is a small fruit, yellow in colour but with a flavour like a blackberry, which grows abundantly in northern regions; likewise the wild cranberry, which Dr. Fernald of the Gray Herbarium, Harvard, identifies with the wineberry said to have been discovered by the Norsemen who touched the shores of Canada a thousand years ago.

The Annapolis Valley has a wide reputation for its apples of various kinds, and for its peaches and its plums, and Bear River, near Digby, is equally well known for its cherries.

In the remote districts of Cape Breton, where vegetables are sown late and have but a short season in which to ripen, the solitary potato, boiled, and rarely cooked otherwise, appears three times a day with wearisome monotony. In compensation for certain deprivations there is an abundance

of fresh mutton and fish and rich dairy foods. Campers in the Margaree Valley buy home-made butter at 18 to 25 cents a pound, cream at 50 cents a gallon and eggs at 12 to 18 cents a dozen, according to the industry of the producer.

Sports.[2]

Hunting and Fishing.

The moose, "gallant roamer of the woods," is stalked in the forests of western Canada and slain by "still hunters." But the Abenaki Indian of New Brunswick taught the white man of the East the treasonable craft of "calling" the bull at the nuptial season, in September and October. At that period he is in his prime. His broad palmated horns, which are shed each winter, are then firm, and ready for combat. The wailing solicitation of the cow is imitated by the guide through a horn of birch-bark. The treachery is attempted during early morning twilight preceding sunrise. Sometimes the trumpeter climbs a tree to send forth the minor summons across windless barrens. Unless the presence of human beings

[2] Detailed advice concerning Game Laws, Licenses, Outfitting, Places to Camp, Canoe-ways, etc., may be obtained by addressing the secretaries of the St. John and Fredericton Tourist Bureaux, and the Passenger Department of the Canadian Pacific at St. John, N. B., of the Intercolonial at Moncton, N. B., and of the Dominion Atlantic at Kentville, N. S. Also the chief game commissioner of Nova Scotia at Halifax, of New Brunswick at Fredericton, and of P. E. Island at Charlottetown. The railway folders are particularly explicit and helpful.

has been detected by the great nostrils of the moose, which are large enough for a man's arm to be inserted, the answer comes in a low grunt, quickly repeated. The waiting huntsman is warned of the bull's approach by the rattle of boughs and the hurtle of the branching horns carried side-wise through the trees. The "caller" leaves his perch, and with perfidy Indian-taught, places the horn near the ground to muffle faulty vibrations in the feigned appeal. The King of the Woods appears in the open. A murderous detonation is his greeting. If the gunner's aim is true the great body crashes to the moor, victim of an unforgivable deception.

The height of the North American moose at maturity averages about 5½ feet from ground to withers; its weight about 800 pounds. The hair of the male is black at the points, that of the female brown. The antlers of the bull (the cows have none, and it is forbidden in New Brunswick to shoot the cow) attain an average spread of 40 to 52 inches. A 60-inch spread is unusual. The mother gives birth to two calves each spring except in her second one. A book on the *Present State of Nova Scotia*, published in 1787, says of the moose, "Their amazing numbers we may in some degree estimate from those killed last winter: in one settlement alone they amounted to at least four thousand." In those days they were hunted for their hide and meat rather than for the trophy

of the antlers. The Indians called beefsteak, "French moose-meat." Due to their killing being governed now by restrictive laws, moose are still plentiful in their original habitat.

Only one moose may be shot by one person in Nova Scotia, and in New Brunswick only one bull moose, one bull caribou and two red deer, in a season. The non-resident's license fee for big and little game is $30 in the first-named province, and $50 in the last-named. A Nova Scotia small game license (rabbit, mink, otter, woodcock, snipe, duck, goose, plover, grouse, partridge, etc.) costs $15.

The moose of New Brunswick are said to be more numerous and somewhat larger than those of Nova Scotia. The size of the body does not necessarily gauge the proportions of the antlers. The moss bogs of Nova Scotia are more accessible than those of the sister province, and guides and license fees cost less.[3] Camping accommodations in New Brunswick are more luxurious and appeal to those who like to do their hunting, as well as everything else, on a rather grand scale. As indicated in Note Two, the railways which serve principal game regions issue well-devised literature for the aid of visiting sportsmen.

[3] Address Sec'y Guides' Association, Yarmouth, N. S., and Fredericton, N. B. Tourist Bureau. Minimum camping expenses per person, including guide, tent, provisions, and canoe, $4 to $5 a day. Guide (white or Micmac Indian) and canoe, $2.50 per day, and found. It is forbidden to carry firearms into the woods without a license, or for a non-resident sportsman to remain in camp over-night without a licensed guide.

It may be briefly mentioned that the chief districts for moose, caribou, deer, bear and small game in New Brunswick are reached from Campbellton, Jacquet River, Bathurst, Chatham, Newcastle (the Intercolonial main line station for the famous Northwest Miramichi big game country), Rogersville, Moncton, Hampton, St. John, Fredericton, Boiestown, Doaktown, Edmundston and Bonny River (the last on the C. P. Shore Line).

Principal starting-points in Nova Scotia, on the Dominion Atlantic Railway are Annapolis Royal (for the notable Kedgemakoogee and Liverpool Lakes region), Windsor, Kentville, Middleton, Bear River (for cock), Weymouth and Brazil Lake (station for Kemptville). Outfitting headquarters of corresponding importance to huntsmen on the Halifax and Southwestern Railway are Tusket, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool (for the prolific Rossignol district), Caledonia (on a spur of the trans-peninsula branch, Bridgewater – Middleton; this is another main gateway to camps and hunting-grounds in the Kedgemakoogee and Rossignol Lake territory), Hubbards and Chester (both in Halifax County, which, it is said, yields more moose per season than any Nova Scotia county, besides many other kinds of game). At Jordan Falls, on the way from Shelburne to Lockeport, an average of three moose a day was taken out between September 15th and October 7th, 1914, the game having been shot 6 to 20 miles

north of the railway near Rossignol and Kedgemakoogee Lakes. It was here that the author heard a tale of a baby moose which swam out from shore to a canoe filled with hunters, and would have climbed over the side but for their protest. Gently, with a hand on its furry neck, the three- or four-day-old mooseling was towed back to the shore where the distraught mother was thrashing and stomping among the trees. When the calf was safely landed, the canoemen paddled off, and then the venturous infant would have put out again in the wake of its human friends if they had not shooed it back to its parent.

In this wild domain the beasts come sometimes to drink before the camper's door, too little acquainted with man's form to be wary of it.

Principal stations on the Intercolonial Railway for Nova Scotia hunting resorts are Amherst, Folleigh Lake, Londonderry, Truro, Halifax, Hopewell, Avondale, Pictou, Antigonish, River Denys (Cape Breton) and Sydney. The sections of which these towns are the pivot are especially rich in wild fowl, though big game is found in some favoured districts, particularly in Guysboro County. Caribou are taken in the Counties of Inverness and Victoria on the Island of Cape Breton. Inverness, terminus of the Inverness Railway, and Baddeck are entry points for a vast and unspoiled nature preserve.

In the environs of Arichat, Isle Madame, birch

MUSIC PAVILION ON ESTATE OCCUPIED BY DUKE OF KENT, FATHER OF QUEEN VICTORIA, WHEN COMMANDER OF THE CITADEL, HALIFAX

and spruce partridge, the latter a rare species, are so tame that they can be snared.

The Island of Prince Edward, being purely pastoral in character, affords small game only, but that in great plenty. The big wild goose and the little brant are best shot in the spring and fall about the bays of Malpeque, Egmont, Savage, St. Peter's Island and Rustico. The north shore is reputed for its summer duck. October is the season for partridge, or ruffed grouse, as it is also known. Plover, snipe, woodcock, mallard, teal and curlew abound. Fish-eating birds are protected because they keep off the plague of dog-fish.

A "foreigner's license" to hunt, good for twelve months, is issued at a cost of $15. A "guest license," valid for one week, costs $2.

Trout appear to be the only fish of any consequence found in the numerous streams and fresh and salt water ponds of the Island. The non-residents' license fee is $5 for the season, April to October. The Morell, the Dunk, the Miminigash, the Fortune, the Murray and the Montague are the euphonious haunts of trout esteemed for their size and tenacity. Off-shore there is deep sea fishing for the weighty cod, and fat herring and mackerel.

The centre of Gaspé Peninsula, "as wild as Patagonia," has been converted into the Gaspesian Forest Fish and Game Preserve. The hunting

license fee for non-residents who are not members of a club incorporated under the laws of Quebec Province is $25 for the season. Non-resident members of fish and game clubs, $10. Non-residents' salmon-fishing license, $25; other fish, $10. The finest salmon rivers of the Peninsula are leased for five to nine years. Part of the Grand Cascapedia rents for $12,000. Salmon have been hooked in it weighing up to 50 pounds. The Grand River is owned by a Boston man. The St. John of the North Shore is leased for $3300 by James J. Hill, whose party sometimes catch five hundred salmon on a fly in three weeks. From the St. John of the South Shore, on which Baker's Hotel, Gaspé Basin, owns fishing rights which guests may share without cost, salmon are taken weighing 18 to 20 pounds. The York River average is but a few pounds less.

Tunny, or tuna, of 300 to 400 pounds' weight are speared near Gaspé Basin. Off Percé, in the St. Lawrence Gulf, visitors may catch cod, halibut, haddock, herring, mackerel, smelt, caplin and lobster, and in the mountain streams, trout weighing up to three pounds.

Of all the finny tribes which swim Provincial waters, trout are the most ubiquitous, tuna the hugest, and salmon the most desired. To cite even principal localities where trout of various species rise to the hook and overflow the creel

would be to compile a tedious dictionary of names. All of the towns mentioned as main portals to hunting territory give access also to trouting country, and in some instances to streams alive with land-locked salmon, pickerel, perch, striped bass, gaspereau and greyling. Brook trout are best in the virgin months of summer and fall. Ten pounds, or thirty trout, a day, so we are warned, is the legal limit in Nova Scotia. All non-residents are required to pay a fishing license of $5 in New Brunswick, and all except British subjects pay the same amount in Nova Scotia. F. G. Aflalo in his *Fisherman's Summer in Canada* says August and September are the best months for promiscuous fishing.

Tuna fishing is a comparatively new sport on the Canadian coast. At Port Medway, on the Halifax and Southwestern road, in Mira Bay, near Sydney, and in Bay St. Ann's, north of Baddeck, this mighty and gamy fish has been brought to shore by hook and line. A fish of 400 pounds is regarded here as a youngster. The record weight registered at the Tuna Club, Catalina Island, California, is 251 pounds. In the summer of 1908, Mr. J. K. L. Ross of Montreal hooked in St. Ann's Bay the first tuna ever angled in Canadian waters. His record fish, taken later, weighed 880 pounds. These Cape Breton monsters are conquered with a very heavy hook, and a 39-thread line, running 300 yards to the reel and having a 12-foot leader

of piano wire. The bait is mackerel, or "tinkers," gaspereau or herring. Nova Scotia Waltonians confess that their fish is not so sporty in proportion to its weight as the leaping tunny gaffed off the California shore, but maintain that to conquer a sea creature of a quarter to half a ton's weight is excitement enough, even if he is a bit clumsy.

The salmon is the sphinx of fishes. Less is known of its habits and impulses than of any denizen of fresh or salt water. We are told by wise Indians that the salmon of each river comprise a distinct race. When they come from the deep to spawn in the streams, they invariably return to the same river in which they themselves have been spawned. Fish from the same water average the same size. A river known for the lustiness of its salmon may rise from the same source as another stream in which only small fish are found. The salmon of the Atlantic coast, contrary to the habit of its Pacific cousin, takes the fly in fresh water. Why they rise to bait at all is an enigma since it has been proven that while in river pools for months at a time they maintain a rigid fast.

The young of the genus Salmo are called alevin at the spawning, then parrs, then smolts at the third or fourth year, when they go to sea, then grilse on their return, weighing three to six

pounds, and after the fifth year, salmon. In salt water they choose the day for their migrations, in fresh water the night. The winter habits of the salmon are a further mystery. One that was tagged with aluminum in a river having its *debouchement* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence was caught months later in Norwegian waters. Yet it is ordinarily supposed that Canadian salmon remain always on this side of the Atlantic.

The season for salmon fishing in New Brunswick lasts from February to the middle of August; in Nova Scotia from April through September, the date of the opening and closing of the season varying according to locality. The angler usually fishes the pools from a boat manœuvred by his guides. An American split-cane rod having a casting capacity of a hundred feet may cost $50. The heavy silk line has a gut leader and is wound at least 100 feet to the reel. As to flies, Silver Doctor, Admiral, Durham Ranger, Jock Scott are recommended by salmon savants, but each fisherman has an individual preference for some flies which he believes especially potent in certain waters. When the contest between fisherman and fish is decided in man's favour, and the guide has done his work with the gaff, then there comes "a struggle, a heave, a mass of silver in the boat," and, finally, the all-important weighing.

The most renowned salmon rivers of New Bruns-

wick are the Restigouche, the Upsalquitch, Tobique, Nepisiguit and Miramichi.[4] The best water of the royal Restigouche is on lease to a salmon club with an American membership, whose clubhouse is near the station at Matapedia, Quebec, just over the New Brunswick border. Fish taken from the Restigouche weigh from 9 to 54 pounds. Until 1881, New Brunswick lands were sold to include half of any river which might traverse or border them, measuring from shore to centre. Since then, the Government has reserved the rivers when selling land, and now leases desirable pools. Only natives can buy fishing privileges outright. A lease of moderately "good water" may be secured for $200 to $250 a season. The fishing rights of the Restigouche and its tributaries are worth several hundred thousand dollars, single salmon pools having been sold for $30,000 each. A plutocrat disciple of the humble Izaak may spend three or four thousand dollars on a summer's fishing trip, including water lease, outfit, camp equipment, guides, canoes and provisions. A Restigouche guide receives $5 a day. But the usual charge for salmon "guiding" is $2 to $4 a day and this sometimes includes boat-hire.

Among the Nova Scotia streams where the salmon lurks are the Nictaux near Middleton, the Salmon River in Digby County, the Tusket and

[4] The average weight of salmon in the last four rivers named is 12 to 18 pounds.

the Jordan on the southern shore, and the rocky Medway and the Lahave on the eastern shore; the Musquodoboit north of Halifax, Waugh's River in Pictou County, and the River Denys in Cape Breton. The queen of Scotian salmon streams is the Margaree, whose lovely level vale is reached by wagon-road from Inverness or Baddeck, or from Orangedale on the Intercolonial route to Sydney; or by the little steamer which calls at Margaree Harbour on its way up the coast from Mulgrave to Cheticamp. The finest fish are caught at "the Forks" and on the Northeast Branch. Here a guide and a boat can be hired for $2 a day. Or, if you are just a summer boarder, the farmer's boy will do your fishing for you, bringing in 10- or 20-pounders for the noon repast.

Deep-sea fishing for haddock, halibut, cod, herring, mackerel, hake, pollock, flounder, smelt and sword-fish is obtainable from almost any point along the extensive and varied coast line.

Yachting, Boating, Bathing, Ball Games and other Sports.

The premier yatching clubs of the Provinces are the Royal Kennebecasis at Millidgeville, near St. John, the Royal Nova Scotia of Halifax, and the Royal Cape Breton of Sydney. St. Andrews, St. George, Fredericton, Digby, Yarmouth, Chester and Charlottetown each have a summer clientele of yachtsmen, as well as innumerable other smaller

towns and resorts which are centres for regattas and races. The broken coast of Nova Scotia and harbours on the Bay de Chaleur and Gulf of St. Lawrence offer admirable havens for yachting tourists.

Halifax has a half dozen boat clubs whose headquarters are on the North West Arm, among them the North West Arm Rowing Club and the Waegwoltic Country and Boating Club. The latter's house quarters occupy a converted mansion situated among the birches of a splendid estate on Coburg Road. Strangers staying at the principal hotels of Halifax and its suburbs are granted cards of admission to the pavilions and grounds. The privileges of the Saraguay and Mic-Mac Country Clubs are also extended to visitors properly accredited. All the aquatic clubs of Halifax and Dartmouth have frequent regattas during the summer, and open-air band concerts on summer evenings. The Royal Nova Scotia Club's Saturday races from the squadron, near Point Pleasant Park, are among the most agreeable features of Haligonian outdoor life.

Regatta Week at Chester and Sydney is an annual event important to yachtsmen.

The Rowing course near Riverside on the Kennebecasis River, not far north of St. John, has been the scene of famous international contests.

Surf bathing is excellent at numerous beaches along the extensive coast of Nova Scotia and New

Brunswick. The North Shore of Prince Edward Island is pierced by idyllic bays where mermen and maids disport in calm waters or play porpoise among the Gulf breakers. The summer towns below St. John and those which front the Bay Chaleur nearly all have broad, safe beaches.

The "ball play" of the Indians, whose implements were one or two rackets and a ball of deerskin stuffed with moss, was the forerunner of lacrosse, the national game of Canada. The latter's prestige is menaced by the increasing interest in baseball which is fast becoming the most popular athletic pastime of Maritime youths. Games of base-ball played on empty lots and association grounds are as wranglingly contested as in the country of its origin. In a meadow near the Inch Arran, on the shore of Bay Chaleur, the writer once witnessed a really ferocious exhibition between town boys from Dalhousie and juvenile guests of the hotel, resident in Ottawa and Montreal, the latter protesting that base-ball as played in northern New Brunswick was not in strict compliance with American league rules.

Golf, tennis, cricket, quoits and foot-ball, in the milder months of the year; hockey, curling, skating, skiing, ice-boating and tobogganing in the winter complete the list of open-air sports in the Provinces. The Studley Quoit Club, organised at Halifax in 1858, pitches Saturday afternoons. The colours are "green for the grass, blue for the

sky and dark brown for the background of pine trees." The club-house is near the banks of the North West Arm, and has upon its roll of guests the names of many distinguished men.

Visitors are recipients of courtesies at golf clubs near St. John, Charlottetown, Yarmouth, Halifax and elsewhere, on payment of nominal dues. The Wanderers of Halifax and the Shamrock and St. John Athletic Clubs of St. John have a large membership, and organise interesting sporting events.

Nearly every city of importance boasts a driving park on its outskirts where annual meets are held. Racing on the ice is a winter diversion which tests the speed and wind of Provincial thoroughbreds. On Prince Edward and Cape Breton Island highways one meets many "roaders" with reputations for fast time on both ground and ice — may even be offered a racer with a record for a trip "up country" into the wilds.

Amusements, Holidays, Festivals.

The people of Eastern Canada, never a vivacious race, are but little given to pageants, parades and festivals. In the towns there are theatres, concert halls, rinks and clubs; in the country, the wayside meeting-places of religious and temperance societies, of fraternal and political orders are the hub of rustic festivities. Time was when the country-side assembled for thrashing-bees, flax-breaking parties and barn-raisings. In *The Old*

Judge, Haliburton has preserved for us a description of the husking, apple-peeling, berrying and log-rolling "frolics" which amused the colonials of a hundred years ago, and of the "pickinick stirs, with chicken-fixings, ham trimmings and doe-doings, besides pies, notions and sarces," that beguiled summer days.

Now-a-days, the pie social is the most typical of Provincial merry-makings. On an appointed evening, sundry pies contributed by the housewives of the neighbourhood are auctioned in a public hall for the benefit of church or charity, the bids being affected by the reputation of the baker, or by her personal popularity. If a maiden is very beautiful, even the pallid and juiceless product of her hands may bring a top price. After the auction, Terpsichore reigns, and to the rasp of the fiddle the belle of the "social" perhaps agrees to make pies for Just One for the rest of her life.

On the First of July, Dominion Day, the Highlanders of western Cape Breton rally for orgies of Scotch dancing, and drinking (of Scotch), and for athletic tourneys which may resolve — usually do resolve — into a roaring onslaught of one coterie of Gaels against another. Judique, on the way to Inverness, is the seat of a fighting clan who brawl for the love of it. Taking their position in the centre of a field these husky warriors, many of them several inches over six feet in height,

challenge creation to put them out. At which men of Inverness or Mabou fall to. . . . On such occasions, as a witness put it, "Ten miles from Judique is quite close enough for an onlooker to be — much closer than the same distance would be from a town less aggressive."

"Holy Fairs," held each year in the mountain valleys of central Cape Breton, are the excuse for Gaelic celebrations of a sterner sort no less enjoyed by the participants.

In remote Acadian villages of the Cheticamp district, northern Cape Breton, where the priest's visitations are comparatively rare, "marriage parties" are arranged in advance of his coming. A dozen or even two dozen couples are wedded on a single day, their guests driving from house to house for the feasting and dancing, sometimes through snow and rain. "Down Cap Rouge way," at the extreme north of the Island, nuptial festivities endure for three days, the invited ones being billeted upon the neighbours. In winter, teams crawl over ice-coated cliff roads, but in summer-time launch-loads of young Acadians are conveyed by water along the coast to craggèd Red Cape.

Not for years will a certain marriage celebrated in Eastern Harbour, Cheticamp, be forgotten by village guests, nor by guests from that distant country of which Boston is commonly supposed to be the chief town and capital. . . . The bride be-

JUDGE HALIBURTON'S LIBRARY AT "CLIFTON," WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA

In this room "Sam Slick" was created

ing from a far-off settlement, the wedding reception was held at the house of the groom's parents on the edge of the town. Evening breezes from the broad St. Lawrence Gulf fluttered the starred flag of Acadia above the little platform erected near the shore. A single violinist provided dancing tunes for the "square" figures which, performed ceremoniously enough at the beginning of the *bal*, became the excuse for embraces, mischievous or sentimental, as evening wore to night, and night to dawn. Honoured guests were seated in the parlour of the four-roomed cottage, with chromos of the Popes looking down from the wall. The wedding-table was laid in the kitchen where a fiery stove kept coffee and attendants hot while in kettles set over a bed of coals in the outer yard the feast was cooking.

Eight days before the wedding the parents of the pale young groom, according to Acadian custom, had driven from door to door to give the oral invitation which had to-night been so generously accepted. Now they beam among their guests, speaking their voluble dialect, passing cups of coffee. The doctor arrives, dusty from a twenty-mile drive; the priest is received, and duly shown the wedding tokens of china and coloured glass presented to the *nouveaux mariés*. Finally the curé, the doctor and the young Jerseyman who manages "the store" retire to an upper room to play "forty-five"; the young people swarm in

from the dark to dance in the stifling kitchen — the month is August but the stove still blazes —; babies drop to sleep on their mothers' knees; the music-maker bends more resolutely to his bow; coffee is offered for the twentieth time; the bride dances with the groom's relatives and the groom with the bride's — and the groom's father heaps more wood in the stove . . . until Aurora comes. Then the horses turned loose in the pasture whinny that it is time to go home. And their masters, heeding at last, bid "*Adieu, Marie,*" and "*Bonne chance, Christophe,*" to the limp young people in the door. Some one pulls down the flag of Acadie. The groom's father pays the fiddler . . . the *noces* are at an end.

The national fête of the Provincial French celebrates on Assumption Day, August 15th, the convention held in 1880 to discuss for the first time since their eviction in 1755, the interests of the Acadians. Peals of bells, processions and "church picnics" mark the day of rejoicing.

Every year at the Feast of St. Anne, in July, the Micmac Indians of Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia foregather — as many of them as can accomplish the journey — on the Island of the Holy Family, or Indian Island, seven miles from the town of St. Peter's, where Monsieur Denys once had a settlement. Here for ten days they live in tepees of birch-bark, subsisting on provisions transported

a long distance in small boats. The day begins with mass in the chapel whose shrine was brought from France two hundred years ago by the Abbé Maillard, who first reduced the Micmac language to writing. Then follow the reciting of the catechism and confessions, and in the evening, ceremonial dances, dramatic and pantomimic, and games of shinny, hunt-the-button and deer-foot, of wheel-and-stick and hatchet-throwing. The July "pow-wow" is also the favoured season for weddings arranged during the preceding twelve months, for first communions, and for the settlement of disputes by the high chief of the "Migmaks," or "allies," whose seat is in Cape Breton.

One of the oldest festivals of this race "of the morning" or "eastern" land is the Thanksgiving service — the Green Corn Dance, celebrated by chants and slow steps while the corn roasts in the fire. Much less picturesque is the white man's observance of Thanskgiving Day, which in Canada falls in October.

On June third, the birth of the King is celebrated by salvos and bell-ringing, and by mighty bonfires set ablaze on the tops of hills.

CHAPTER III

CHRONOLOGY

. . .

Bjarni was a young merchant of Iceland who made it a rule to voyage and traffic a year, and in alternate years to remain at home with his father. But once, upon returning, the son found that Hjerulf, his father, had gone with Erik the Red to help colonise Greenland. So he went to seek him, sailing, so he supposed, toward the great island that lay to the west. Many days passed, and each day Bjarni thought to see what had been described as the "high ice hills" of Greenland. But instead, as he continued a westerly course, he came in view of a flat wooded shore which later navigators have identified with the coast that extends from Connecticut to Massachusetts. Bjarni's companions were eager to land, but this wild, unwanted country had no enticements for him. He was of a mind to find Greenland, and his father. So he re-shaped his course according to the principles of navigation at his command,— the Northmen of that time sailed without compass or quadrant — and coasted by other strange shores, past the Nova Scotia and Newfoundland of our day,

and at last reached the place where his father was. This first voyage to the Western Continent, as recorded in Icelandic runes, occurred in the year 986.

Leif, not so uncurious as Bjarni, inherited the vigour of his father, Red Erik. The reports of the new lands so casually come upon, impelled him to buy the ship of his friend and to set forth with thirty-five comrades just eight years after Bjarni's return. They "sailed out into the sea . . . and found that land first which Bjarni had found last." They saw icebergs and a sloping plain strewn with flat stones from sea to mountains. So they called it the land of Hella —"a flat stone." This was the first name given to what was without doubt the shore of Labrador and Newfoundland.

Leif, son of Erik, disembarked, and set foot on the new continent; then he sailed again and came to more land, cast anchor, put off boats and went ashore. Here, the surrounding country was level, and covered with wood and white sands. Then said Leif, according to a troubadour's tale inscribed in the thirteenth century, "This land shall be named after its qualities and called Markland." This is presumed to have been the coast of Nova Scotia.

When Leif renewed his voyage, winter was approaching. There are reasons to believe that he and his crew passed Nantucket Island and went into camp near the Pocasset River, in Massachu-

setts. This country was named by them Vinland, the Good. There they found wheat "that grew without planting" and other bounties of nature sung during a decade of centuries by Scandian bards.

The earliest reference to Vinland is found in an account written by Adam, a bishop's assistant from Bremen, of a visit paid to the Danish court in 1073. On that occasion he was informed of western explorations which had been undertaken less than a hundred years previous to the date of his chronicle.

A first translation of Icelandic manuscripts preserved in the Royal and University Libraries at Copenhagen was published in 1837 by Professor Rafn; upon such data is based the assertion of this eminent authority that the shores of northeastern America were colonised by the Norsemen about the year 1000. His opinions, and those of Torfaeus, who wrote in 1705 on the same subject, have never been convincingly refuted.

Columbus visited Iceland in February, 1477, with the undoubted purpose of searching the archives of this viking isle, which had been a centre of learning when Europe was yet steeped in illiteracy. It is believed that he received sufficient confirmation of the existence of a western continent to encourage the pursuit of the long-deferred dream finally achieved in 1492.

Basque and Breton voyagers are said to have

crossed to the coasts of Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island before the Genoese discoverer found for Spain the islands of America. To his last hour Columbus thought he had reached "an unfamiliar part of India," and for this reason he had named the indigines Indians. Deceived, perhaps, by the bruited discovery of the "West Indies," a Venetian merchant, by name John Cabotto, set out from Bristol on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1497, with the hope of finding, by going to the west, a sea-route to India. In the same year, Vasco da Gama, sailed to the east on the same mission, and was successful.

But in place of a tropic strand, the forbidding coast of Newfoundland was the first that Cabot sighted. Choosing a landfall on the eastward shore, he disembarked from the good ship *Matthew* and possessed himself of the island in the name of his patron, the seventh Henry of England. During a subsequent voyage, in the year 1498, he and his son Sebastian explored the coast from Labrador to the Carolinas.

Two Portuguese brothers named Cortoreal refound northern America in 1500, and as early as 1504, French and Spanish fishermen baited cod in the waters off Newfoundland and Cape Breton. Peter Martyr's *Decades of the New World*, written in 1516 and translated from French to English in 1555, affirms that "the Brytons and Frenche men are accustomed to take fysshe in the coastes

of these landes, where is fownd great plenty of Tunnies which the inhabytauntes caul Baccalaos, whereof the lande was so named."

Baccalaos was the Biscayan word for cod. Early map-makers designated present-day Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Newfoundland as the "Baccalaos Landes."

After Cabot, Jean Denys discovered and explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Sable Island, off the Nova Scotian coast, was colonised in 1518 by de Léry, a French baron. In 1524, Verrazzano the Florentine visited the "Bretones' Country," and about this time a Portuguese expedition attempted the colonisation of Cape Breton. Ten years later, on the twentieth day of April, 1534, there sailed from the Brittany harbour of St. Malo two ships bearing "*le Capitaine Jacques Quartier*" and his co-venturers to the continent across the sea. They also were lured by the wish to find a westerly passage to golden India.

On the tenth of May they arrived at the *Cap de Bonne Vue* (Bonavista) near the rocky gate of the harbour that first sheltered Cabot. In his *Discours du Voyage*, Cartier narrates further adventures which occurred during the progress of his two sixty-ton ships along the coast and among the islands of the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and Chaleur. Prince Edward Island he described as "low, and full of beautiful trees and meadows." The *Golfe de la Chaleur* was so named by its discoverer

because on the July day he entered it he found this country "hotter than Spain," though "the most beautiful it is possible to see." Cartier landed near the site of Douglastown, Gaspé Peninsula, and planted a cross and a lily shield.

During the second of his three voyages, in 1535, he continued up the great river which he hoped was to lead him to the Orient, and came to two Indian villages which occupied the future sites of Quebec and Montreal. The natives of Stadaconé (Quebec) first taught white men, in the persons of Cartier and his companions, the word *kannatha*, "a settlement," of which "Canada" is supposedly the corruption. According to a recent historian,[1] the name was first applied officially in 1540, when Francis I commissioned Roberval "Vice-roy and Lieutenant-General in Canada"— a domain then thought to be part of Asia.

Following the northern voyages of Cartier, of Roberval, Frobisher and Sir Humphrey Gilbert came the expedition captained by Pierre du Gua, Lord de Monts, a gentleman of Saintonge, who with an illustrious crew left Havre de Grace, March 7, 1604, in the *Acadie*.[2] Champlain was

[1] See *The Tercentenary History of Canada,* by F. B. Tracy.

[2] Gastaldi, an Italian map-maker of the 16th century, designated the territory of the Maritime Provinces as *Larcadia,* others called it *Lacadia* or *L'Acadie.* The root of the name is not French, but Micmac, *Akade* signifying, according to different authorities, "a place where," or "a place of abundance."

the royal geographer, Lescarbot, who arrived in 1606, the chronicler of this enterprise, "the most courageous of all those undertaken by the French in the New Lands," whose aim was the colonisation of New France.

The *Acadie* first sighted land off Cape La Have on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, then entered the harbour of the town now called Liverpool, made a brief stop at Port Mouton and rounded Cape Sable on the way to St. Mary's Bay and the Bay of Fundy, which was named by the newcomers *la Baie Françoise.* Directing their vessel between the pillars of a narrow passage to the east of the Bay, de Monts and his followers found themselves within a spacious basin surrounded by a ridge of hills. They sailed the length of it and "after having searched from side to side" chose "an isolated spot around which were low meadows and good springs." On this site, near the present village of Granville, and six miles below Annapolis, was established in 1605 the first settlement of white men north of the Gulf of Mexico.[3] For the beauty of its environment it was called *le port royal.*

Minas Basin was explored as far as Partridge Island. The St. John River was discovered and named, likewise *L'isle Saincte Croix* in Passama-

[3] St. Augustine, Florida, was chosen as the site of a settlement by Menendez in 1565. Champlain founded Quebec in 1608. New York was settled by the Dutch in 1614.

quoddy Bay, where the colonists passed their first winter.

De Monts granted Port Royal and neighbouring territory to Poutrincourt, one of his companions, who seeded a farm on the present site of Annapolis fort, and in 1607, the year Jamestown was settled, took samples of the grain to Paris to demonstrate the fertility of the land.

The successful establishment of these first Acadian settlements incited further voyages by the English, who thus far had made no attempts to colonise their possessions in North America.

In 1613 a British force captained by Samuel Argall of Jamestown destroyed the Port Royal fort. The French were scattered for a time to the outer limits of Acadian territory, and Scotch colonists under Sir William Alexander settled, after 1621, in the country which the new governor proclaimed should be called Nova Scotia. The present province of New Brunswick which, with Gaspé Peninsula, also came under this grant, was named New Alexandria, but was politically a part of New Scotland. Lord Ochiltree, in 1629, brought other Scotch settlers to Cape Breton Island. About this time and during the next forty years, the expeditions of Claude and Charles La Tour, Isaac de Razilly, d'Aunay de Charnisay, Nicolas Denys and Villebon arrived in the New World. The younger La Tour was father of the first European settlement in New Brunswick (1631).

Contests which resulted from conflicting grants to French and English pioneers culminated in a decisive victory for the latter in 1710. Three years later the treaty signed at Utrecht gave Nova Scotia and Newfoundland to England, and Cape Breton and the Miquelon Islands to France. Cape Breton Island was re-named L'isle Royale. Louisbourg, which commanded the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence through Cabot Straits, was made the chief fortress and fishing-port of French territory.

The French colony at Port Royal had been absorbed by the English village of Annapolis,—Anne's Town,—in 1710. In 1715, after Louis XV had ceded Acadie to England's queen, a group of Acadians established the first settlement on Prince Edward Island, then the Island of St. John.

It is not generally remembered that the Dutch, who in 1673 were at war with Great Britain, stormed and seized several Acadian forts and (1674–5) attempted to confirm their possession of the country which they duly named "New Holland."

Though millions of francs had been spent to fortify Louisbourg, the supposedly unconquerable stronghold succumbed in 1745 to a fifty-day siege by Massachusetts colonists whose resentment had been aroused by French interference with their fishing pursuits. The amazing success of the

THE WELL AND THE WILLOWS, GRAND PRÉ

doughty New Englanders was the first to give them confidence in their power to ultimately free the colonies from British domination.

George III, who held Louisbourg four years, or until the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, gave it back to France in exchange for the island of Madras.

The fortress and town of Halifax were established in 1749 on Chebucto Bay, the site having been chosen at the instance of the Massachusetts colony following the well-planned but poorly executed attempt of d'Anville's fleet to attack the coast of New England with this harbour as a base.

During the years 1751–3 a company of German immigrants were allotted a free tract of land on the coast below Halifax, where the town of Lunenburg was founded. The same year the seat of British North American government was transferred from Annapolis to Halifax.

In 1755 occurred the final eviction of the French Neutrals, the Acadians who refused to bear arms for their British over-lords but who wished also not to be drawn into the cause of the French soldiery and their Indian allies.

As their enemies across the border of Cape Breton ceaselessly harassed and elsewhere showed themselves hostile, the English resolved upon a conclusive blow. In the year 1758 Louisbourg was re-taken, Wolfe being chief in command. Cape Breton was annexed to Nova Scotia in 1763,

the year in which the Canadas were finally ceded by France to Great Britain following the convention at Paris.

L'isle St. Jean was created a separate British province in 1770, and thirty years later was given the name of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent.

The year 1783, in which the boundary between the United States and Canada was fixed, witnessed a historic exodus from the new-born republic. Thousands of colonists whose sympathies were with the Crown came by ship to New Brunswick and laid the corner-stone of the city of St. John. In the following year New Brunswick was divorced from Nova Scotia and made an independent province, and a short time afterward Fredericton became the seat of New Brunswick government.

Immigrants from Old and New England continued to arrive in Nova Scotia and permanent settlements were established whose names still abide. From 1776 to 1784 and during the Napoleonic wars Halifax was the centre of considerable naval and military agitation. In 1793 a provincial regiment was enlisted and precautions were taken for the defence of the capital against a sea attack by the French.

In 1794, Prince Edward, son of George IV, arrived in Halifax. In his capacity as commandant of the local garrison, he undertook the reconstruction of the citadel whose foundations underlie the present fort. In 1800 Halifax had a population

of 9000. Its inhabitants not infrequently witnessed the arrival of French prizes captured by privateers which had been fitted out by local merchants. Many French prisoners were quartered in the town, among them the Governor of the Miquelon Islands and army officers of high rank. Alarms of impending invasion, riotous gangs sent through the city to impress crews for waiting sloops-of-war, courts martial for mutiny and desertion, a visit from Aaron Burr, who came under an assumed name, and, above all, rumours of an Anglo-American rupture served during the first twelve years of the new century to allay monotony in Halifax.

The *Belvidere*, the first British frigate to be engaged in the war, entered the harbour on June 27th, 1812, with three American prizes. Now, more than ever, the port was the scene of thrilling episodes. Prize courts, the movement of troops, the arrival of victory ships, balls at Government House, rejoicings on the common supplied daily diversion. It was into the harbour of Halifax that the *Shannon* led the wounded *Chesapeake*, of which Captain Lawrence had been in command. In 1814, following the capture of Washington, the brig *Jasper* and a transport ship brought numbers of deserting slaves from Virginia estates whose descendants still populate negro colonies on the outskirts of the capital. The provincial expedition against the state of Maine set out from Halifax

the same year, and returned there victorious. On March third, 1815, peace between England and America was proclaimed at Halifax, and the affairs of the municipality resumed a normal course, punctuated by such incidents as the arrival of the packet which bore news of the Battle of Waterloo, the completion of the Province Building, the installation of new Governors and garrison commandants and the opening of roads to other towns in the province.

Scotch colonists came in increasing numbers to Prince Edward Island, to Cape Breton and New Brunswick. In the latter province they formed settlements along the Fundy shore which were given names reminiscent of their native land.

The first steamboat to run on the River St. John was the *General Smyth* which inaugurated a service in 1816 between St. John City and Fredericton. The *Saint John* was the first steam craft to cross the Bay of Fundy. On its maiden trip, in 1827, it anchored in Digby harbour amid great excitement. The *Royal Tar* maintained the original service between St. John and Boston, beginning in 1836. The first railway to be operated in the Maritime Provinces (some say on the continent) was a mining road between Albion and Pictou Landing, Nova Scotia. According to the memory of an old inhabitant, the initial trip in 1827 was celebrated by free rides for all, a barbecue, a parade and a ball. It was not until nine years after-

ward that the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad was laid between Laprairie (opposite Montreal) and St. John's on the Richelieu River, a distance of sixteen miles. The first train was drawn over wooden rails by teams of horses. In 1853, the Grand Trunk Railway, pioneer of the greater Canadian roads, began operations. It was several years later, in 1876, that the Provinces were joined to Lower Canada by the Intercolonial system.

On August 31, 1831, there arrived in Halifax harbour, via Miramichi, the 363-ton steamship *Royal William* from Quebec. Among the incorporators of the Quebec and Halifax Navigation Company were Henry, Samuel and Joseph Cunard. After making several trips over this route, the steamer left Quebec in August, 1833, coaled at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and set out for Gravesend, England. The little craft arrived about a month later, having performed and being the first vessel to perform the entire trans-Atlantic voyage by steam and without the aid of Boreas.

When Samuel Cunard organised in 1840 the first regular steam passenger service across the Atlantic, Halifax was made the calling port on this side of the ocean.

In 1851 the population of New Brunswick was 194,000, and that of Nova Scotia 277,000.

After twenty-five years of discussion and political bitterness these provinces were united in 1867 with

those of Upper and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec) to form the Dominion of Canada. In 1873 Prince Edward Island joined the Confederation.

During the War of the Rebellion Nova Scotian ports were enlivened by the presence of blockade runners, and of traders who profited by the war to found enduring fortunes.

In 1870 a raid from Vermont was attempted against Eastern Canada by filibusters of the Fenian Brotherhood, whose revolutionary organisation had spread from Ireland to America and whose cry, "On to Canada!" had first been answered by a foray against the Niagara frontier in 1866. Many of the invaders had recently been in the ranks of the Union and Confederate forces in the Civil War, and still lusted for strife. The second raid, which threatened the south coast of Nova Scotia, was repelled, as was the first, by native volunteers aided by British regulars.

Railway expansion, industrial development, fisheries disputes, treaties and tariff legislation have constituted the main features of Provincial history during the last four decades.

In 1914 and 1915 Halifax, as the military and naval headquarters of British America, was again the base of war-like activities, and many German prisoners were interned on well-guarded islands of the Bay and Arm.

NOVA SCOTIA

CHAPTER IV

HALIFAX AND ITS ENVIRONS

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One of the first tourists to arrive at the Nova Scotian capital by the newly established Cunard Line was Charles Dickens who, having sailed in January, 1842, on the steam packet *Britannia* from Liverpool for Boston, disembarked en route for a few hours' survey of Halifax. His description of the city's aspect tallies very well with the impression gained to-day from the deck of an arriving steamer —"a town built on the side of a hill, the highest point being commanded by a strong fortress. . . . Several streets of good breadth and appearance extend from its summit to the water-side, and are intersected by cross streets running parallel with the river."

For Dickens' "river" one must of course read bay — the lordly harbour called by the Indians *chebookt*, "mighty haven."

At the portals of the harbour are McNab's and George's Islands which, like strategic crests on both shores, are fortified for the defence of Halifax, grey "warden of the honour of the North." The city mounts a ladder whose lowest rung is the

water-edge where lie cable ships and Bermuda liners, cargo-boats flying the ensigns of many nations, tiny coasters that wend a perilous way to reef-bound havens up and down the Scotia shore, hulking steamers bound for England or just arrived with emigrants from Baltic ports, sailing vessels discharging fares of newly-caught herring and cod, tourist steamers on the way to Boston, or St. John's, or Gaspé — craft of every flag, model and destination, designed for every sort of mission on the seas.

One rung higher is a street filled with shipping offices, lobster shops, and sundry emporiums whose windows announce bargains in rusted salvage, sailors' kits, hardtack, fishermen's boots, "gear" and cordage. The street above is chiefly devoted to banking and Government offices and to hotels. The rear windows of both the "Queen" and the "Halifax" overlook the docks where most of the passenger steamers berth. The union railway station is situated about a mile north of the hotel centre.

Barrington Street, two hilly blocks above Hollis, is for its comparatively short length lined with shops so modernised as to have lost their one-time British air, a fact bemoaned by the rigidly loyal Haligonian. South of the shopping and theatre district Barrington becomes Pleasant Street, and north of the Parade it is known as Lockman Street.

Duke, George, Prince and Sackville Streets all

lead upward to the apex of the hill commanded by Fort George. From this outlook one may survey the city, brinking the wooded shores of the North West Arm, falling away down dingy terraces of unkempt streets to that other fair encircling inlet, Bedford Basin. Across the harbour, where oftentimes Britain's war-hounds tug at their anchor chains, rises the town of Dartmouth, with a history quite its own.

When Colonel the Honourable Edward Cornwallis arrived with his fleet of settlers' transports and the sloop of war *Sphinx* in Chebucto Bay in the summer of 1749, the site of the future city which was even then designed as "a military key to the North American colonies" was bare of fort or habitation. Neither was there, according to a letter written by the Governor, "one yard of clear ground."

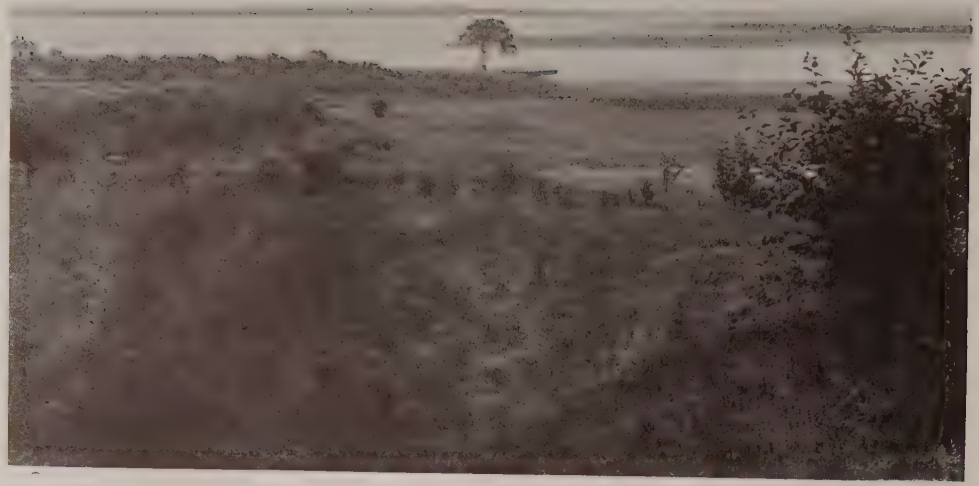
It was not long, however, before the members of this hardy expedition had constructed an encampment of tents and huts and driven upon Citadel Hill the pickets of a stockade as a protection against attacks by the French and their Micmac allies. Wharves were built immediately, one of them for "ships of 200 tons." Even in the first month twenty schooners are recorded as having entered the harbour in a single day.

The fortress was several times repaired before the incumbency of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, as the garrison commander. At his suggestion em-

ployment was given on the works to gangs of negroes who had been deported from Jamaica for insubordination to English rule. The "Maroons" were descended from the African slaves of Spanish West Indians who, upon England's seizing Jamaica, intrenched themselves among the hills. Though given generous grants of land and provisions, the black men revolted against life in Nova Scotia and after four years, during which they had been maintained at a cost of £100,000, they were transported to Sierra Leone in the land of their fathers.

At the entrance of the modern citadel are two guns used by the English at the second siege of Louisbourg. In times of peace, visitors may pass through the broad gate of the fortress, and saunter about the ramparts with a soldier as guide. Below the glacis is the Garrison Chapel to which the Imperial troops, which have now been withdrawn, used to march every Sabbath morning preceded by a band. The Dominion regulars still proceed with music and some ceremony to Sunday service in the city churches.

Facing the harbour from the top of George Street is a monstrous clock tower with a keeper's house for pedestal. The Duke of Kent had it erected as a memorial to Time, of whose worth he deemed the citizens unmindful. Like a squat ogre it frowns upon the town. Escape it one cannot, neither its ugliness nor its warning hands.



THE MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU, WHERE THE ACADIANS EMBARKED FOR DEPORTATION TO NEW ENGLAND

The course of George Street toward the water is interrupted by the Parade, a rectangle where volunteers, red-coats, Hessians and Canadian troopers have in the past two centuries assembled for review. Here were held, also, the first religious services observed by Governor Cornwallis and his pioneers pending the completion of old St. Paul's, whose wooden façade looks across the Parade toward the modern City Hall. The church was the gift of George II to his new colony. It was begun soon after the arrival of the settlers' fleet, lumber having been despatched from Boston for its construction. "Timbered in times when men built strong," the body of the building has scarcely been altered from that day to this. A new spire, new aisles, new windows have contributed to its space and modest elegance, but the nave retains its original oak. Nowhere on the continent is there a sanctuary quite like it. It is the Abbey of the Provinces, the shrine of primitive Canada. To muse in its stiff wooden seats, to meditate among its tombs is like sitting at the feet of an oracle to learn of history and stirring deeds.

Over the vestibule door is the faded hatchment of Baron de Seitz who was Colonel of a Hessian regiment. He died in 1782 and was buried beneath the church in full accoutrement, including sword and spurs. Hung upon the balcony of the main aisle are the escutcheons of Admirals, Generals, Governors, Provincial Secretaries and Chief

Justices. Governor Parr, whose bearings are among them, was entombed in 1791 beneath the middle aisle. It was for him that the New Brunswick Loyalists named the ancestral settlement on the St. John River, Parrstown, which later became the city of St. John. Here are the bearings of Governor Charles Lawrence, who undertook the removal of the Acadians. At a ball given at Government House in 1760 he drank water too cold, and as a consequence died of pneumonia. He was buried in St. Paul's chancel and a tablet erected. Being taken down during repairs it disappeared. Few of us will regret that it was never replaced — that the pitiless arbitrator of the fate of unfortunates has no memorial here among brave men.

In the chancel are the tablets of Sir John Wentworth, who was Governor between the years 1792 and 1808, and those of two bishops of Nova Scotia who were father and son. Dr. Charles Inglis was the first colonial bishop of any British possession in either hemisphere. From 1777 to 1783 he was rector of Trinity Church, New York. When he continued to pray from his pulpit that King George IV should "confound his enemies," colonial soldiers were placed in the aisle and ordered to arrest him if, on a certain Sunday, he did not desist from the treasonable practice. Needless to say, menacing bayonets had no effect upon his resolution. The petition for the British sovereign was presented as was his custom, the New Englanders

advanced toward the altar, but at sight of the steadfast figure which confronted them, withheld their arms. Dr. Inglis resigned from the rectorship and joined a migration of Loyalists to Nova Scotia, where he became minister of St. Paul's and Bishop of the province. His son was the third to be elected head of the diocese. His grandson was General Sir John Inglis who, born at Halifax in 1814, was in command of Lucknow in 1857 during the mutiny of the Sepoys.

In the transepts are tablets to Judges of the Supreme Court of the Province, among them Sir Breton Halliburton whose wife was a daughter of the house of Inglis. There is a memorial to the first Collector of Customs at Halifax who did service for fifty years. Lord Charles Montagu, second son of the Duke of Manchester, fell a sacrifice to Public Zeal through the inclemency of a severe winter in Nova Scotia and was given burial in this pantheon in 1784. There is a mural monument to Major General Ross, the commander who destroyed Washington in revenge for the burning of York.

This church, one of the very oldest of the Protestant faith in North America, has been dowered with rich gifts of windows, robes and altar vessels. Many of its adherents bear the proud names inscribed upon monument and heraldic device. St. Paul's is the most significant institution of storied Halifax.

Close by the church, at the corner of Prince and Argyle Streets, is a house built of stone taken from the dismantled fortifications of Louisbourg. Originally it was the residence of the First Secretary of the Province and aide-de-camp to Governor Cornwallis, but it now houses the Carlton Hotel. Visitors will find interesting the sculptured chimney-piece of the dining-room, which is also a relic of days when France was mistress of Cape Breton.

A short walk down Prince Street to Hollis brings one to the Province Building which contains the Legislative Halls, the Library, and many historic treasures. Parliament House was completed in 1818 at a cost of £52,000. Somewhat under a hundred years old, it disseminates an air of even greater antiquity by reason of its smoke-softened walls and its high straight windows that seem to regard with severity the less conventional structures about it. A writer describes the building in 1839 as " the most splendid in all North America." Dickens, who witnessed the ceremony of the inauguration of parliament, gratified his hosts by remarking how closely it followed the forms observed on the commencement of a new session of the House in London. Now-a-days the citadel fires a salute as the Governor arrives, there is a military guard and a band.

The Legislative Councillors whose appointments are for life, sit in an ornate and gracious chamber

whose domed ceiling shelters a gallery of portraits representing kings and their consorts, war heroes and judges. The magnificent picture above the dais is said to be the joint work of Sir Joshua Reynolds and his pupil, Allen Ramsay. The painting of Chief Justice Strange is by Benjamin West. A modern portrait of Edward VII is in painful contrast. The kindly, clever face of Judge Thomas C. Haliburton companions a painting of Sir Brenton Halliburton who was in no way related to the creator of *Sam Slick*, and who is remembered principally for his Tory hatred of Joe Howe. His son John challenged the latter to a duel in his father's defence.

In the Assembly Room at the opposite end of the hall from the Council Chamber there are portraits of Howe and his rival, Johnston, whose silent presentments are hung in peaceful proximity. The Library, a rare old room facing out toward Hollis Street, was formerly the seat of the Provincial Supreme Court. Here Howe, greatest of Haligonians, stood his memorable trial for libel. In the same balconied room Richard Uniacke and his seconds, Stephen De Blois and Edward McSweeney, were tried and acquitted in July, 1819, following a bitter duel in which Uniacke's opponent, William Bowie, was killed. According to the archives of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, this was the first important crime tried in the new Province Building.

The Library contains a large number of records and ancient volumes relating to early Nova Scotia, and a few interesting pictures, among them a small but dashing portrait of "Royal Edward," Duke of Kent, and a painting of Sir Samuel Cunard.

In the yard south of the Province Building Howe made a famous speech and planted an oak on the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. A statue dedicated to him as an orator, a writer of prose and poetry, an editor and a patriot has been erected on this plot. Howe was born on the banks of the North West Arm. As a boy he set type for his father, whose paper, the *Gazette*, was published on the site of the present Post Office, opposite Parliament House. Later he owned and edited the *Nova Scotian* from whose pages the Clockmaker of Slickville made his bow to the world. When an old man, after an ingenious and forceful career, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. He had occupied Government House but three weeks when he died. His grave is in Camp Hill Cemetery, beyond the Citadel, at the head of Sackville Street.

The Green Market, held every Saturday morning on the pavement about the Post Office, has largely lost its flavour of picturesque oddity. Indians and negroes, and Acadian and Anglo-Saxon farmers are the vendors. Their hand-plaited baskets hold ferns and vegetables, berries and fowl. But the bargaining is zestless, and dark-skinned mer-

chants sprawl with their backs to the wall quite indifferent to a customer's eye. Whereupon the onlooker is perchance reminded of dewy dawns on the Brussels *Place* where white-capped Flemish dames were wont to invest with a stir of rivalry and wrangle of sous the smallest purchase from eggs to chicory. A lackadaisical affair indeed would the Green Market have been voted in Flanders. Racially the market attendants are more interesting than are their wares or methods of trafficking. The black men and women are children of the plantation slaves brought north during the War of 1812 and settled at Preston. It is said that among them are descendants of the Maroons who came from Jamaica a few years before. The progenitors of the brown men who proffer toys and tourist souvenirs were Indian warriors who abetted the French in campaigns against English troops and colonists. The French market-folk are descended from returned Acadians who settled on the shores of Bedford Basin a century ago.

On Granville Street, overlooking the north yard of the Province Building, are the offices of the American Consulate. The post was established in 1815. In the archives is the complete correspondence concerning the encounter between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon.* Guns taken from the deck of Captain Lawrence's command are the centre of an annual and enthusiastic celebration in the yard beneath the Consular windows.

The five hundred Germans who came to Halifax immediately after its founding built their dwellings to the north of the citadel. In 1755 they constructed a Lutheran Church which still stands witness to their skill as carpenters. A short distance out Brunswick Street one comes to it, a plain little edifice with a grave-yard beside it. Of three successive pastors sent from Hanover to minister to this congregation, every one was wrecked during the voyage to Halifax.

On the way to the old "Dutch" church one passes the round temple of St. George's, beyond the old Garrison Chapel. The Dockyard is two blocks east of the "Dutch" church. Further out Water Street are the Intercolonial Railway station, the Naval Cemetery, with Wellington Barracks and Admiralty House near-by, and the immense Halifax Dry Dock and marine railway. All the foregoing points of interest may be reached by trams from the centre of the city.

On the outermost borders of this dreary north suburb, reached by the Belt Line car, is Fairview Cemetery where orderly rows of granite headstones — nameless, but each bearing a number — mark the graves of unidentified dead brought to Halifax by rescue ships after the sinking of the *Titanic*.

South of City Hall,[1] near the corner where Bar-

[1] From Fraser Brothers' office, opposite the Halifax and Queen Hotels, sight-seeing carriages leave every week-day

rington merges into Pleasant Street and Spring Garden Road joins the latter thoroughfare, there is a group of buildings all of which invite the interest of the visitor. The Academy of Music, principal theatre of the province, is directly on the corner. Adjoining it is St. Matthew's Church, mother of Halifax Presbyterianism. Just beyond is Government House. Erected during the first years of the nineteenth century, it has been the seat of a long line of Provincial Governors and Lieutenant-Governors. The foundation stone of the mansion "placed in the field between Hollis and Pleasant Streets" was laid by the Duke of Kent shortly before his departure from Halifax.

In the green acre opposite Government House is the old colonial cemetery of St. Paul's. The gateway topped by a lion is a monument to two Nova Scotians who fell during the Crimean War. Within the quiet shadows lies the body of Captain David Gordon, great grandfather of "Chinese" Gordon, who died of an accident in 1752.

The "Chesapeake Stone" records the names of sailors killed in the engagement which took place off Boston Harbour in June, 1813, and which is said to have lasted but twenty minutes. The *Shannon's* dead numbered thirty men, the *Chesapeake* lost more than twice as many, including her Commander and First Lieutenant. The British

during the summer at 10 and 2:30 o'clock. A three-hour drive at a nominal cost affords a view of all the major tourist attractions in the pleasantest part of the city.

frigate having brought her captive into Halifax harbour, Captain Lawrence was buried in the English Cemetery, American and British officers walking beside the coffin. A few weeks later, a war vessel arrived from the United States and the bodies of Captain Lawrence and his Lieutenant were conveyed to New York. Every visitor to Trinity church-yard does homage to the officer whose name is inseparable from the intrepid phrase engraved upon his tomb.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, on the corner of Spring Garden Road, is one of the handsomest ecclesiastical edifices in the province. A little way up the hill are the County Court House and the Nova Scotia Technical College. The latter contains a museum of native products and historical mementoes.

Spring Garden Road passes the south gate of the Public Gardens, one of the most completely charming artificial parks to be found anywhere, and quite worthy of the pride which Halifax feels in it. The beautifying of the Gardens was urged by Howe in 1836, but his suggestions were not acted upon until a new generation had arisen. This pleasaunce of flowers and pools and emerald sward is all the lovelier for the contrast between its fairness and the austere mediocrity of the self-confident city it graces, "a city of great private virtue whose banks are sound," in the words of the discriminating Warner.

The Citadel is accessible from the Public Gardens by way of Summer or Sackville Streets. The Wanderers' Club grounds, Camp Hill, a field used for drills and reviews, and Camp Hill Cemetery, the chief burying-ground of the city since the closing of St. Paul's, are all in this quarter. The campus of Dalhousie University is southeast of the Gardens. This, the largest of the seven Provincial universities, was named for the Earl of Dalhousie, a Scotch nobleman who became Governor-General of Canada. Previously he had served with Wellington in Spain, and held office as Governor of the Province. Dr. Akins' *History of Halifax City* records that in the spring of 1819 excavating was begun at the north end of the Parade for the foundation of Dalhousie College. The Legislature voted £2000 toward the expenses of building besides a sum of several thousand pounds which had accrued from port dues received during the tenure of Castine, Maine, by Halifax patriots in the War of 1812. As the college grew in scope, new buildings were raised on the large field now occupied. Allied with the college are schools of law, medicine, dentistry and engineering.

Sight-seeing carriages follow Morris Street past the new Anglican Cathedral, the attractive grounds of the General Hospital and the School for the Blind to Young Avenue, and pursue this somewhat pretentious thoroughfare to the gates of Point Pleasant Park, which occupies the extreme end of

the triangular peninsula that provides the site of Halifax. This beautiful property comprising 250 acres of natural woodland is owned by the Dominion and leased to the Province at a shilling a year. One day in every twelve-month sentries are posted to keep out the public, in order that the Government's authority over the right of way be established.

Driving beneath the pine trees and inhaling the zephyrs blowing from Harbour and Arm, one's tranquil reveries are interrupted by the thrust of cannon and the brusque bulking of earth-works. Several batteries fringe the shore, all of them of recent construction except the old Chain Fort below the cottage where Joe Howe was born over a century ago. At the mouth of the North West Arm chains used to be drawn across to defend the inlet from hostile invasion.

In a clearing near-by stands the grey Martello Tower, concerning whose origin there are conflicting accounts. One of Howe's biographers asserts that the fortress was built in his boyhood. But the Dickens-esque caretaker who pilots one about the circular, thick-walled corridors implies a much earlier date by relating that the French fortified this spot before Cornwallis came to Halifax, though she concedes that the wooden roof was laid by the English. Whatever its age or one-time worth as a defence, its deep embrasures are blithe now with swaying nasturtiums and the warble of

GATE OF THE ANNAPOLIS FORT BEFORE RESTORATION

Andrew Gilmore, last British soldier to stand sentry before the garrison was withdrawn in 1854, is shown in the picture.

linnets. A child's school-bag hangs on the wall; the child himself was born within the tower. Through a sagging door the visitor glimpses, not guns nor powder-bags, but a kitchen range bristling with pots that emit a wreath of steam.

The drive-ways which search the primal wood are like aisles in a darkened temple into which the sun shines palely. The temple floor has a covering of brown pine-needles. Tall trunks appear in the shadow like sustaining pillars. Through openings that look like windows in the forest the water shows its enchanting green. Once, Scotch soldiers were quartered in this wildwood. Their camp beds were mattressed with heather, which was thrown out when the regiment returned to Scotland. A scanty bank of it blooms now from which lovers of the wiry little weed pluck surreptitious bunches.

The esplanade by which one returns to the city borders the harbour shore, passing on the way the public baths and the quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Either side of this point fine houses have been demolished and the water-front filled in to make room for the piers, quays and railway terminals which the Dominion is constructing at a cost of $20,000,000 and which will revolutionise municipal traffic conditions. When the works are completed, passengers will alight at the new Union Station at the foot of South Street.

Halifax, wanting in municipal beauty, is rich in

resorts which afford agreeable open-air diversion.[2] There are several suburban hotels with adequate accommodation for summer guests which may be made the pivot of sundry excursions. The Birchdale, whose lawns slope to the North West Arm, is opposite the gates of the Waegwoltic Club. Within a short distance are other rowing and country clubs whose regattas, tournaments and illuminations are of frequent occurrence. Above "the tranquil waters and graceful course" of the Arm are many summer estates whose owners' family names are inscribed in the earliest annals of Halifax. "Oaklands" manor house was built by a son of Sir Samuel Cunard, "Boldrewood" is owned by the Gilpin family, "Armdale," on the east bank, belongs to Sir Charles Tupper, Father of Confederation. "The Dingle" is best known for the view of the Arm obtained from one of its heights.

A lofty tower of good design, erected in 1912 by the Halifax Canadian Club nearly opposite the North West Arm Rowing Club, commemorates the assembly in Halifax, in 1758, of the first elective legislature convened in British North America, or anywhere in the British Dominions. Within the tower, which may be reached by the South Street ferry, are mural bronzes presented by Provincial

[2] Information as to principal drives, sails and outings is concisely given in the booklet gratuitously distributed by the Tourist Committee of the Halifax Board of Trade, 231 Hollis Street.

Governments, educational institutions and fraternal orders.

A road that winds near the tower ascends to the hill-town of summer cottages called Jollimore Village.

Near the head of the Arm, 3 miles from the harbour, is Melville Military Prison, situated on an islet where seamen captured in wars between Great Britain and France, and Great Britain and the United States were first incarcerated. An ancient chronicler declares sharks were lured into these waters to discourage hopes of escape.

A little way west of the cove, German settlers established a community still called Dutch Village. A favourite drive leads to it out Quinpool Road. Here lived two naturalists, one of whom, Titus Smith, was a nephew of the original *Hawkeye* in *Last of the Mohicans*. The other was Downs, a taxidermist, who was born in New Jersey in 1811 and later emigrated with his family to Halifax. In 1847, sixteen years before the Central Park Zoological Garden was opened to a wondering public, Downs' collection of birds and animals was installed in the midst of a hundred-acre park at Dutch Village. This was the parent zoo of America. Downs bred specimens for royalty, and, during his long career (he died in 1892) is said to have "stuffed eight hundred moose heads."

A short drive across country from Dutch Village to Fairview brings one to "the shores, . . . nu-

merous coves and well-sheltered inlets" of Bedford Basin, the inner harbour of Halifax, which for a century and more has been a rendezvous for yachtsmen, oarsmen, summer idlers and *bon vivants*. On Bedford Road, the ten-mile highway which connects Halifax with the head of the basin, are several inns, successors to old-time taverns which were favoured banqueting-places. Beyond Rockingham, one of the fairest of these historic suburbs, the Duke of Kent maintained an establishment which was presided over by a companion whose status was never announced but who is thought to have been his "civil wife." The portraits of Madame la Baronne de Fortisson, known to the colonials as Madame de Saint Laurent, show her to have been a lady of gentle demeanour with large dark eyes, dark ringlets, a delicate nose, and lips that curved ingenuously. Her protector, the youthful general-in-command of the colony's forces, had gross features and an expression as domineering as hers was demure.

Originally the Lodge was surrounded by a dozen out-houses and by elaborate gardens which were the scene of munificent hospitality. When the royal occupant left Halifax in the summer of 1800, he was accompanied by the charming French woman, whose star, however, was soon to wane. In a short while the son of George IV assumed the obligations of matrimony, and the place of Madame Saint Laurent was usurped by a princess of

the blood, who became the mother of Queen Victoria.

Sir John Wentworth, Governor of the Province, was the next tenant of the Lodge. At his death in 1820 his son inherited the estate, and by the latter's will the property descended to Mrs. Gore, a novelist, who was related to the Wentworth family. By the year 1828 the place had fallen into utter disrepair. Haliburton described, in the third series of *The Clockmaker*, "the tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues . . . overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs." Even then the forest was "fast reclaiming its own and the lawns and ornamental gardens relaxing into a state of nature." And yet, bemoaned Haliburton, this had once been the favourite abode "of one who, had he lived, would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world." Now, as then, it is a spot "set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay." House, offices, arbours, booths have mouldered into dust; only the band pavilion remains amid the gnarled beeches, a gloomy memorial of festivities long forgotten.

Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, visited the ruin in 1860. The Intercolonial's rails now traverse the grounds on the way from Halifax to Bedford, at the head of the Basin.

A pleasant highway joins Bedford to Dartmouth by way of Waverley and the Lakes. From Hali-

fax connection is made for Dartmouth by steam ferry from the foot of George Street. The site of the prosperous suburb on the east bank of the harbour was preferred by some of the early colonists to that of Halifax. Protestants against the choice of Cornwallis founded a town here in 1750, most of them being emigrants who had arrived on the *Alderney*, a ship of 500 tons. They named the settlement for the Earl of Dartmouth, confidant of Queen Anne.

In 1784 a number of whalers came with their families from Nantucket and a grant of land was made them. Black whales were then abundant in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and sperm whales were found further south in the Atlantic.

The first ferry to Halifax was instituted in 1752. The ferryman cried "Over! Over!" and before going "blew a conch" to warn of departure.

Directly opposite Halifax on the Dartmouth side is a mammoth sugar refinery, successor to one established in 1883. The Nova Scotia Asylum for the Insane occupies a fine position on the ridge.

A mile or so from the heart of Dartmouth is the first of a series of fresh water lakes which in both winter and summer are the centre of lively pastimes. Dartmouth is the gate-way to popular Cow Bay, Cole Harbour and Lawrencetown, all of which afford, within pleasant driving distance, superior sea bathing.

For various connections out of Halifax see under "Steamers from the United States" and "Provincial Railways and Steamers," Chapter I.

Almost due east of Halifax, but lying nearer to Whitehead in northern Guysboro County because of the peculiar trend of the Nova Scotia coast, is Sable Island whose shoals have since the Middle Centuries been associated with wreck and devastation. Three centuries ago the island is said to have been 200 miles long with cliffs 800 feet high. The sand hills are now about 100 feet high at the apex of the narrow crescent which appears to be gradually dropping into the sea. Of the hideous shoals which stretch west from the Banks, that off Sable Island is the largest. The heaviest storms of the North Atlantic centre at the head of the Gulf Stream, which is in conjunction here with the Arctic Current. The greater number of wrecks, and they have been legion, occur from errors of reckoning, due to terrific currents which bear to the west.

The Cabots are believed to have touched here, then came French colonists and convicts under de Léry in 1518 and the Marquis de la Roche, Viceroy of Canada and Acadia, in 1598. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's historian says "the Portugals did put upon the Island meat and swine to breed." The herds of wild ponies which roam this crest of a submarine sand-bank are thought to be descended from stock left here in the 16th century by the Portuguese.

It was off this perilous bank in 1583 that gallant Sir Humphrey went down on the *Golden Hind,* declaiming fearlessly, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land!"

In 1799 the *Francis* carrying the suite, horses and household effects of the Duke of Kent was wrecked in these waters.

The island is about 20 miles long and is distant from Whitehead 85 miles. Only Government employés live upon it. The colony consists of about thirty light-house attendants, crews of the life-saving patrol, and wireless telegraphers. The superintendent's house is on the dunes close to the shore. A constant watch is kept for disabled ships,

and many a wretched wanderer has had cause to give thanks for the beneficent provision made for his salvation. Access to the island is by Government boat only.

Distance, HALIFAX – YARMOUTH, via Halifax and Southwestern Railway, 248 miles. Time by express (twice a week only, except in the summer), about 11 hours. See Chapter VII for description of towns on this route.

Distance, HALIFAX – YARMOUTH, via Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Railways (Halifax – Windsor Junction – Windsor), 215 m. Time by "Flying Blue Nose" (discontinued in the fall) 8 hrs. At Windsor Jc. the Dominion Atlantic diverges from the Intercolonial, which continues to Truro. Truro is the junction of the line to Montreal and the line through upper Nova Scotia to Sydney.

HALIFAX – WINDSOR, 45 miles. The way lies along Bedford Basin as far as the town of Bedford, and crosses the Sackville River to a lake region of considerable beauty and extent. Ancestral estates, gold mines, "rocks and stunted firs," fishing-ponds and gypsum beds are bordered by the railroad and add individual interest to the journey. The hills make way for grainfields and grassy marshes encompassed by the St. Croix and Avon Rivers, which unite below the ancient town of Windsor.

CHAPTER V

WINDSOR — GRAND PRÉ — WOLFVILLE BLOMIDON

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One of the oldest communities in the Province which *Sam Slick* called "good above and better below; surface covered with pastures, meadows, woods and a nation sight of water privileges, and under the ground, full of mines" is Windsor. The "water privileges" of this immediate region comprise those of the spreading Avon, which flows high, or ebbs low, at the beck of lunar laws. The river drains into the Basin of Minas. The latter is affected by the tides of the Bay of Fundy of which it forms the northeastern fork. Twice a day the tide of the Atlantic sets from Cape Sable northwestward through the broad gate of the Bay of Fundy at a speed of two to three knots. The vast body of water rushing up, and the Bay narrowing suddenly opposite St. John, causes the Basin of Minas and Chignecto Bay to fill with tremendous rapidity. The rise at Grand Manan is 15 feet; at Eastport, 20 feet; at St. John, 30 feet; at Parrsboro and Windsor, 40 to 50 feet. From Truro to Yarmouth the Fundy tides pro-

vide alternating scenes of plenty and desolation. Vessels running in at the flood are left careening on the ground when the tide slips from their keels. One goes to sleep with the moon shining on the wave, and wakens to a terra cotta waste bared by truant waters to the glare of the sun. Little boys paddle about the glistening bed of bay or river digging for shell-fish; an hour or two later, perched on a pier, they are angling for trout newly arrived from the sea. . . .

A few years after the eviction of the Acadians, the village of Windsor was populated by British officers who had completed their term of service. Formerly, Windsor and Falmouth were known by the name the Indians had bestowed, Piziquid, "joining of the waters." In 1789 Bishop Inglis and seventeen clergymen organised Kings College, a sectarian institution whose matriculants were originally required to sign and subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Established Church. The main building was completed in 1794. Early in the next century the college received the royal charter of George III. It is not only the oldest of Canadian universities but also of all colonial universities within the Empire.

The present group of buildings, comprising the original hall, with pillared portico and a new wing, the Chapel, the Convocation Hall, the Library, the dormitory, the gymnasium, the houses of the professors and the Collegiate or Preparatory School,

occupy a height on the skirts of the town that is shaded by fine elms and overlooks the river-harbour and meadows burdened with opulent farms. Many of the 15,000 volumes contained in the Library were contributed by English patrons when the college was first chartered, and form a collection of great value. The Chapel communion plate includes a chalice and a paten over two hundred years old.

The university offers courses in Arts, Theology, Science and Law. The Quinctilian and the Haliburton Societies are student organisations that are imbued with tradition. The college roll of about a hundred pupils includes the names of a few young women. Among famous alumni are Judge Haliburton, Sir John Inglis, defender of Lucknow, Sir Fenwick Williams, hero of Kars, and littérateurs of our day well known in the United States and Canada.

"Edgehill," a school for girls founded in 1890, whose faculty is composed of English mistresses, is near the Parish Church and the Boys' Collegiate School.

Judge Thomas Haliburton could scarcely have found a more congenial spot than this in which to conjure the characters whose banter and irony, wit and shrewd judgments piqued and amused the New and Old Worlds four score years ago. Canada's first illustrious man of letters was born in Windsor,[1] shortly after the founding of Kings Col-

[1] December 17, 1796.

lege and was graduated from its halls when he was nineteen. He married an English lady and practised law in Annapolis Royal. Nine years after being admitted to the bar he was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the Middle Division of Nova Scotia. In 1841 he first sat on the bench of the Supreme Court. He resigned his seat in 1856 and sailed for England, there to make his home until his death in 1865. For the last four years of his life he represented Launceston in the House of Commons, where he exerted a needed influence against the separation of Canada from the Empire, a measure advocated by Gladstone.

Haliburton wrote and published an *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* in 1829. The papers which introduced his canny-thinking, lean and sharp-nosed Connecticut Yankee pedlar to a delighted audience were first printed anonymously in Joe Howe's *Nova Scotian* in 1835. "Sam Slick of Slickville, Onion County," was created in the genial mansion which Judge Haliburton erected on an estate of forty acres near the college grounds, and which is the goal, even today, of every visitor to Windsor. *Sam Slick, the Clockmaker*, was an itinerant vendor of wooden time-pieces with whom the *Squire* (Judge Haliburton) rode along the Nova Scotia roads and discussed policies, politics, traits and failings

peculiar to the Americans and the Provincials.

Following the popular success of the papers, a small bound edition was put out by Howe, and later by Bentley of London. Other Sam Slick books were added, but not until the author went to England did he announce himself as the progenitor of the "first Yankee of literature." He himself was called by Artemus Ward, "the founder of the American school of humour." Said a critic in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1850, "Haliburton is a caricaturist as good as Dickens, better than Thackeray." The *London Illustrated News* thought his *Sam Slick Sayings* "one of the few really original productions of the day." An American edition of *The Clockmaker*, published in New York and sold at five cents the copy, bears this encomium on the paper cover: "*Sam Slick the Clockmaker* is a recognised American humorous classic; it is still more — it is part of American history, like the *Biglow Papers* of James Russell Lowell, affording pictures of life and character, representing a time and a class better than they can be found depicted, probably in any other book." Among the dissenters from this rule of praise which governed nearly all the humorous works of Haliburton was a critic in the *North American Review* of 1844, who declared Sam Slick "badly conceived . . . no proper representative of the Yankees . . . an impostor, an impossibil-

ity." George William Curtis decried the Sam Slick creations as "extravaganzas . . . drawn without skill or sympathy."

Certainly, natives of the United States have cause to deplore the vogue of the slangy, cheating braggart who for nearly a century has biassed European judgment in determining "the American type."

In his preface to *The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony* (American edition, 1849), Haliburton accounts for the derivation of the term "Blue Nose" as applied to the Nova Scotians. He affirms it to be "a sobriquet acquired from a superior potato of that name, of the good qualities of which he (the Nova Scotian) is never tired of talking, being anxious, like most men of small property, to exhibit to the best advantage the little he had." In confirmation of this theory we have an old invoice which records the shipment to Boston in the year 1787 of a consignment of potatoes which consisted in part of "roses" and "blue noses." The name is given to all Nova Scotians but especially, says another writer, to that portion of the population descended from the pre-loyalists, that is, those who emigrated from New England before and during the Revolutionary War, as distinguished from those who came after it.

To the tourist the most telling possession of the old green town of Windsor is the ruined rampart on the rise above the railway station. Fort Ed-

ward was an English stronghold during the troublous period when both England and France were contending for the Minas country. It commanded the river highways of the St. Croix and the Avon, was a refuge from maurauding Indians, a sally-point for avenging troops and, at the last, a prison for Acadians who had escaped deportation.

From the town of Piziquid, de Villiers and his aides planned the attack on the detachment of Massachusetts volunteers in command of Colonel Noble who, in the winter of 1747, were quartered among the Acadian inhabitants of Grand Pré, then the chief town of this region. The settlement of French farmers extended in those days from the station called Horton's Landing, about 20 miles west of Windsor, toward the present village of Grand Pré. The church, the burying-ground and a well that served part of the population were in a meadow edged now by the railroad track. From the Dominion Atlantic station at Grand Pré a stone may be cast to the fabled Normandy willows which witnessed the invasion of Winslow's troops, and the scenes of dismay that follow in the autumn of 1755.

The eviction of the Acadian subjects of George II is excused by English historians as an act necessary to the peace of the country and one too long deferred by lenient governors. They maintain that the French inhabitants who remained in Nova

Scotia after the articles signed at Utrecht had given the territory to Great Britain in 1713, purposely evaded their pledges, connived with the French of Cape Breton and Canada, and hearkened to the treasonable admonition of priests to spy upon and betray their masters. French and Acadian authors present the Neutrals as a people of integrity, desirous of peace, and possessed of tragic and unparalleled forbearance under conditions which would have roused another race to revolution and blood-shed.

The traveller's attitude toward the story of the exiles will largely depend upon the historical documents to which he has had recourse. If one has had access to recent revelations that have been gleaned from records hitherto suppressed or neglected, his sympathies will go without reserve to the simple folk whose industry and devotion to church and home were proverbial, and who, according to authentic accounts, would have evaded trouble by withdrawing from English territory to French had they been permitted to depart with their cattle and their household goods untrammelled by harsh stipulations.

They wished to secure themselves against the necessity of bearing arms against the French with whom the English were almost constantly at war. They agreed to submit themselves to the representatives of the British Sovereign and "to do no hostile act against the right of His Majesty while

in his dominion." They believed that to give an unqualified oath of allegiance would be to expose them to the revenge of the Micmacs, who would resent their friendship for the enemies of the French and the Indians.

Evidence cited by a recent writer [2] indicates that Philipps, who was Governor in 1720, opposed the departure of the Acadians, who had repeatedly expressed themselves as willing to forsake their well-nurtured farms rather than bind themselves to take up arms against their own countrymen. Philipps wrote: "We cannot let them go just now; their departure would render our neighbours too powerful; we need them to erect our fortifications, and to provision our forts till the English are powerful enough of themselves to go on, and they must not withdraw before a considerable number of British subjects be settled in their stead. . . . What is to be apprehended in the resettling of these farms is disturbance from Indians, who do not like the Acadians going off, and will not want prompting mischief."

Eventually the Neutrals of Annapolis and Minas were promised that it should not be required of them to bear arms against any one and that they should be free to withdraw whithersoever they thought fit. In return they gave their pledge to be faithful to His Majesty the British King. Mascarene, a Huguenot who became a naturalised

[2] See the *History of Grand Pré,* by John Frederic Herbin.

English citizen and Lieutenant-Governor at Annapolis in 1740, said in a letter to the Lords of Trade, "without the neutrality of the Acadians, this province would have been lost (to the English)." Yet the grievous charge laid against them was one of deceit and treachery. Frequently all the Acadians — of Chignecto, Annapolis, Piziquid, Minas — were harried in punishment for the acts of a few. Often they were called upon to renew their vows of allegiance. This they did by word and by deed. When the French were at war with the English in 1744 they called on their brothers for aid which was steadfastly denied, despite threats from their priests and the menace of Indians.

In 1746 began the struggle of the English to hold what they had gained and of the French to regain what they had lost. A mighty fleet of seventy ships and ten thousand men left Brest in June, but tempest and disease so weakened the French forces assembled under the Duc d'Anville that intended attacks on Louisbourg (which had been surrendered to the Colonials the previous year) and Boston were abandoned. A remnant of the fleet sailed for Annapolis, but this also met with disaster. Meantime, a land invasion planned against Annapolis by Ramezay had been delayed until spring. Hannay recites that Governor Shirley of Massachusetts sent troops "to overawe the Acadians and check the attack of the detachment from Canada."

These soldiers were billeted upon the inhabitants of Grand Pré and wintered there, with Colonel Noble in command.

Some historians assert that it was the Acadians of Minas who informed Ramezay of the presence of the English in their houses. Immediately a detachment of four hundred Canadians and Souriquois, or Micmacs, left Chignecto under de Villiers and after a journey over the snow epic in its fortitude arrived at Piziquid.

Whether or not Ramezay had his information from Acadian messengers, it is certain that the villagers of Grand Pré warned Colonel Noble of the Frenchmen's approach, but he was not sufficiently alarmed to guard against their attack. On a snowy night, Noble and his men were surprised in their beds and after desperate resistance many of them were massacred. Those who escaped the bayonet were seized as prisoners. This has been called by Parkman "the most stubbornly contested fight that ever took place in Acadie." The graves of Colonel Noble and his soldiers lie in fields bordering the road which climbs the hill to Grand Pré Post Office.

Ever since the Treaty of Utrecht the French had been at issue with their enemies concerning the boundaries of the Acadian land which had been ceded to the English. They contended that only Nova Scotia had been surrendered, whereas the English affirmed their right to those parts of New

Brunswick and Maine to which the name Acadia had for a century been applied. The French built a fort on the Missequash River near the New Brunswick frontier. The English built Fort Lawrence to offset it. In 1755, though peace had been confirmed between the mother countries seven years before, troops from Boston set out from Fort Lawrence and captured the French garrison at Beauséjour. During the assault the Neutrals of Chignecto were forced to give assistance to the French, and for this, all the Acadians were placed under suspicion of treachery. Though pressed to do so they still refused, each one, to take an oath which should involve their having to fight against either the French or the English. At the same time they were the prey of bigoted ecclesiastics to whom their untutored minds turned for instruction, and among whom the Government had out-spoken enemies.

In the early part of 1755 came the peremptory demand of Governor Lawrence that the Acadians of every district should surrender their weapons to the commandants of neighbouring forts. Says one Canadian writer, "For forty years they had been treated by England with a patience which had long ceased to be a virtue. . . . They refused to take the oath of allegiance, which they were legally bound to do, or to allow themselves to be considered otherwise than enemies. Allied with the Indians, and disguised as Indians, some of their

bolder spirits indulged in bloody raids on the English settlements . . . At the same time England — which then meant the thirteen colonies as well — was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with her greatest rival, France; and the Acadians were her enemies within her gate. They were warned, exhorted, threatened, but they obstinately and blindly closed their ears. So it came that this unhappy people were ground to powder between the upper and nether mill-stone. They were removed from their homes with such humanity as was possible under the piteous circumstances and were scattered abroad among the nations."

Against this we have the words of another Canadian: "Lawrence has the unenviable reputation of having caused the expatriation of the Acadians, and of having done it with great cruelty. These facts have come to light only within a few years, through the researches of French writers. . . . The Acadians had been threatened with various forms of punishment by almost all the governors, and had learned the lesson of humility and patience . . . In the light of later facts thrown upon their condition, it is almost beyond belief that a people should be so patient and quietly persevering in their effort to remain upon their lands under all the imposition practised upon them. . . . Unfortunately for them they were found too submissive. Their homes were their all, and they bore insult and indignity for forty years in a vain hope that a

time would come when they would be finally secure on the lands their fathers had taken from the sea, and made beautiful and rich beyond any other in America. . . . Every argument has been made in our own day to influence opinion against these people, and to excuse or palliate the brutalities of men because of their connection with the British Government."

The same author charges that when finally the people were taken from their homes, "it was done without the sanction of the English Government, . . . and that orders forbidding this action were received too late to prevent it."

Lawrence chose to take umbrage at the presentation of a petition in which the *habitants* sought to define their reasons for remonstrating against surrendering their weapons of defence against the wild animals which frequently attacked their cattle. The men commissioned to carry the memorial to Lawrence at Halifax were adjured to take the oath as an incontestable sign of their submission. They declared they could not without first learning the wishes of those they represented. Lawrence, for all his arrogance and insistence, was unable to break their resolution. The delegates were imprisoned because, according to the Abbé Daudin, they would not answer affirmatively the question: "Will you or will you not swear to the King of Great Britain that you will take up arms against the King of France, his enemy?"

CABINS OF THE KEDGEMAKOOGEE CLUB, ON KEDGEMAKOOGEE LAKE, IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA

This was in the early part of July. By the end of the month Lawrence had arranged that Colonel Winslow should embark his New Englanders from a port near Fort Beauséjour and assume control of the movement to forever rid the Minas dyke-lands of the unwelcome Acadians. At this time there were about five thousand descendants of the original settlers of Nova Scotia on the banks of the numerous rivers which flowed through flat and abundant valleys to the Basin. In August the marshlands, reclaimed after the methods of their ancestors, companions of Razilly, Charnisay and Denys, who in their own Brittany had known how to thwart the invading sea, were yellow with ripening grain. The orchards of Normandy apple-trees were weighted with fruit. In the door-ways of the cottages that filed over the hill toward the church, closed now for want of a priest, sat the women of Grand Pré in kirtle and bonnet, busy with distaff and needle. On their breasts were folded white kerchiefs; their ornaments were silver crosses and hearts. The men, vigorous, uneducated peasants, strongly religious but undemonstrative,[3] were in the fields mending the dykes or cutting hay, or in some near-by woodland loading ox-wains with fuel for the hearth. Their deputies, about fifty in number, were kept in duress on an island in Halifax harbour. Rumours of some new

[3] It is said that Acadian children rarely kissed their mothers after the first communion, it being a Brittany custom to restrain emotion.

activity on the part of the Government had disquieted but not frightened those who remained at home. They were bred to alarms and affronts. Even the arrival of ships bearing Winslow and his men and the sight of tents pitched near the churchyard did not greatly disturb the ingenuous villagers of Grand Pré. On the fifth of September the males young and old were commanded to present themselves in the village church and they did so, wonderingly. They saw Winslow seated before a table in the aisle. They perceived that he held in his hands a document, from which, when they were all assembled, he began to read. Still they did not understand until the words surged to their ears — "Your Lands and Tenements, Cattle of all kinds, and Live Stock of all Sorts are Forfeited to the Crown with all your other Effects, saving your money and Household Goods, and . . . the whole French Inhabitants of these Districts to be removed . . . whole Families Shall go in the Same Vessel. . . . It is His Majesty's Pleasure that you remain under the Inspection and Direction of the Troops that I have the Honour to Command." . . . And still they could not believe. . . . Lands, cattle forfeited . . . inhabitants removed . . . by vessel . . . under the direction of the troops . . .

Summoning voices and rough hands at their elbows roused the stupefied peasants of Minas. They thought of their women . . . a few were allowed to go under escort to tell them.

. . . Spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

The message was carried to all the settlements on the rivers Canard, Pereau, Habitant, Gaspereau. Fathers and sons, even little boys of ten, were to be kept in restraint. The wives must prepare the goods for departure, and compose their minds for the endurance of woe beyond describing. For so long they had planted these meadows and fended them laboriously from the sea, for so long they had tended the fruit-trees planted by their fathers, and watched the flocks on the hills, and built and repaired their rude homes over-looking marsh and river and the Basin beyond . . .

Five days after the governor's edict had been read in the church, two hundred and fifty of the younger men were embarked upon transports which had arrived in the harbour. At the bayonet's point they were separated from their families. Their plea to be deported to Cape Breton or Canada had been ignored. They knew nothing of the country to which they were bound except that it was peopled by the same race as that which was at this moment despoiling them of everything in life.

When the men had been put aboard and more transports had arrived, the embarkation of the women and little children began. By Christmas sufficient vessels had arrived to carry away all the

Acadians of the Minas district. In the haste and turmoil attendant oftentimes upon final departure, families were dispersed, some of them never to be reunited. Six thousand Acadians escaped banishment by fleeing to the woods or to distant French settlements. Of the twelve thousand transported to New England and the Southern colonies, many hundreds perished in the holds of ships, and in prisons, or died of exposure and exhausting fevers in unfriendly lands. A few of the exiles reached the West Indies, the Miquelon Islands and France.

The Bostonians, whose soldiers had been sent against the Neutrals, bitterly resisted their being quartered in Massachusetts. They hated them "for love of God because they were Catholics, and for love of England because they were French." In 1756–7 a number of Acadians were held in jail on Staten Island and Governor's Island, New York. Others were distributed in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Carolina and Louisiana.

There followed a prolonged period of misery during which the outcasts became "too wretched to be feared, too poor to be despoiled." When peace was made between the Crowns in 1763, groups of Acadians struggled back, hopeful of finding their meadows still untenanted. Houses and barns had been fired immediately after their departure; the smoke of the burning villages had misted their eyes as they sailed past Blomidon and out to the Bay of Fundy. Now they decried new cottages, and un-

familiar forms moving upon the marshlands. With resignation they turned back from Minas, and on the shores of *la baie Saincte Marie*, in the Clare District south of Digby, and in territory east of Yarmouth took up the broken strands of their existence as tillers of the earth and ploughers of the sea.

To-day the Acadians are a nation within a nation. In the Maritime Provinces, 150,000 descendants of the French pioneers of 1632 dwell at peace. Their emblem, the tri-colour with the Virgin's Star in the blue, floats below the English flag. Unmolested they observe national forms. Their youths attend Acadian colleges. Every four years conventions are held at the Feast of the Virgin to vote upon issues of mutual interest. Four Acadian journals are published.[4] A national literature is maturing. *Jacques et Marie*, a story of the Exile, is the best-loved prose classic. No poetical work is so much read as Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

Judge Haliburton as a young man represented in the Provincial Assembly the old County of Annapolis which then included Digby and Clare townships. He declared before the Legislature that the Acadians were "unambitious and frugal, they live within their means; devoted to their old form of worship, they are not divided by religious

[4] *Le Courier des Provinces – Maritimes*, Bathurst, *l'Evangeline*, Moncton, *l'Impartial*, Tignish, P. E. I., and *Moniteur – Acadien*, Shediac.

discords; and being cheerful in their disposition, and moral in their habits, they enjoy perhaps as much happiness as is consistent with the frailties of human nature."

About the time Haliburton made this speech he was preparing his History for publication, in which he referred at length to the Acadians. Longfellow had access to this volume for the historical data upon which his narrative was founded. It is related that the tale of the parted lovers came to the poet from his brother-in-law, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a clergyman, the Rev. Horace Conolly, of whose congregation a Mr. and Mrs. Haliburton had been members when residing in Boston. Mr. Haliburton was connected with the Nova Scotia family of that name. His wife had heard the story of "a young couple in Acadie.[5] On their marriage day all the men of the province . . . were seized and shipped off to be distributed through New England, among them the new bridegroom. His bride . . . wandered about New England . . . and at last when she was old found her bridegroom on his death-bed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise." This romance Mrs. Haliburton had repeated to her rector. And thus we trace to its source the legend which inspired *Evangeline*, a tale of the *grand dérangement* idealised and in certain minor points at variance with

[5] From Hawthorne's *American Note-books*, 1838.

actual conditions, but consummate in its portrayal of the sufferings of the Acadians.

The poem, whose heroine Longfellow first had the intention to call "Gabrielle," was begun in November, 1845. By the following April it was completed. In October, 1846, it was published, and immediately given recognition as one of the master-pieces of American literature. Grounded upon history and limned against an existing background, the incidents created by the poet are easily confused in the mind of the visitor with reality. The well in the field is called "Evangeline's well" though no maiden of that name actually dwelt with her father Benedict Bellefontaine, "on goodly acres," "somewhat apart from the village." No youth called Gabriel lived in the village, son of Basil, the blacksmith. Yet it helps one to better understand the tragedy enacted on this upland to read the poet's graphic "Tale of Love in Acadie."

Distant, secluded . . . the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley

. . . . . .

Strongly built were the houses

. . . . . .

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

. . . . . .

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths . . .
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers.

The village Longfellow described vanished over a century and a half ago. People of English descent dwell in the Grand Pré of to-day. Not a single Acadian may be found in the prim straight-gabled cottages that climb the road from the railway station. But in the field at the foot of the hill we can trace the site of the chapel where fathers and sons were imprisoned, and the foundation of the priest's house, in which Winslow stayed — his troops camping in the adjoining meadow. The graveyard is marked by a single stone cross erected in late years by a group of Wolfville men who have organised an association to preserve the few material witnesses of Acadian occupancy still remaining. Some years back, a pump and a crude railing denoted the well of beloved tradition. The Park Committee has substituted a sweep for the unromantic pump, and walled the old well with new masonry. The church and adjacent buildings fell a prey to Winslow's torch, but the willows, stubborn as a bay-tree, resisted the flames. To-day, as in the time when the villagers descended by the road they border and crossed to the Chapel of St. Charles, these ancient trees, sprouted from Normandy shoots, oppose a leaning hedge of green to our vision. If willows might speak! Beneath these boughs walked the farmers in their Sunday homespun. We may imagine them gathering to discuss after mass the message of the priest — warnings, mayhap, of Indian raids, counsel as to

conduct toward the English, toward the French. . . . Those were years of complexity. Little wonder that the sum of their confusion was disaster.

The road followed by the banished to the waiting vessels led over the rise from the church and the willows to the mouth of the Gaspereau. One may yet descend to the shore by the highway which bore forward those driven forms — those sorrow-weighted feet. And on the strand depict in fancy

. . . The evening fires . . .
Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces . . . gathered,
Voices of women . . . and of men, and the crying of children.

. . . . . .

. . . The stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships . . .
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

Two ways lead from the old English village of Grand Pré to Wolfville. One crosses the Great Meadow to "Long Island," diverges to Evangeline Beach, then continues along the banks of the Cornwallis estuary to the classic seat of Acadia University. This drive discloses in its full beauty the tranquil reaches of the prairie, two miles wide and three miles long, which French artisans reclaimed by draining the salt marshes and damming the tidal Gaspereau with a staunch lattice of tree trunks

stopped with clay. The lands which lie behind the dykes below the level of the sea have an average yield of three to four tons of hay per acre. The Grand Pré meadows are owned by farmers who live perhaps several miles away, on South Mountain or in the valleys. After the grass is cut,

> . . . where two centuries of swath
> Have fallen to earth before the mower's path

the cattle are turned on to browse, the number of head allowed to each owner being in proportion to the acreage he possesses. All the animals are branded, and here they range free until the winter comes on. Piles driven in the ground hoist the garnered hay high above an accident of tide. Such ricks dot all the marshes with shapes like a Hottentot house.

The road which passes through the hamlet above Grand Pré station is bordered by cottages, some of them dating from the earliest days of English occupancy and sentinelled by Norman poplars. One of the very oldest is on the corner diagonally opposite the post office. The Scotch Covenanter church on the hill was begun over a hundred years ago. Every Sunday afternoon service is held in its exceedingly quaint auditory, the congregation entering by a side door which opens to the rear of the stiff-necked pews, the minister addressing his hearers from a lofty pulpit roofed by a sounding-board.

Two miles beyond lies Wolfville through the apple orchards, which in their June-time blooming remind one of the newer though vaster California fruit valleys. Rows of trees, leagues long, ascend the breast of South Mountain and advance into the plain that reaches to the Gaspereau.[6] This expanse of orchard-land is the northern division of the great apple domain which extends through the Annapolis Valley.

The vale of the Gaspereau, inspiration of unnumbered sonneteers, is best viewed from the road which mounts northward to Wolfville. Ranks of shimmering trees, squares of green and yellow fields, groups of large barns and small white houses compose a scene which a Rasselas might covet. This valley is peculiarly Nova Scotian. It has no startling cliffs nor rushing waters. Threaded by

> A grievous stream, that to and fro
> Athrough the fields of Acadie
> Goes wandering,

it spreads in peaceful plenitude to overlooking heights, which in turn survey other pastorals and meandering rivers, so that all this part of the province may be said to form a park of valleys, mellow, opulent, exhaling a perfume of legend and romance.

Wolfville was originally called "Mud Creek"

[6] The original French spelling is *gasparot,* an ale-wife. The ale-wife is a fish resembling a herring which is found in great numbers in certain parts of Nova Scotia.

for the stream which detaches itself from the Cornwallis River and flows along the docks of the town. In 1830 the nieces of the postmaster, who bore the honoured patronymic of Dewolf, influenced him to petition Halifax to relieve so delightful a village of so blighting an appellation. A generation before, Judge Elisha Dewolf had entertained the King's son on his way from Halifax to Annapolis. Perhaps this affected the decision of the powers at the Capital. At all events Wolfville appeared upon the map,— and Mud Creek trickled off. The house where Royal Edward stayed is called Kent Lodge and opens its colonial doorway to discriminating travellers in this day when Wolfville is a centre of tourism. Grand Pré is usually visited from here; and Blomidon on the Minas shore, and Parrsboro across the Basin.

In itself the town has much to offer the vacationist. The streets are sightly, the homes unusually pretty, the hotels hospitable, the shops and public buildings quite surprisingly attractive and commodious. Many do not hesitate to pronounce Wolfville the pearl of Nova Scotia villages. A knoll on the rim of the town was chosen in 1829 as the site of Horton Academy, out of which grew Acadia College, a Baptist institution whose first students were enrolled in 1836. "Let us go up to the mountain and bring wood and build the house!" said the elders, quoting Haggai. Of money they had none. The men gave labour and

timber from their woodlands, the women knitted and cooked to secure funds. At last a big white building of harmonious architecture rose on the hillside and an alley of trees was laid to the principal street. One of the first pupils of the infant college was an awkward youth named Charles Tupper, who apprenticed himself to the village cobbler to help earn his tuition. Thirty years afterwards he was hailed as the Founder of the Dominion for his successful advocating of Confederation. Philosophers, poets, college presidents, doctors and ministers are numbered among Acadia alumni who have brought fame to themselves and their *mater* in both Canada and the United States. A coterie of modern buildings now supplements the facilities of the original hall. On a knoll of its own beyond the new Emmerson Library is the roomy Seminary building which houses besides other departments, a reputed Conservatory of Music for young women. The Boys' Collegiate School is distant a discreet acre or two.

Recitals and lectures and gay college functions while the winter away. Wolfville would seem a diverting place at any season of the year.

The present proprietor of Acadia Villa used to conduct a hotel in the Seminary during the summer but now maintains an all-the-year hostelry in a one-time private mansion a little way below College Hill. A great many tourists prolong their stay under Mr. Rockwell's roof for sheer enjoy-

ment of his unaffected hospitality. No one knows better than he how to plan the innumerable walks and drives that reveal the beauties of the Minas country with Wolfville as a base; and no one has laboured more efficiently than he to keep intact the meagre relics of French Grand Pré.

Mr. Herbin, whose store is on the corner below the Villa, is another fine-spirited citizen who for distinguished reasons has taken the Neutrals' story to heart. He is the only one of his race now dwelling above the dykes of Acadie. His adequate *History of Grand Pré* is dedicated to his mother's people. He has also written many verses that reflect in poetic strain the melancholy of the marshlands. Mr. Herbin's windows are a museum of Acadian relics taken from old cellars and disused wells. Here are night-cap frillers and warming-pans, loaf sugar cutters, and strange implements for crimping the hair. Ah, vain Evangeline! For one's admiration there is also displayed a lovely collection of jasper, agate and amethyst, the jewels of Blomidon. Besides, there are absorbing specimens of crystals less familiar,— heulandite, stilbite, cairngorm, orange-shaded acadialite,— which come from bluffs on the Cumberland shore of the Basin, and from Partridge Island. All the Minas cliffs are of volcanic origin. The cooling of the molten rock developed fissures which presently were bridged with crystalline deposits of many hues, with facets like cut gems.

A VIEW OF DIGBY AND THE GAP

The frost even now opens up hidden seams of amethyst on Cape Blomidon each winter.

A little way down the main street from the Herbin museum-shop is the plot where beneath the apple-trees the town's ancestors lie — the Bishops, Lovelesses, Reeds, Ratchfords, Reids, Martins, Miners . . . *Hic jacet* Edward Dewolf who departed this life in 1796. Silvanus Miner was born in 1699 and died eighty-seven years later. His epitaph warns:

> Death is a debt that is Nature's due
> Which I have paid and so must you.

William Alline passed away in 1799, aged eighty-five. There are other Allines, few of them deceased before their seventy-fifth year. Their stones are traced with vines and conventionalised cherubs. One bids us

> who pass this way
> Stand still awhile, these lines survey —

but weeds and lichens long ago obscured what it was intended for us to read.

The drive by way of Kentville and Canning to Look-off and Cape Blomidon is remarkable for the interchanging views of water and land — views doubly beautiful because charged with tradition immemorial. Kentville, in a narrow green vale, is the seat of a Government Fruit Station and the headquarters of the only railway system in Acadia. If preferred, a shorter route may be taken to

Canning by way of Port Williams and Starr's Point. The latter is a slender point of land where famous apples grow, Gravensteins and Kings and Nonpareils. Trees set out by the Normans more than two hundred years ago are still bearing. One old tree may even now be counted upon for upwards of thirty barrels a year.

The great Wellington Dyke bars the tide from the broad meadows of the Canard and Habitant Rivers. Canning was once known as Apple-tree Landing, and later as Habitant Corner,—names so suggestive as to need no explaining. Then in violent contrast the little river port took the surname of two Governors of India. Once, many ships were built here. The first one to leave the Canning yards was a brig of 200 tons which was baptised *Sam Slick*.

Canning is the home of Sir Frederick Borden, Ex-Minister of Militia and cousin to Sir Robert. On the public square is an awkward but patriotically intentioned memorial to a son of the family who fell in the Boer War. This little town is also the birth-place of Benjamin Rand, Ph.D., historian, economist, Professor and Librarian of Philosophy at Harvard, of whom a critic has said that the "range of his scholarship is wider than that of any living Canadian."

The Cornwallis Valley Branch of the Dominion Atlantic passes this way from Kentville to Kingsport, on the Basin shore (14 miles). The latter is an attractive summer town

and is a port of call for the steamer which plies between Wolfville and Parrsboro.

From Canning begins the abrupt ascent to North Mountain. The vista broadens from the wharves and rivulets of leafy villages to the wide blue haze of Minas waters, to the scar of Blomidon and the hills of the Cumberland shore. North Mountain is the elongated barrier which stretches a hundred miles from Blomidon to Digby Gut (the gate in the wall which admits the flood that forms Annapolis Basin). Between North and South Mountain, the latter extends from Horton to Bear River, reposes the plain made fruitful by the beneficent mud of tidal rivers. From a tower on the outstanding ledge of Look-off we see into five counties, Kings, Hants, Annapolis, Cumberland and Colchester, and glimpse the beds or estuaries of six rivers,— the Pereau, below us, the Habitant flowing past Canning, the Canard, the Cornwallis, the Gaspereau and the distant Avon. This is the View of a Thousand Farms — farms acres-wide which from this height appear like tinted patches in which trees are silver bushes wound about by streams that gleam and waver.

If the tide is at the ebb, a ruddy margin marks the contour of the bay. At the risen tide, cliff and beach are washed high with water of a baffling hue that is neither green nor indigo, grey nor brown, but all these colours underlaid with red, and misted by a chalky radiance.

The Basin was Glooscap's own Beaver Pond. At Blomidon the god of the Micmacs contended with a rival giant; they hurled rocks down which formed Five Islands across the Basin. It was Glooscap's might that shaped Blomidon, which he "strewed with gems." The Indians call the promontory Glooscap's *week* or home. He was a preternatural being in the body of an Indian who watched over the welfare of the aboriginals.

Formerly, water covered the Annapolis and Cornwallis Valleys but Glooscap cut a passage at Cape Split and at Digby Gate, and thus drained the pond and left the bottom dry. The outlet of the Beaver Pond was at Cape Split, the broken tip of a peninsula shaped like a crane's bill which thrusts its narrow ridge of rock into Minas Channel.

Glooscap, after many noble exploits, became offended at the intrusion of white men. When he determined to depart from the Land of the Miggamaks he called up a whale to carry him off to a far-away shore. The Indians expect his return in due time, and look for the end of their troubles when he comes back. It was he who taught them how to hunt and fish, how to cultivate the ground. He was sober, wise and good and his people mourn his long absence.

The Legends of Glooscap were collected by Reverend Silas Rand, a Baptist minister who for half his life-time lived as a missionary among the Nova Scotia Indians. He was born in the village

of Cornwallis, near Kentville, in 1810. Seventy-nine years later he died at Hantsport on the banks of the Avon. Of the twelve languages he spoke, the Micmac tongue gave him the greatest pleasure. He thought it "one of the most marvellous of all languages, ancient or modern." Translations of parts of the Bible, a Micmac Dictionary, and many tracts and hymns put into Malicite were among the achievements of his pen.

Blomidon's aspect from the deck of the little steamer which crosses to and fro between Wolfville and Parrsboro contradicts the impression gained of it from the land — a riven red bluff jutting from the coast, aloof and unshielded. Actually the cape is but the southerly outpost of a curving buttress that receives the brunt of tides and wind as they beat in past Cape Split. Geologists relate that this coast was rended by a volcanic convulsion which deposited a hot flow of lava on the earth whose base is rock of the Triassic period. Minas Basin and Cobequid Bay form a wedge-shaped body of water which divides lower Nova Scotia from the neck of land to the north. Parrsboro is on this farther shore, sheltered by Partridge Island, which, like Blomidon, is renowned for its lashing tides, its stores of semi-precious crystals, and deeds of Glooscap.

The *Prince Albert* of the Dominion Atlantic Company leaves Wolfville and Parrsboro every week day, but each day at a different hour, due to tidal

whims. Parrsboro is the terminus for the Cumberland Railway which traverses a coal mining country to Springhill Junction, and there joins the Intercolonial main line.

In 1767, Benjamin Franklin commissioned "Mad Anthony Wayne" to survey land about the site of Parrsboro, but eventually sent a brig-full of emigrants to Pictou County instead.

Wolfville – Annapolis Royal, 66 miles, via Dominion Atlantic Railway. The intervening country is diversified with apple orchards and with winding streams that drain the fertile champaign of the Annapolis Valley. At Aylesford, the first Bishop Inglis had his seat on an estate called Clearmont. Middleton is on the Annapolis River. Near-by are the Nictaux Falls of local fame, the station being on the Halifax and Southwestern Railway (Lunenburg – Bridgewater – New Germany – Middleton branch) which crosses the line of the Dominion Atlantic at Middleton and proceeds down the west side of Annapolis Basin to Port Wade, on Digby Gut.

Middleton – Port Wade via Granville, 38 miles. An accommodation train runs Mondays and Fridays only. Bridgetown is a thriving port on the Annapolis River. Fourteen miles beyond is Annapolis, at the head of the Basin.

Annapolis – Digby, 20 miles by Dominion Atlantic.

CHAPTER VI

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL — LAKE KEDGEMAKOOGEE DIGBY — WEYMOUTH — CLARE DISTRICT

. . .

Drowsy Annapolis, "royal" because famously loyal since the days of Queen Anne, dreams at the fireside of her memories. They go back to the day when a three-masted vessel with double-decked stern-house and square mainsail entered the harbour flying the emblem of France. Sieur de Monts was the commander, the date of his landing, June, 1604. The visions embrace a village on the Granville shore — the first village of white men in New France — and an island fortress close by. In fancy, primitive battles are enacted again about the quadrangle of Port Royal — royal in the eyes of the French for the beauty of its environment — battles in which the flags of England and France were alternately victorious throughout a hundred years. A fort near the site occupied now by Annapolis was set up in the year 1643. In 1680 there was a small settlement adjoining. Poutrincourt and his friends had chosen not to build there because "too far within the harbour."

In the fall of 1710 we see in retrospect Nicholson

and Vetch hurling their colonials against Port Royal and forcing the surrender of the citadel. It was at this time that the name of the town was changed to Annapolis. Though defined by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the boundaries between New France and British Acadia were contested for yet another half century. Not until 1763 were the English finally victorious.

An important chapter in the story of Annapolis was written by a Welsh architect who on his way to Halifax to erect new buildings for the Government surveyed the land and resolved to bring New England colonists to settle about the shores of Annapolis River and Bay. In 1759 a grant was conveyed to prosperous farmers from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Four years later there were several hundred inhabitants in and about Anne's Town, all of them from New England. In 1781, two American cruisers captured the garrison and pillaged the houses of the inhabitants. After the Revolutionary War thousands of Loyalists passed through Annapolis, some of them remaining in near-by localities.

Reminiscence of the nineteenth century is tinged with the romance of privateering, of attacks and rumoured attacks, and with the tramp and clangour of garrison life. Altogether, Annapolis has been the object of a dozen assaults by pirates, by Indians, by French, English and New England troops. "Oftener than Jerusalem" it has been

assailed. In 1854, soldiers were finally withdrawn from the garrison, and the barracks, the officers' quarters, the powder magazine and block-house left to decay. The abandoned fortifications occupy a point of land twenty-eight acres in area. Near the entrance, in the centre of the town, is a bronze monument raised by the Dominion Government in 1904 to the memory of de Monts, who three hundred years before discovered this inland haven. One is free to roam about the old ramparts, to stroll beneath the sally-port, restored by the Government in 1897, and to enter the barracks which now contain a museum of pictures, weapons, implements and antiquated furniture. MacVicar's *History of Annapolis Royal* says Subercase constructed the magazine in the south bastion of the fort with stone brought from France in 1702. An oak block-house in fair state of preservation was ruthlessly demolished in 1881 by order of an unsentimental Ministry. It overlooked the moat and the road which turns off the main street of the town.

The view from "the cape," at the outermost point of the fortifications, includes the river, the widening basin, the old French marshes, and, further up Allain's Creek, the site of the mill erected by Poutrincourt in 1607 to grind the first corn grown in New France. Lescarbot made note that in many places near Port Royal there were *fort belles cheutes pour faire des moulins de toutes sortes.*

In 1643, La Tour and d'Aunay[1] fought an engagement near Poutrincourt's mill which resulted in its destruction by La Tour. The same year d'Aunay de Charnisay built a fort on the cape, probably the first to be erected there.

The first vessel built in North America is said to have been launched by Samuel Champlain from the ways at Port Royal. In 1710 the first Church of England service held in Canada was celebrated in the chapel next to Fort Anne to give thanks for Nicholson's victory over Subercase.

The ancient burying-ground of the English dates from this period. A gate admits one to it from the fort. Pathways through the grass lead to the sunken graves of garrison officers and their wives, to the resting-place of antecedents of General Sir Fenwick Williams, to the mounds in the Haliburton plot where lie three children of Judge Thomas Haliburton and his wife, the romantic Miss Neville whom he married in England as a youth of twenty. A few years ago a Celtic cross was unveiled in memory of the Reverend Thomas Wood who came to Annapolis as a missionary in 1753. He was born in New Jersey and had charges at Elizabeth-

[1] D'Aunay, with the influence of Cardinal Richelieu, attempted to deprive Charles La Tour of his proprietary rights in Acadia. La Tour was a Huguenot and the victim of intrigue at the court of France. By a confusion of grants the domains of the rivals were subject to claim and counter-claim which ended only with the surrender of La Tour's fort at the mouth of the River St. John. Charnisay was drowned from a canoe in the Annapolis River, 1650. La Tour married his widow and became Lord of Acadie.

town and New Brunswick. "A gentleman of very good life and conversation," he was the friend of all religions and nationalities in Nova Scotia. He preached in English, French, German and Micmac, and sometimes employed them all in one day.

This little grave-yard nestled against the bulwarks of Fort Anne gives sanctuary to the ashes of an unhappy lady whose story, as whispered in Annapolis, involves a great man's love, and a great man's inconstancy . . . a man so great that one need only hear his deeds to know his name. As a baronet he led England's troops against Masséna at Bussaco; he conquered Joseph Bonaparte at Vitoria and won Britain's battle on the field of Waterloo.

Among the prisoners detained before Corunna was a young girl, by birth an Andalusian. The General looking upon her himself became a captive, to her charms. Thereafter his orderly was commanded to pitch a tent for the flashing *señorita* close to that of his master. In London she was installed in apartments and her fair person decked with jewels. Gregoria Reiez bore the Iron Duke three children. For years she was mistress of his heart. However, as with Royal Edward, there came a day when the Duke must marry — but not Gregoria Remonia. Neither did he wish any longer to be hindered by her importunities. There was an adjutant, conveniently unwedded. Accustomed to the commands of his superior, he

married the one no longer wanted when bidden to do so. It was agreed that he should receive £150 a year for life and the appointment as barrack-master at far-way, very far-away, Annapolis. The bartered sweetheart was refused permission to see her children after the separation, but all her furniture, and her fine clothes, silver and jewels were embarked upon the vessel which carried herself and her new companion to distant Nova Scotia.

Very old ladies of Annapolis remember the shrew that Gregoria Remonia Antonia Reiez Norman grew to be. She despised Joseph, her husband, considering him a poor substitute for a Duke and far beneath her who had once charmed a warrior so mighty. She liked to talk of "my dear Duka" before the garrison ladies and to lend his gifts of finery to young girls going to balls. The barrack-master she addressed as "You Norman-a — you *beast-a!*" Her only solace, besides the souvenirs of her youth, were two white poodles which she fed on rabbits bought from town boys, and always took with her when she drove.

In 1854 when the garrison was permanently withdrawn, Norman retired to enjoy the ducal pension. He and his shrivelled, scornful, quarrelsome wife lived in a house near the corner occupied now by the Union Bank. On the same spot dwelt Fenwick Williams in his boyhood. When Gregoria died in 1863, at the age of seventy-two, Norman sent to England for a niece, who came out with her

husband and cared for him until he also was laid in the Protestant cemetery. When his niece, Mrs. Rusted, died some years later, her husband auctioned the Normans' household belongings. Among pieces bought by the people of the village were table-ware from the London ménage and silver that bore the Wellington crest. Some of the silver is now in the possession of a judge living in Halifax. The writer has seen a blue glass bowl obtained from Norman's nephew-in-law which very probably served the Duke's rather blunt fingers after repasts taken with his Spanish Dulcinea. The owner of the finger-bowl recalls Rusted bringing to her mother for safe-keeping two crested ladles of solid silver, a watch with a long gold chain, a set of amethysts and a necklace of square-cut emeralds. Upon departing for England he removed the casket, but not until he had lifted the lid upon Gregoria's treasures before the dazzled and uncomprehending eyes of his neighbour's child.

Joseph Norman's grave is to the left of the centre path of the burying-ground, at the end furthest from the street gate. His head-stone is well preserved. But some time ago the stone which marked the burial place of his wife, who lies beside him, was broken during the removal of another monument. The townsfolk have been slow in replacing it. For years the Duke's *amorosa* has rested in a nameless grave ignored and quite forgotten.

The last barrack-master of the garrison is responsible for the planting of the trees which ornament the street from the fort to the Hillsdale Hotel. By the Court House an old French willow grows which served as a whipping-post for slaves. Next door to the Corbitt homestead is a cottage nearly two hundred years old known as the Barclay House. The first owners had many slaves. The mother of the family is buried outside the town with her black servants about her.

Judge Haliburton, who practised law in Annapolis before being elected to the Assembly, lived in a house next to the Clifton Hotel. The latter is near the business section of the long thoroughfare which curves from the old wharves to the hill above the town's best dwellings. On one of the occasional side streets there is a modest bake-shop where one may enter and buy a loaf of bread from a great-grandniece of Oliver Goldsmith. For two generations back, descendants of the poet's brother have lived in this part of Canada. One, also named Oliver Goldsmith, wrote in 1834 *The Rising Village*, based on the rejuvenation of St. John, N. B., and intended as a companion to *The Deserted Village* [2] of his illustrious uncle. There is a tree planted to his memory on Queen Square, St. John. On a farm outside Annapolis dwells another Oliver, but without poetic aspirations.

[2] The Deserted Village was Auburn, England.

DESCENDANTS OF ACADIANS, WHO RETURNED TO NOVA SCOTIA AFTER THE EXILE.

Photograph taken at Church Point, Clare District, near Weymouth

After the fort, the chief pride of Annapolis Royal is without doubt the sumptuous prayer-book whose fly leaf bears, in clear spaced handwriting, the dedication,

For the church of Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, on the occasion of the Bicentenary Commemoration. September, 1910.

"GEORGE R. I."

In the year mentioned, the Bishop of London and a great concourse of dignitaries celebrated at Annapolis the two hundredth anniversary of the use of the Litany in old St. Anne's by the Reverend John Harrison, following the capture of the citadel. In commemoration of the first Church of England service held in Canada, the Reverend Henry How, rector of St. Luke's for a generation, solicited from the King a memorial book for the pulpit of the Annapolis church. The superb morocco volume which may be seen at the rectory was brought over by the Bishop of London in gracious response to this appeal. The covers are nineteen by twelve and a half inches in size, they bear the arms of the King and of Canada magnificently tooled in gold, and are set with eight amethysts — a tome in every way fit for a King to give.

Many Annapolis homes possess interesting pieces of furniture which have an antiquarian as well as artistic merit. In the rectory of St. Luke's there are armchairs with inset brass medallions which belonged to Captain Maynard of Nelson's staff,

grandfather of the rector's wife. A silver-faced clock made in Yarmouth once stood on Judge Haliburton's mantel. His "coasters" and corkscrew are on the dining-room side-board. The drawing-room at the Hillsdale is notable for its display of fine antique pieces. In the Royal Chamber the Prince of Wales slept when he visited Annapolis in 1860. The house register contains the autographs of the royal party, besides the names of many men distinguished in Canadian life who have been guests of this agreeable hotel under its present and its preceding management.

A certain dwelling within sight of the Hillsdale's shady lawns is the repository for a really remarkable miscellany of rare objects. Closet shelves overflow with entire sets of willow ware, walls are covered with drawings by English masters, there are curious screens and tables designed for the needs of ancient times, and chairs turned out by famous cabinet-makers. Most interesting of all is a group of exquisite wax miniatures all done before the year 1800, supposedly by Patience Wright. She was a spy in the service of Benjamin Franklin, and an expert in wax sculpture. It was her custom to go from house to house ostensibly to secure commissions for bas-relief portraits but actually to gain information concerning those in the household. The British Museum cherishes a collection of these cero-ceramic silhouettes which in many ways is not so representative as the one held for

over a century in the Gilpin family of John Gilpin renown.

Votaries of shrines historic will cross from Annapolis to Granville Ferry and drive six miles down the west side of the Basin to the spot on the shore nearly opposite Goat Island where rose the first permanent dwellings built by white men on this continent north of Florida. Here within the stockade of Port Royal, the Knights of the Order of Good Times met daily to feast in the common dining-hall. Lescarbot, first man of letters to reside in North America, describes the banquets and ceremonies of North America's pioneer social club in the Fourth Book of his Chronicles. The membership of fifteen included Lescarbot, Baron Poutrincourt, Champlain and Hébert, founders of Quebec, and the physician Daniel Hay. Bear, otter, hare, moose, caribou, deer, wild cats, game and fish appeared upon the bill of fare. Each member served in turn as steward. A frequent guest at the board was Membertou, the Micmac chief who claimed to have been present when Cartier landed at Gaspé in 1534. He was one of the first among the Indians to be baptised into the Catholic faith. In 1611 he died, aged a hundred years, and was buried near the Granville fort amid fair scenes to which, in the words of an Annapolis poetaster of 1720,

> Should angels turn their sight,
> Angels might stand astonished with delight.

Annapolis is a convenient portal to a wild forest land that rivals Finland in the number and beauty of its lakes. Sportsmen seek them for their pools and tributary streams, for the furred and feathered game in adjacent woods, and for the paddle-ways that stray hither and yon through a virgin wilderness. Kedgemakoogee, or Fairy Lake, has already been referred to as a body of water especially prolific in natural charms. Under "Hotels," mention has been made of the Club House whose accommodations are open to transients. The club motor-car meets guests at Annapolis if the manager is previously advised on what day it will be required.[3]

The wagon-road from Annapolis to the Lake passes out the main street to open fields, where great boulders pour down the slopes as if out of a Titan's cornucopia. Grey monoliths mark turns of the highway as the automobile draws near the lakes drained by the Liverpool River. Canoes leaving the sportsmen's colony at Milford descend by a wonderful inter-linking water-way of lakes and rivers to the Atlantic coast, the trip consum-

[3] As letter delivery is slow in so remote a region, it is wise to write a considerable time in advance, or to use the telephone from Annapolis. Fare, Annapolis – Lake, $5 each way, or $3.50 each for two or more persons in the car. Distance, 35 m. Kedgemakoogee may also be reached by way of New Germany and Caledonia on the Halifax and Southwestern. Carriage, Caledonia – Lake, $2.50 per person each way. Distance, 12 m. Tourists arriving without having previously notified the management should telephone from Milford or Maitland for the launch to meet them at the terminus of the road, a short way from the Club House.

ing about three days. Long vistas of woodland extend on either side as the road to "Kedgee" rises little by little to the haunts of forest monarchs. If it is the season for moose-hunting, barn doors will be embellished with drying pelts; there will be groups on store steps adjudicating the merits of a pair of antlers lately "brought out" by a long-limbed guide and a "guest," and within the store a carcass of venison trussed to the beams. At the cross-ways beyond, the motor swerves to avoid collision with a wagon-load of tackle and provisions, and chauffeur and oxman pull up for a moment's gossip as to the party going "in."

For nine miles the road runs through the deep woods without passing a habitation. Then rough farms appear amid fields of stumpage, succeeded by a little realm of cultivated orchards and flowering lawns, a transformation confusing enough after the wilderness just traversed, and the still denser woods waiting to engulf the car. To the left there are fleeting glints of blue where the lake chain uncoils. A dark green way finally stops at a landing on the Maitland River. Here the automobile is exchanged for the *Island Scout*, with "Locky" at the helm. The pilot guides the launch between low tufted banks to the Kejimikujik of the Micmacs. As the channel follows among fields of lily pads, the lake is more and more disclosed to sight. Beyond are islands round as

sailor hats, trimmed to the brim with trees and set flat on the glassy water, and yet other islands that rise in graceful mounds and are banked with white pebbles, or edged with a valance of pure sand.

This Lake of the Fairies, its three hundred islands and the acres fronting it were until recent years the resort of Micmac families. Their chief lived on Big Meuse Island and fables of their tribe invest stream and cove and the huge grey rocks that near certain shores rise uncannily out of the water. When the Indians wandered away from Kejimikujik, the Provincial Government offered their lands for lease. The Rod and Gun Club, organised in 1909 by sportsmen from Annapolis and elsewhere in Nova Scotia and the United States, took a lease for ninety-nine years of 1500 acres of forest land and a number of islands, on a few of which retreats have already been built by members.[4] There are other cottages on a high bank near the landing. Beyond a grove of birches, a fair grouping of slim white trunks patched grey like a rattle-snake's skin and astir with quivering leaves, is the knoll where Jim Charles used to farm on a point that projects into the lake. Jim Charles was an Indian of quarrelsome habits who slew a rival, and in escaping from his pursuers stumbled upon a deposit of rich gold

[4] The initiation fee of $100 entitles members to a cabin plot on the water-front.

quartz whose location he would never divulge, not even to Tom Canning who trapped and hunted with him. After he had stayed with his mine three months, he could not refrain from coming out to sell the gold he had dug, and so was captured. But a lenient jury acquitted him because of the extenuating circumstance of a squaw's coquetry. Where the Club House stands he used to hoe and plant in Micmac fashion, and it was he who sowed the clearing between house and lake. Windows and broad piazza survey an island colony with blue channels between. In the dusky wood that flanks the lawn on either side are more cabins of log or painted wood. Some of these may be occupied by non-members at a slight increase in cost over the twelve dollars a week asked for board with a room in the modern Club House. There is a gentility in the service of kitchen, dining-hall and chambers which makes this lodge in the wilds the pleasantest sort of place for wives to stay while their husbands go a-hunting. Sometimes the wives go too, and sleep on a bed of boughs, and rise before dawn to watch the baiting of the moose on stealthy barrens, and in the day, whip the streams for wily trout, or trudge the portages from lake to lake.

The canoe lures through George's Run and on to Liverpool by Indian Gardens, or down Shelburne River to Lake Rossignol and back to Kedgee, a ten-day outing. Baskets are provisioned according

to the number in the party and the probable duration of the trip. On hunting expeditions a guide usually accompanies each guest. He "packs" the baskets, "carries" the canoe, and if a moose is killed, brings out the meat as stipulated under the rather severe Nova Scotia laws.

Angling-parties go up West River for the day, a motor-boat conveying the canoe train to the mouth of the river and calling again at night. Trouting is best in the spring and fall. There are longer fishing trips to Frozen Ocean, so named because the ice breaks there late in the spring, and to Peskuwes, and Peskuwaw, and Pebbie Loggitch, two lakes and a Short Carry on the west side of Kedgemakoogee. In the same direction are famous moose pastures. Red Lake, near Peskuwaw, abounds in black duck. There are other regions equally renowned for partridge, snipe and woodcock. Curiously enough, sea gulls flock in the spring to nest about these inland waters.

The country southwest of Kedgemakoogee has a grotesque physiognomy. A high mossy plain unwatered by lake or river is a-tilt with boulders, the largest of which attain the height of good-sized houses. Some are peaked like tents, others are shaped like carts or crouching animals. Little rocks grow on bigger ones like warts on a greybeard's nose. Here is a fallen pillar and there a tumbled throne. It might be an abandoned Sodom

ossified for its sins. Few men, white or brown, have trodden this mossy pavement and but one woman, Mrs. J. Olin Howe of Connecticut, who explored this region a few years ago with her husband and a guide.

To the strands and groves of lake islands one may paddle a club canoe, or idly evinrude, or mayhap hoist an umbrella sail and drift from shore to shore. Haul the boat up on the pebbles and listen to sounds in the wilderness . . . fish leaping in the pools . . . a porcupine setting rat-like teeth in the bark of a canoe birch . . . black loons mourning . . . the bark of a fox far-away on the mainland.

With care one may steal upon Br'er Porcupine and surprise him at his work. Arrow-pointed bristles cover the broad back and upper side of his tail. He will probably climb a tree at the crackle of steps, or lumber off as fast as a cumbersome body will permit. If he shows a disposition to lie on his belly and roll himself into a ball, beware of lunging quills and a thrashing tail. This rodent does not throw out his bristles as commonly supposed, but imbeds them in the flesh of the enemy by contact, though a few quills may fly wide during the assault. A brisk tap on the skull will despatch a troublesome porcupine, but it may require several shots from a gun to kill him.

The chromatic wail of the Northern Diver sets

the echoes moaning about the lake. What sound so grievous as a loon's complaint? Lampman has put into verse their legend:

Once . . .
  Wherever Glooscap's gentle feet might stray
  . . . ye lay
Floating at rest; but that was long of yore.
He was too good for earthly men; he bore
  Their bitter deeds for many a patient day,
And then at last he took his unseen way.
He was your friend, and ye might rest no more.
  And now . . .
  . . . among the desolate northern meres
  Still must ye search and wander querulously
Crying for Glooscap, still bemoan the light
  With weird entreaties, and in agony
  With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

The Indians attribute to these birds miraculous powers of prophecy and believe they give notice of a change in the weather by their scream. In the Micmac legend, *The Loon Magician*, many untoward things occur or are avoided through disobedience or obedience to the warning of a loon. In appearance, these great water-fowl are eerie as their cry. Their long white-feathered necks are wound with a band black and soft as ebony velvet. They live entirely on or under the water. They can stand erect only by using their tail "like the third leg of a tripod," and they cannot walk at all. Their wings they use under the water as in the air, to propel them forward. They are master divers and of all the creatures that live

in these untamed waters fear only the otter. If we imitate their descending lament they will answer, perhaps believing it the call of Glooscap, the departed deity who taught them to summon him when in need. Sometimes the soft dipping of the paddle does not alarm until the canoe's prow is within close sight of them. Then a plunge into protecting deeps . . . a swift winnowing of wings, and at a long distance, the uprearing of confident heads above the gloss of ribboned necks.

The road from Annapolis Royal to Digby keeps in view the Basin which Champlain described as "one of the most beautiful ports which I had seen on these coasts, where two thousand vessels could be anchored in safety." Small passenger craft which serve the towns along the inlet pass close to Goat Island where Poutrincourt had his fort. The view matures in beauty as the haven broadens. At the mouth of Bear River ravine "the Gap" appears. Beyond the rift which opens to the Bay of Fundy the North Wall takes up its interrupted course and continues toward the south.

There are bevies of hotels and vacation cabins in the vicinity of Deep Brook, Bear River and Smith's Cove. The rails cross a trestle over the water beyond the latter station and by a detour which brings into range the shore we have just travelled, and the hills which encompass the harbour, arrive in the centre of Digby.

Digby's attractions have to do with scenery, climate and summer pastimes. Early settlers passed by its site. There are no wars or monuments to make it famous. *Sam Slick* called it a small but beautiful village "where the people of New Brunswick take refuge from the unrelenting fogs, hopeless sterility and calcareous waters of St. John." Travellers from the States find it a cool retreat from the heat and dusty winds of less favoured places. Here "the blue air winks with life like beaded wine." The green of barricading heights glows darkly against the clear Nova Scotia sky; the bay which the Frenchmen's ships first ploughed seeks restlessly the solution of the tides, yet makes a level course for cat-boat, launch and fishers' smack to scud upon. On the warmest days one may walk comfortably along the main road of the village without hat or parasol. Fans are *de trop* in Digby. Æolus and Triton sit at her gate to pull the punkawallah.

A fleet of transports found its way through the stern-walled portal of the roadstead just a hundred and thirty years ago. Fifteen hundred refugees from New England who had forsworn comfort and goods in order to remain under British rule established a settlement five miles within the Basin, and called it Digby for the Admiral who commanded their British convoy, the *Atalanta.* Some were descendants of *Mayflower* pilgrims. Later came other Loyalists from the South and

brought black servants with them who had fought for Britain. The negro who polishes boots or sells Bear River cherries is descended from these "Black Pioneers" and probably lives in the African village of Jordantown, a mile out of Digby.

The Loyalist grave-yard shows some archaic head-stones. One of them bears the punctilious inscription,

DAVID WILLIAM FANNING
Died in 1810
Aged 16 years, 11 months, 11 days, 37 minutes
and some seconds.

The ready mathematician will quickly perceive that had the youth lived but 18 or 19 days and 1403 minutes longer — less some seconds, he would have completed his seventeenth year.

Old Trinity is the historic church of the town. In former times, sittings, to be retained, had to be occupied at least once in three months by the owner. The aisles were so narrow, records a local scribe, that pews were shortened when crinolines came into fashion, which so embroiled the congregation that, as a consequence, many forswore the Anglican for a radically different faith.

On the water-front is a quaint book-shop whose outer walls are pasted with the eccentric protests of its owner against acts of the councillors and the conduct of village affairs. "Miss Cousins' forum," the Digby folk call it. The Paul Yates stu-

dio is on the opposite side of the street. To its restoring breezes Digby owes the presence of this chemist skilled in the science of light, this *amateur* of nature whose discerning lens has perpetuated the contrasting landscapes of the peninsula. Mr. Yates came to Digby to convalesce in this bracing environment. Inspired by the views about him and by the opportunities for healthful living he remained to establish himself as the premier scenic photographer of the Provinces.

One's own camera is tempted by varied pictures among the flakes and wharves of Digby. At the dock of the Maritime Fish Company a trawler just in from the haddock banks at the mouth of the St. Lawrence burrows her keel in the mud and rests from her labours. Her English crew spears the long shining fish from the hold into baskets that swing out to the pier. When the haddock have been headed and cleaned they are subjected to a mild pickling and hung for fifteen hours in a smoke-house to steep in the oily vapour of burning ash or maple. The amber result is a finnan haddie, the smoked haddock of the breakfast table, which has usurped the dried herring in the Digby market.

The company to which the trawler's fare is consigned annually packs 10,000,000 pounds of fish at its Digby and Canso stations. The sailing fleet of local merchants comprises ten vessels which fish off Cape Sable and in the Bay of Fundy. If ab-

sent five to fifteen days a catch of many thousand tons of haddock, cod, hake, pollock, cusk and halibut will enrich the owners. The profitable cod is laid to dry on the rough benches or "flakes" that cover sections of the beach. Until the sun process is complete the stiff triangular forms are spread each morning, and each night are piled in corpulent ricks under a tarpaulin. Each stack contains several thousand pounds of evaporated fish. The odour of the drying cod drifts like salty incense across the lower town and saturates the nostrils. Even the flowers before the cottages lose their fragrance in the permeating breath.

Most of Digby's cod goes to the West Indies. Thousands of barrels of lobsters, clams, mussels and winkles, and tons of dulse are also shipped from this port.

Summer visitors angle in the Basin or venture through the Gut for deep-sea sport. Tournaments and regattas enliven the vacation months. The new Lour Lodge has its own courts and bathing-beach. Other tourist hotels also provide outdoor diversions for their patrons. The roads round-about are among the best in the province. One leads to the beauteous vale of Bear River, a name corrupted from that of Simon Imbert, a Frenchman who commanded a relief ship for Port Royal in 1612. A beautiful natural highway penetrates a gentle valley known for its wealth of acacia trees. More rugged excursions are made

by carriage or automobile along the harbour shore to the outlet six miles away, and over the surf-bound cliffs of Fundy to the coast beyond Point Prim Light. A road continues 20 miles down Digby Neck to Centreville, Sandy Cove and Little River on St. Mary's Bay. Another motor-way passes along the east side of the Bay to Weymouth, and on through Clare "municipality" to Brazil Lake and Yarmouth.

Twice a day, Sunday excepted, Canadian Pacific steamers leave Digby for St. John, 47 miles across the Bay of Fundy, where connection may be made for Boston, Fredericton, Moncton, Prince Edward Island and Montreal.

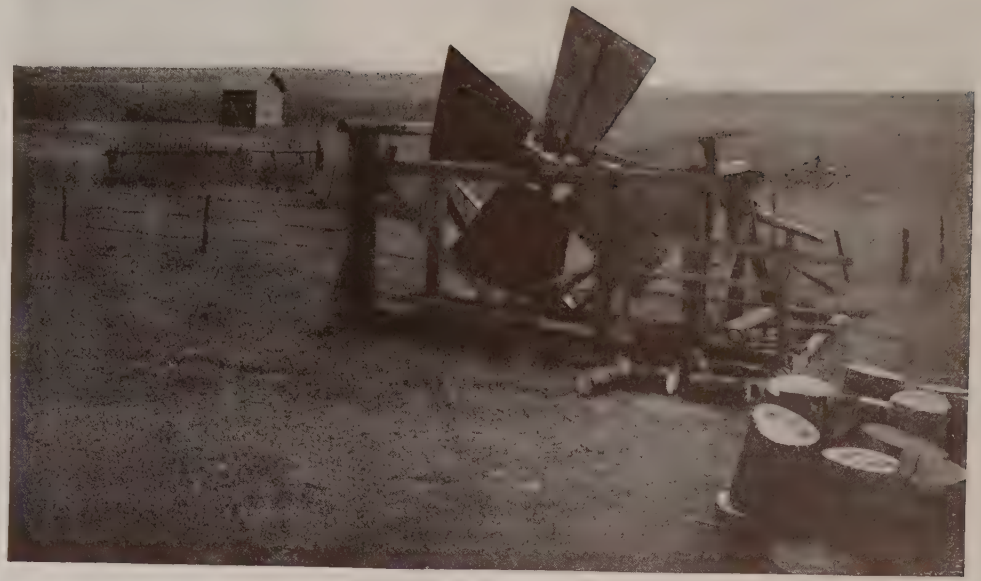
DIGBY – WEYMOUTH, 21 miles.

Weymouth is mainly interesting to the tourist as a basic point for excursions on St. Mary's Bay, and through the country of the returned Acadians as far as Church Point. The town about the railway station is properly called Weymouth Bridge. Two miles distant is Weymouth Village at the mouth of the River Wey, which the Indians named Sissiboo, possibly a contraction of *siks hibou*, "six owls."

On the shady corner near the station is "Goodwin's," an inn patronised for its chicken dinners and generous country fare.

Sissiboo Falls, two miles above Weymouth Bridge, and the lakes about New Tusket are attractive goals for drives with horse or motor.

The little craft which conveys passengers, freight



AN ACADIAN SAWMILL

and farm wagons 5 miles across the long straight Bay of St. Mary adjusts its schedule according to the tide. Little River is the first landing made on Digby Neck. At this point Fundy is about a mile to the west across North Mountain. The steamer proceeds to Mink Cove and Sandy Cove further up the peninsula. The latter town is at the head of a small round basin. On the natural terrace of its embankment are contented white houses with pointed gables and, in their midst, square-steepled churches brooding their clustering grave-yards. From the bluff behind this idyll of a village an untrammelled prospect is revealed of the two bays, the one broad and often tumultuous, the other confined between tranquil parallel shores. Beaches fronting both bodies of salt water offer excellent bathing. Sandy Cove is in a double sense a seaside resort.

There are three houses here which give comfortable accommodation at a dollar a day, or less by the week.

North of Sandy Cove is Centreville on the wagon-road to Digby. From Sea-wall Hill, two miles beyond, there is another marine view worth a climb to see.

South of Sandy Cove and Little River the road continues to East Ferry, at the end of the Neck. The ferry-launch across Petit Passage to Tiverton on Long Island is summoned by ringing a bell. At the other extremity of the island strip is Free-

port, ten miles distant. Ferrying the three miles across the Grand Passage we arrive on Brier Island, an irrelated fragment which receives the winds and breakers of both bays, and the Atlantic to boot. Westport, the chief settlement, depends upon the sea for its livelihood in common with all the villages on the spit that bars St. Mary's from the Bay of Fundy, and affords a thoroughly unconventional environment for vacationists to whom rest, good air and a banquet of sea food spells summer enjoyment. The people of this remote shore from Rossway to Westport are silent, kind and uncurious, like folk the world over who have "kinship with the sea."

Little steamers connect Tiverton, Freeport and Westport with Yarmouth, but those who have in mind a pilgrimage through the Acadia of to-day will return to Weymouth, and go south later by rail.

In the autumn of 1604 the *Acadie* cast anchor in the bay which de Monts named for the Virgin. The commander "noted that there was no shelter for large vessels, but that numerous little bays and innumerable coves offered a haven to ships of light draught." He admired the forests which covered all the country, and the soil which he esteemed easily adaptable to cultivation.

The first Acadians to find asylum on these shores were fugitives from Annapolis who had escaped

through the woods on the arrival of English transports. When the Treaty of Paris was signed, many exiles returned from the colonies and formed settlements feeble enough then, but a joyful refuge for these wanderers fleeing back to the land which had banished them and away from the malice of their unwilling hosts.

In December, 1767, Governor Franklin presented to his Council the petition of the Acadians of Nova Scotia that a grant of land be made them along the edge of St. Mary's Bay. In addressing the Council, Franklin made known that he had "received the order of His Majesty to give the Acadians ample assurance of his royal favour and protection. On his own part he disavowed any intention of compelling them to bear arms outside of the province; he gave his word that they should be treated at all times with the same degree of indulgence and protection that His Majesty manifested toward his other subjects, and that they should not be disquieted on the subject of their religion." In July, 1768, John Morrison was commissioned to survey the lands between Sissiboo and the northern border of the County of Yarmouth; this tract was to form a communal territory bearing the name of Clare. Behold, says an Acadian historian,[5] the birth certificate of the French municipality of *la baie Sainte-Marie*. Only such brief ref-

[5] *Les Français du Sud-Ouest de la Nouvelle Écosse*, by Father Dagnaud of the College of St. Anne, Church Point.

erences as this to the refounding of Acadie are contained in the provincial archives.

In September, 1768, Joseph Dugas mounted his wife and his child Isabelle, aged four years, upon the horse "that constituted the most appreciable part of his fortune," and placed behind them provisions for the journey and implements necessary to the establishment of a home in the wilderness. They departed from Annapolis by the path known hitherto only to the Indians, and thus blazoned a trail for others who followed, mourning the lands to which they had first returned and had found in the hands of English colonists. More Acadians arrived soon from New England, having walked north through the woods, or come by frail barks to the haven of St. Mary. Among the heads of families who joined Joseph Dugas were Prudent Robichaud, Jean Belliveau, René Saulnier, Yves Thibault, Pierre Mélanson, Joseph Comeau, Joseph Gaudet and Pierre Doucet. In 1771, says Father Dagnaud, there were in the municipality of Clare twenty-four families, comprising ninety-eight persons, all of them dwelling in the neighbourhood of Leblanc Cove. Church Point received its first colonists a year later. Thus,

> . . . a few . . .
> Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

"Who remembers Acadie?" asked a French writer in 1859. The author of *Jacques et Marie*,

a tale of the *dérangement* published a few years later, told his readers that Providence had let the Acadians disappear. For a hundred years, the French of southwestern Nova Scotia were unchronicled in history. "God is too high and France too far!" they cried, when ignored by the Canadian Government and by organisations of the Church. In 1864 there were 85,000 French in the Maritime Provinces.[6]

In his sympathetic biography of Père Lefebvre, first missionary to the Acadians after the eviction, Pascal Poirier, a senator at Ottawa, describes the convention called in 1880 to discuss Acadian affairs. There was great rejoicing because this assemblage signified the re-uniting of a long-divided people. A flag and a national fête day were adopted. Three years later a company of Acadians returning from a second convention on Prince Edward Island, wept with joy to see their flag saluted by English vessels as it flew from the mast of their ship.

In 1890 the College of St. Anne was founded by the Eudist Fathers at Pointe de l'Église, eight miles below Weymouth by the shore road. Church Point is the heart of the Clare District. The tall church with its beautiful spire is the centre of community life. Grouped about it are the buildings of the Convent, College and Presbytery.

[6] The French population of Nova Scotia is 52,000 by the 1911 census, and of the Maritime Provinces, 150,000.

Like all the villages of Clare, Church Point consists of a single row of houses on either side of an unpaved street, with gardens and ploughed acres behind. The dwellings are not different in character from other Nova Scotia houses. Within they are invariably ornamented by religious pictures and images.

Nothing remains of the old costume but the shawl and the black headkerchief worn by the women. Little spinning or weaving is done in this day of near-by markets and good roads, but nearly every garret holds its flax-comber, distaff and wheel. But one man in the community is addressed as Monsieur, and he the priest. All others are called by their Christian names, or if strangers, by their family names. *Un français de France* is most esteemed and best welcomed. The language of the people is a corruption of the tongue of their Breton ancestors,[7] but students acquire from their teachers, most of whom are priests from the mother country, a pure accent and a knowledge of French traditions.

The men are occupied with logging, farming, boat-building and the catching and preparation of fish. Oxen are their draught animals. Carts with heavy wooden wheels are used in summer, crude sledges in the winter-time.

The Acadians of Clare are a serious and unromantic people, reverent in their church observances,

[7] See under "Language," Chapter I.

modest in their social relations, and diligent about the homely duties that fill their lives. That they do not forget the travail of their ancestors is proven by the words they sing to their national air:

Un Acadien errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.

Un jour triste et pensif,
Assis aux bords des flots,
Au courant fugitif
Il adressait ces mots:

Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.

Pour jamais separé
Des amis de mon coeur,
Hélas! où je mourrai,
Je mourrai de douleur.

Church Point Village is distant a short drive from the station of that name; beyond are Saulnierville and Meteghan. In all of these settlements there are Acadian homes open to travellers.

WEYMOUTH – YARMOUTH, 45 miles. Below Meteghan and Hectanooga, both known for the good fishing in near-by waters, the railway passes near Lake Annis, and between Lake George and Brazil Lake. The latter is the station for Kemptville, 12 miles by stage or carriage. A chaos of rivers, lakes and small streams radiate from Kemptville. Cabins, guides, tents, boats and tackle are available

at reasonable rates. The Tusket River rises in this region and provides excellent salmon and trout fishing in season. The moose barrens about Kemptville are also a favourite resort of hunters.

BRAZIL LAKE – YARMOUTH, 12 miles.

CHAPTER VII

YARMOUTH — BARRINGTON — SHELBURNE LIVERPOOL — BRIDGEWATER — LUNENBURG CHESTER — HUBBARDS

. . .

YARMOUTH's excuse for being is the sea. All its pleasures and most of its industries are maritime. Its climate is tempered by ocean currents that refresh its gardens and verdure in summer and mitigate the winter cold experienced in other cities of the same latitude. Its geographical position has influenced Yarmouth's selection as the terminus of three lines of importance to those who tour the Provinces. Boston is but seventeen hours away by the "Boston and Yarmouth's" steamer schedule. The Dominion Atlantic trains leaving the wharf pursue one route to Halifax,[1] the Halifax and Southwestern road offers quite another through the Atlantic coast towns of lower Nova Scotia.

This sea-port has an English flavour explained by its shipping, its ship-building and repairing, its colony of ship captains, and the hawthorne hedges that fence the lawns, green as England's. Its main thoroughfare is dreary as an English High Street, and about the wharves may be heard the

[1] See Chapters V and VI.

sailor accent of Devon and Cornwall. Yarmouth, though it is the channel through which pass streams of American tourists, has imbibed little from its neighbour and best patron but a certain un-British crispness in its shops.

Before the Revolutionary War, families from Cape Cod emigrated to the shore of the deeply-indented Yarmouth Sound. The name is probably descended from the River Yar in England. The Indians thought Land's End, Keespougwitk, an appropriate appellation, as do we, looking on the map. Yarmouth nourishes the tradition that "the frith" of Leif sagas "which penetrated far into the country," and the "island past which there ran strong currents" were its harbour and Bunker Island at the mouth. But it is made very clear by Scandinavian interpreters that the currents and the frith had to do with Nantucket Island and Buzzard's Bay. Leif, Erik's son, and his crew of thirty-five Icelanders did disembark on the shore they named Markland, but there is no record in the sagas that these voyagers of a thousand years ago rounded the southern coast of the Nova Scotian peninsula before continuing to Vinland the Good. Some years ago a 400-pound boulder was taken from the ground at a place opposite Yarmouth. Mysterious characters were engraved upon it which appeared to some to resemble the square letters of the runic alphabet, employed by the earliest Teutons. One Henry Phillips avowed that the sen-

tence which he spelled *Harkussen men varu* should be accepted as indisputable evidence that the Norsemen had deposited this stone in souvenir of their landing: "Haka's son addressed the men." In proof, he and his co-believers cite the record that Thorfinn Karlsefne was accompanied by one called Haki when he visited this coast in 1007. The stone was exposed at Bay View Park, and later at the Library rooms. Some months ago the so-called runic monument was sent for temporary exhibition in Norway. William Hovgaard, a Danish naval officer and the most recent authority to speak on the subject of Norse voyages to this continent, declares in a volume published in 1914 by the American-Scandinavian Foundation that the Yarmouth stone is a petroglyph of Indian origin similar to the much-discussed Dighton Rock found a century ago in the Taunton River, Massachusetts. Another pseudo-monument of the Northmen was found in 1898 near Kensington, Minnesota, but has been pronounced a rather modern forgery.

Once the fifth port in the world in point of tonnage owned there, Yarmouth has declined in the statistical scale through the evolution of ships from the wooden to the steel and iron age. Nearly all the pioneer inhabitants skippered their own vessels, and ship owning and sailing laid the corner-stone for the quite obvious wealth of the town. The halls and living-rooms of many homes are adorned with paintings of the *Fortune* in full sail.

In November, 1849, a brigantine named *Mary Jane* set sail for California and going around the Horn arrived in San Francisco Bay six months later bearing its crew of Yarmouth gold-seekers.

About 20,000,000 feet of lumber is loaded annually at Yarmouth's docks for South American ports. Of lobsters there were exported from Yarmouth County nearly 2,000,000 pounds during the season 1913–1914, and 14,000 cases of canned lobster. A thousand men are engaged on this immediate coast fishing for lobster and cod, their fleet consisting of over half a hundred motor-boats. A great cotton factory employs 18,000 spindles making sail duck, the cutput amounting to 3,000,000 pounds a year.

At Benjamin Doane's shop a little south of the busiest part of the main street, autumn visitors will discover a characteristic industry. Here are moose heads in every state of disarray fresh from the hands of their slayers. It is interesting to observe the different processes of taxidermy by which an antlered trophy is evolved from the natural state.

The drives through outlying country, as well as in Yarmouth town, are especially delightful because of the superior roads and the changing views of marsh, river, bay and crags, fishing hamlets, farms, lakes, hills and the open sea. "The Churn" on the far side of Bay View Park is a fascinating demonstration of the rage of waves

when trapped in a rocky trough. The drive consumes about half an hour from the centre of the town. Markland, across the Bar on Cape Fourchu, is surrounded by the swirl of Fundy, the ocean and the harbour, and is therefore a desirable place for a summer sojourn. The Milton Lakes are reached by carriage or tram. The road passes through pleasant villages overlooked by the Highlands. Further north, rocky Port Maitland faces both the Bay and the Atlantic from its position on the wind-beaten coast. When the hotel at this point is open, there is daily communication with Yarmouth by stage, a distance of 12 miles.

A drive of a dozen miles brings one to Chebogue Point, at the junction of the ocean and the firth of the Chebogue River. Another delightful motor-ride includes the lovely lake country, the strawberry-beds, the ale-wife streams, the Indian encampments and Acadian villages about Tusket, due east of Yarmouth.

The Halifax and Southwestern line leaves Yarmouth from a diminutive station near the lower end of the town. A coast shattered by legions of bights and inlets and showered by a rain of islands extends from Acadia to the Scotch Argyles. The area north and south of the railway is composed of more water than land — probably there is not such a mosaic of lakes and bays to be seen elsewhere in the world.

At Central and Lower Argyle a clear view of the islands of the Tusket delta is revealed from the car windows. The road descends to Pubnico station at the apex of a deep indraught whose banks bristle with more Pubnicos,—"West," "Middle West," "Lower West," "East," "Lower East" and Pubnico Beach. Another village wears the name of d'Entremont who in 1650 brought French emigrants to this shore. A hundred years later, expelled Acadians were allowed to exchange their tilled lands for uncleared grants on the edge of Pubnico Harbour. Their descendants are the fishermen and small farmers of the region hereabouts,— a tract of principal interest to sportsmen.

Upper Woods Harbour, Woods Harbour and Shag Harbour are the first stations across the Shelburne County line. The road which has dropped almost due south to this point inclines upward now to Barrington Passage, a wee village swept by salt breezes where one might linger a whole summer in peace and contentment. Cape Sable Island [2] which fills the mouth of Barrington Bay, is just across the Passage. A ferry steamer runs several times a day to the little ports on the Island's shores. At Clark's Harbour there are hotels which receive tourists. Fertile farms and rich fishing-banks bring prosperity to the denizens.

[2] Not to be confused with Sable Island, described at end of Chapter IV. The names of both are derived from the French word *sablon,* meaning "sand."

TUNA HARPOONED OFF LOCKEPORT, HALIFAX AND SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY

Cape Sable is the isolated jutty south of the island which Champlain found "very dangerous for certain rocks and reefs lying out nearly a mile in the ocean," and here Leif Erikson is thought to have landed. Concealed ledges and savage currents snarl at the keels of ships that creep along this notorious coast. Vessels steering a course twenty-five miles away from Seal Island (a few leagues west of Cape Sable) find themselves ten miles north of it, so overwhelming are the currents that eddy about the rounded point of the peninsula and carry into Fundy over the ledges of Seal Island, Devil's Limb, and Black Rock. One of the first steamers to cross the Atlantic, the 300-horse-power *Columbia* of the Cunard Line, went ashore on Devil's Limb while in transit between Boston and Halifax in 1843. Eighty-five passengers were put ashore on Seal Island and were later removed under the supervision of the Honourable Samuel Cunard who came from Halifax to the scene of the wreck.

The horse mackerel or tuna is caught in great quantities off the coast of the mainland and Cape Island. Nearly 200,000 pounds were taken in traps or weirs in the month of July, 1914, between Barrington and Yarmouth. When the tuna is harpooned — small ones weigh two hundred pounds here — the spear is attached to a rope wound around a keg. At the drawing of the herring nets a fish is cast out as bait. The tuna rises, is struck with a harpoon aimed from the

boat, the keg is thrown overboard to avoid swamping the dory, and the giant mackerel makes off. If the harpoon has taken effect, he is towed into shore and there dissected, to be exported to the States either fresh or in cans.

Among the earliest of the pre-Loyalists who came to Nova Scotia was a band of emigrants from Cape Cod who arrived at Barrington in 1761. The church which they built four years later is said to be the oldest in Canada retaining its original materials and form.

A road leads down shore from Barrington station to the village whose name commemorates brave Charles La Tour. From a fort built on the edge of the bay he defended in 1627 the rights of France against his own father, who through bestowal of vast Acadian baronies by Sir William Alexander had been converted to the cause of England. Claude de St. Etienne la Tour and his wife, whom he had lately married at the court of the British sovereign, were permitted to live outside the fortifications, but never to enter them after the defeat administered by the son. Fort St. Louis was dismantled in 1755. Port La Tour may also be visited from Port Clyde at the head of Negro Harbour. Daily stages run from both Barrington and Port Clyde to the site of the fort.

Beyond the mouth of the Clyde River, the railway ascends the coast in sight of cliff and beach, gulf

and foreland, and at last brings into view the tranquil harbour of dreams, the Bay of Shelburne.

In April, 1783, eighteen square-rigged vessels flying the British flag left New York. The five thousand passengers were Tory refugees from the thirteen colonies. After a voyage of a week's duration the fleet sighted Cape Sable, then bore to the northeast and entered the postern of a peculiarly long and beautiful basin. On the right bank, at the head of the harbour, the company disembarked their chattels, not the least valued of which were the surveying instruments that were to plot a new city. Streets were named and houses built in disproportion to the inhabitants already arrived, but Shelburne, so named for the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, later Marquis of Lansdowne, was a city built upon faith — and the foundations were fashioned strong. This was to be the major port of Nova Scotia, exceeding Halifax in commerce and power. Previously, a French colony, and an Irish one called New Jerusalem had proven unsuccessful on this site. But this did not daunt the Royalists, who came in increasing numbers until a community of over 10,000 people dwelt inside the bounds of the new-born city. Several million dollars were expended by the optimists who were content to live without labour so long as the Government rations and their own means lasted. Many families brought their slaves; one master had fifty-seven. A Tory Utopia was here, bathed in the

glow of royal approval. But too soon the truth was established that men may not prosper in idleness. Within five years the spacious plots and parks, the wide avenues and luxurious mansions were deserted. Many banked the fires of loyalty and returned to the United States to retrieve dwindled fortunes. In 1818, there were three hundred inhabitants. Oak beams and mahogany mantels were used for fuel. Only a square-towered church, the so-called "Governor's House" on King Street and a few minor dwellings linger to remind us of the vanished Shelburne. A few black faces, too, from the slave settlement at Birchtown.

For half a century the town lay moribund, peopled by gaping houses. It was not until over half a century had passed that a germ of life stirred in the ashes. To-day, a town founded on hopes strengthened by labour bears the name of its defunct predecessor.

The inhabitants build schooners, tugs and life-saving dories, and go down to the sea in their own ships to fish.

The proudest relic the new town inherited from the old is the apparatus presented by George III to his subjects in token of their fealty and to help keep their span-new city from burning down. The most efficient contrivance then known for fighting flames was paraded with great éclat upon its arrival from London. In our eyes it is a dwarf cart set low on solid wooden wheels. The body contains

a hose and a water-tub, above which are a few feeble buckets suspended from rods.

Northward from Jordan Falls is another of those garlands of lakes which with their contiguous forests and barrens make of this country a virgin game preserve. Lockeport, on an island four miles from the railroad, has a fine bathing beach commanding a glorious view.

The rounding bay of Port Mouton received the barks of the earliest colonials. De Monts so christened it because in loading sheep here one struggled and fell overboard — disaster momentous enough in that time of random provisioning. De Monts had been given by Henry IV the trading rights of all Acadie but when he arrived in May, 1604, at the harbour which is next to Port Mouton on the north, he found Captain Rossignol from Havre de Grace "bartering with the savages against the edicts of the King." Whereupon, writes Lescarbot, his ship was seized, but the port was given his name. Haliburton declared the town of Liverpool, founded on this harbour in 1759 by Plymouth Rock stock was "the best built in Nova Scotia" having "an air of regularity and neatness." Many among the inhabitants grew rich from smuggling and privateering during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. The oddly gabled house of Captain Sylvanus Cobb is the chief monument of this orderly town. That his title was not idly assumed is evidenced by the records

which show him commander of a vessel before Louisbourg in 1745, and of another which transported Acadians from Grand Pré. Lastly, he was Wolfe's pilot up the St. Lawrence in the memorable year, 1758.

Three miles up the Liverpool or Mersey River are "the falls," a term frequently applied in the Provinces to rapids or "white water," where canoes finish the journey from the Liverpool chain, Lake Kedgemakoogee and Lake Rossignol by way of Indian Gardens. The last-named lake is the largest sheet of fresh water in Nova Scotia, having an area of about a hundred square miles.

Medway is the station for Port Medway which spells tuna fishing to the rodsman. Salmon enter the Medway River from the Atlantic and go up stream to spawn. Fishermen are outfitted at Mill Village, 12 miles from the railroad.

A map issued by the Department of Mines shows both the shore and back country of this region well starred with yellow. There is a gold mine on the county line between Queens and Lunenburg, and several others close to the railroad. The amazing statement is made that one-half the total area of Nova Scotia is in gold-bearing rock. Gold was first discovered in the early sixties, a captain of artillery having come upon the quartz while moose-hunting in Halifax County. There are now about twenty-five mines in operation. Almost 1,000,000 ounces have been produced during the fifty years

that gold mining has been prosecuted in the province. Until recently only the surface cropping was reaped, but more efficient methods are now being introduced in easy-going Nova Scotia whose inhabitants are proverbially negligent of the land because so blessed in the harvest of the sea.

Bridgewater adorns the banks of "the largest and most beautiful river in Nova Scotia," the La Have, at whose ostiary some of the eminent events in early Acadian history took place. The fathers who planned the town benevolently left a part of the forest standing for the benefit of posterity. The streets are broad, well-paved and deeply shaded. The natural park which encloses the tombs of the dead is beautifully terraced by the hand of the Creator and contains a pond of drifting lilies. Many of the monuments in the silent wood bear names of German families who first arrived in Lunenburg, and later came to Bridgewater.

German thrift is exemplified in musty documents preserved in the small but very interesting museum housed in the building nearly opposite Clark's Hotel. The original collections were bequeathed by Judge des Brisay, a descendant of Cotton Mather and historian of Lunenburg County. Among the exhibits is an ancient tract on frugality which reads thus: "*Sir you borrowed a bottle of me last summer and I want it and if you do not return it within ten days from this date I shall sue you for it without further notice.*" The bottle so

much desired was a common black flagon which had been loaned to a neighbour to carry home a measure of fish oil. Law suits are still a source of diversion in the "Huckleberry Courts" which are held in rural magistrate's houses. Within recent years a prolonged action amused the country-side in which the plaintiff spent three hundred dollars to get satisfaction from a neighbour who had appropriated fifty cents' worth of waste wood from the yard of a saw mill. Says the curator of the little museum, "Were the tribunal in the centre of a marsh, isolated ten miles from creation, there would be a press about the doors on trial day." This litigious quality among the farmers does not, however, affect the kindness of heart and the hospitality of a people whose gates are always wide to friend and stranger.

On the wall of the museum is a portrait of the Reverend Bruin Romkes Comingo, first Protestant minister to be ordained in Canada. The ordination took place at Halifax in July, 1770. The cases contain fine specimens of native amethysts and agates. Lobster giants of thirty years ago are shown, their claws two feet long from tip to body. Nova Scotia decapods of the present are degenerates in proportion. A formal bill of lading issued a hundred years ago is prefaced: "Shipped, by the Grace of God, in good order and well conditioned by Collins and Allison, in and upon the good ship called *The Swallow*, whereof is master,

under God, for this present voyage Edward Crosby, and now riding at Anchor in the Harbour of Halifax and by God's Grace bound for Yarmouth."

A road of enchantment follows the margin of the broad La Have toward the Atlantic.[3] The river is the outlet of seven lakes which pour their limpid flood through this vale

With lilt of life and venture to the sea.

Moored to river docks are tall ships come from Argentine or from Scandinavia to load the lumber of interior forests. A writer of eighty-five years ago gives the situation of thirty saw mills operated by this imposing river. In those days vessels were towed to their piers by oxen, travelling slow on the edge of the swift-running stream. The drive through Conquerall Bank twists like a country lane past farm houses whose door-yards are surrendered to fish flakes, where flag-staffs are rigged like masts and weather vanes are gilded fish. Sails are drying from the limbs of trees that overhang a nest of dories. Rocky tongues of land edged with picture pines have fishing-boats moored near them. Across the river are vivid green hills creviced by valleys and a-glitter with new barns and trim homesteads.

The prospect heightens in majesty as the road

[3] Steamers every week day from Bridgewater for Riverport.

approaches the ocean at Port La Have, 12 miles from Bridgewater. A grass-bordered way diverges from the main drive, passes a plot where larkspur and foxglove bloom on low mounds, and ends at a wooden range light, whose tower forms a wing of the keeper's dwelling. Behind, a narrow gate swings outward to a promontory whose abraded embankment looks to the ocean. A search about the sandy base may discover a flat red brick or two from the bastions of Razilly's stockade.

Lescarbot is known to have landed here on his way from Port Royal to Canso in the year 1607. Six years later, an expedition outfitted by Madame the Marquise of Guercheville called at this port, planted a cross and went on to Port Royal. Isaac de Razilly, Knight Commander of St. John of Jerusalem, was chief of the Brittany fleet chosen to restore Acadia to the French after the signing of the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye. His associates were his cousin, Charles of Charnisay, and Nicholas Denys, the historian and *voyageur*. Esteeming La Have a more advantageous location for his forty families of peasants from Saintonge and Poitou than secluded Port Royal, Razilly founded on this projecting meadow-land the parent Acadian colony on the Atlantic coast. The fort was constructed shortly after their arrival in 1632. Four years later Acadie lost, by the death of Razilly, the most efficient administrator yet sent out by the Crown. But no permanent memorial

was raised to him and his grave near Fort Point has been obliterated by time.

Agriculture progressed according to Normandy customs, and fish were exported to France and Portugal. The children of these colonists of La Have built the *aboiteaux* and planted the orchards about Grand Pré. An apple tree grows near the site of the chapel, whose chime and altar vessels are presumed to lie even to this day in the adjoining pond where they were thrown when invaders came from New England. Des Brisay relates that the colony lands were strewn with ruins and were pregnant with old implements and metal-ware as late as 1880.

> Here Champlain dreamed awhile of glorious fame;
> Razilly here found all his meed of earth;
> And haply, here the thought of far-off praise
> Soothed Denys as he wrote thy wave-sung name . . .[4]

The road rounds from the Point to Dublin Cove, a rocky road with an outlook so fair as to nullify the jolts. Over the buoyant track of Crescent Beach the car speeds close to the brawling surf. Great herring-gulls search the sands for fish left by the ebbing tide. A few miles off shore is La Have Island, the land first sighted by de Monts, April seventh, 1604. In summer, fishing is carried on from the shore. September is the month when the marsh grass is cut. Sometimes two hun-

[4] From *The Valley of La Have,* by William E. Marshall.

dred mowers go out by steamer from the mainland and make a holiday of the harvest season.

The circular drive of forty miles returns to Bridgewater by Petite Rivière, spoken of by Denys as having an "entrance good for barques"; climbs and girdles a high rounded hill tilled to its peak, descends to an extensive forest broken by lakes but no habitations, and passes the cranberry bogs near Italy Cross and Conquerall before mounting to a ridge that overlooks river and town. There is no circuit in all the province that combines more of romance and varied beauty than this one.[5]

Bridgewater is the headquarters of the Halifax and Southwestern branches, Lunenburg – Port Wade (via Middleton), and Lunenburg – Caledonia (via New Germany). Bridgewater – Caledonia (see Note 3, Chapter VI), 37 m. One train daily, except Sunday. Bridgewater – Middleton (junction with Dominion Atlantic R'y), 55 m. One train every week-day.

Bridgewater – Lunenburg, via Mahone Jc., 18 m. "Accommodations" leave at different hours according to the day of departure. Mahone (11 m. by rail) on attractive Mahone Harbour is also reached by motor-road from Bridgewater, either by way of the left river-bank and Lunenburg, or through Blockhouse, along the line of the railway.

Lunenburg has a claim on the tourist's attention by reason of its ancestry, its situation, and its industry born of the sea. The town is fortunate

[5] The proprietor of Clark's Hotel was pathfinder for the Automobile Club of America from Halifax to Shelburne and drew a map of the coast roads. He is therefore in a position to give authentic advice as to routes and tours.

in being placed upon a sloping peninsula that is broached on every side by the waters of the Atlantic. Below the crown of the hill lies the schooner fleet in the main harbour. The bankers, all rigged alike and all painted black, direct their spoon bows in unison as they shift with the tide. The "back harbour" view embraces multitudes of islands afloat on the great Bay of Mahone.

The Lunenburg fleet comprises one hundred and nineteen schooners with a total tonnage of eleven thousand. A new vessel costs $7000 to $8000. Crews varying from seventeen to twenty-two men are carried aboard each boat at the spring and summer fishing.[6] Bait is secured off Newfoundland before going to the feeding-banks where the fish are caught by anchored trawls, each one over a mile in length, and baited by means of hooks which are set by men in dories. As the cod are brought in to the schooner, they are cleaned and thrown into salt. The total catch, from March to September, may approximate 140,000 quintals, a quintal equalling a hundred and twelve pounds. The 1914 fares were light because live caplin swarmed the Newfoundland Banks in such numbers that the cod refused the dead bait. The captains and crews work on "half lay," or on a percentage. People of the town own stock in the various vessels, whose shares are divided into sixteenths, or in some

[6] According to a report of the Marine and Fisheries Department, 26,500 persons are employed in the fishing industry of the Province.

cases into thirty-seconds. If fortunate in their captains, investors may derive a good income from a few shares. Lunenburg catches only "salt fish," that is fish, or cod, that is sold salted down. Crews idle all winter about the stoves at the "lower stores" recounting yarns. They have no interest in "fresh fishing" though they could make a second living out of it if they chose. This would, however, contravene traditions established more than a century ago by the sturdy, strong-willed Germans whose great grandchildren maintain to-day the prosperity of Canada's Gloucester.

In 1630, Lunenburg County was part of the grant made to Claude La Tour by Sir William Alexander which was extended by Cromwell to Cape Sable and beyond, the rent thereof being twenty beaver and twenty moose skins. An Indian name of which the French transliteration was Merliguesche, milky surf, was applied to the present harbour of Lunenburg. Cornwallis called at this port on his way to Halifax in 1749, and said, in a letter written soon after, he had been told there was a French settlement here and had gone ashore "to see the houses and manner of living of the inhabitants." It may have been this visit which later determined him to despatch to so favourable a location the ship loads of emigrants who arrived a year or so afterwards from the domain of Hanover, whose King at that time was also King of England. Fifty acres were allotted free with tools and provi-

THE BRAS D'OR, NEAR BADDECK

sions. The town was named for Lüneberg in Prussian Hanover. Its burghers suffered intensely from exposure and poverty and were in daily terror of massacring Indians. One of the most active pioneers was Leonard Christopher Rudolf whose diary is in the possession of his great grandson, a hardware merchant in Lunenburg. He was born in 1710 and as a young man was attached to the court of the Duke of Wirtemberg, then became scribe to the Privy Counsellor of the King of Poland. A Byzantine prince, son of one who had been strangled at Constantinople for championing the German Emperor, engaged him in the capacity of Secretary. In 1739 the future emigrant to Nova Scotia served in the war of Germany against the Turks and was at a great fight near Belgrade. At the age of forty he forsook courts and battlegrounds for the new lands across the sea. He was employed by Governor Cornwallis to oversee those chosen to clear the wilderness and lay out the town on Malagash Bay. Here he married, became Justice of the Peace and Major of Militia, and fathered nine children. He and his male companions wore round hats, knee buckles and wooden shoes and wore their hair braided and looped with ribbon. Their women spun the thread and wove the cloth for all the garments of the community. A revival of flax and wool weaving has occurred within recent years. The flax is harvested at the end of the summer. When dried and broken on the

rack, it is "swingled," combed, "hetchelled" (to remove the tow), twisted on the distaff, woven into thread, twilled and spun. There are famous weavers in the back country, where the language, customs and superstitions of a hundred and sixty years ago still obtain. In the olden days, wedding feasts lasted three days; whole oxen, pigs, sheep and calves were served, and gallons of wine, and puddings, hams and geese. "Breaking frolics" took place on the farms when the flax was ready for the rack. Recently an old German lady died who left a treasure of home-woven linen to be auctioned for the Lutheran Church of St. Paul's.

The building which houses the Church of England congregation retains all of its original timbers. The bell and communion plate were given in 1813 by Christopher Jensen who came to Lunenburg in 1752, and is buried in the crypt. The dwelling he erected at the corner of Lincoln and Queen Streets may still be seen. In 1782 it was attacked by American privateers in revenge for his assisting the British.

Lunenburg is properly proud of its good sausages and sauerkraut and *klöse suppe* with dumplings. German is rarely heard in the town, but residents betray their fatherland by the accent that replaces a *p* with a *b* and a *w* with a *v*. They are broud to know you and bleased that you like Lunenburg. The stout maid at the rector's door hands you the key to the westrey. Bows of harbour craft are

bravely gilded *Leta Schwartz* or *Annie Spindler*. Owners' names are Zinck and Knickle, Wambach and Naas. The dean of the fishing establishments bears above its door a sign lettered "Zwicker and Co." The tenacity with which the Teutons have clung to their original grant is witnessed by the fact that elsewhere in Nova Scotia one rarely hears a German name.

A curiosity of the Lunenburg environs is the series of great caves hollowed by the surf on the far shore of the harbour. The Ovens are reached by motor-boat and should be visited at high tide to gain the full impression of the sea's grinding. The Ovens' Head Diggings were discovered above sixty years ago when the waves brought down the crumbling shale. The ledges are presumed to reach into the sea because more gold is found in the sand after a severe storm. Individuals who wash the sands earn $1 to $1.50 a day. Other excursions are taken to Bachman's Beach, and to Heckman's Island at the entrance of the back harbour, 4 miles from Lunenburg. On "the rackets," or shoals, near-by, herds of seals make their home, but are not hunted.

The branch road, Lunenburg – Mahone Junction (7 m.) joins the main line, by which passengers continue northward, along Mahone Bay, largest of the numerous bights on this coast, to Chester, 19 m. from the junction.

Chester is to the Atlantic shore of Nova Scotia what Digby is to Fundy, though with more aspirations to fashion. For a number of years its invig-

ourating climate and environment have influenced the patronage of a summer colony from the States, whose cottages adorn advantageous situations on knoll and point. The Hackmatack Inn, intended to provide the resort with a modish hostelry, overlooks all that is typical of Chester — green-turfed islands, islands of rock and hackmatack, the fair reach of bay and twin harbours, inviting coves, safe beaches, wooded vantage-points.

The Lovett House, in the village, has a special reputation for its generous table.

Chester Village mounts a hill above the inlet, where pleasure boats ride at anchor or skim seaward before a sailor's wind. The first regatta held at Chester, in 1856, was for gigs of four oars. The prize was $27.70 in gold. The winner was *First-step*, built by David Millett, the father of race-boat designing in Chester. Punts, whale-boats, flats and sail yachts were entered in other classes. Three thousand people attended from Lunenburg and adjacent towns, and there were fire-works and processions in celebration of an event familiar enough now among the myriad islands of the bay. Early in August Regatta Week is annually observed under the auspices of the Chester Yacht Club.

An immigrant arriving in the party which came from Boston to Chester in 1759, made note in his diary: "August 4. Saw divers islands . . . and anchored in a most beautiful harbour. . . . At night

there was an Indian dance." This tract of land was granted, "with reservation of gold, silver, precious stones and lapis lasuli" to settlers from the Province of Massachusetts Bay. The new town, first called Shoreham, was frequently pillaged by American privateers of cattle, poultry and other property.

One of the mother churches of Chester had for its pastor the Reverend John Seccombe, a Presbyterian minister who graduated from Harvard in 1728. He was tried at Halifax in the year 1776 for praying for the success of "the rebels," and was put under bonds not to repeat the offence.

The first bell used in the original Episcopal church of St. Stephen's was cast in 1700 for a French monastery. When its place in the belfry was usurped by a new and larger one, the old bell was used as a fog alarm on a banker. From this service it graduated to a place in the town, from which it rang New Year and wedding chimes. The last seen of it was on the brig *Peerless* in Valparaiso harbour. Thus do the bells of Nova Scotia, like its ships, wander up and down the world.

Four miles out in the harbour, there is an island famed for beauty, but still more for the suppositious treasure buried in its bowels by no less a personage than the ubiquitous Captain Kidd, who in 1696 left Plymouth, England in the *Adventure*, a 287-ton galley, to prey on vessels hostile to France and England. The Captain's piratical career be-

gan during a voyage to the East Indies. Previously he had been in New York harbour. Off the coast of Malabar he burned villages and captured a ship. Thereafter he plundered in earnest. In 1698 he buried spoils on Gardiner's Island east of Long Island, which was discovered, and amounted to 700 ounces of gold, 800 ounces of silver, 1 bag of silver rings and 1 bag of unpolished stones. Our pirate was arrested by the Governor of Massachusetts and sent to England. There, on May 12, 1701, he was "hung in chains" for having killed a gunner by assaulting him with a bucket. The Oak Island Association, relates des Brisay, had as the basis of its foundation the statement of an old man who said he had served under Kidd and; among other exploits, had helped him bury $2,000,000 on an island outside Boston harbour. The Oak Island treasure pit has not yet yielded its store though a fortune has been spent in search of it by men of intelligence and business acumen. A tree was found to which tackle had been attached. Near it, a pit was uncovered lined with stones and logs. At a depth of about a hundred feet the sea rushed in through artificial drains and further work was rendered useless.

Big and Little Tancook, a few miles from Oak Island, are rich in scallops of luscious Mahone Bay quality. The former has an area of over 500 acres and a considerable population of farmers and fishermen. Green Island, 16 miles from Chester, is

the resort of stormy petrels which make their homes in the earth banks.

Aspotogan, highest point in this part of Nova Scotia, though but 500 feet in altitude, gives dignity to the broad boot of land that divides Mahone Bay from even lovelier St. Margaret's. Both rail and wagon-roads pass within sight of the islands of Chester Basin through East River and so to Hubbards, a distance of 16 miles.

The original Hubbard lived on Green Head, which, reaching into the bay, forms the cove opposite the Gainsborough Hotel. Hubbards, a country village by the sea, is a typical Nova Scotia resort. At a short distance are surf-charged beaches hugged by woods of juniper and pine. Less than a mile inland, forest aisles disclose a fresh water mere with cabins perched half hidden on the sloping shore. Water trails lead to other lakes, Mill, Vinegar, Quacks, where trouting is as good as anywhere in the province.

The proprietor of the well-conducted Gainsborough — a hotel more than ordinarily attractive for its hospitable cheer and excellent cuisine — has a genius for arranging exhilarating land and water trips for his guests. A buckboard journey of 33 miles follows the coast of the Aspotogan peninsula, going one way and returning another, and keeping in constant view the sea or arms of the sea. Mill Cove, on the south side of St. Margaret's Bay, is a quaint colony whose dialect and

unsophisticated conceits would furnish material for a *genre* novelist. Many villages on these retired inlets are not yet converted from a belief in the supernatural. Driving to Peggy's Cove, at the easterly side of the bay's entrance, or going by motor-boat, one passes humble settlements where door-sills are not infrequently crossed by visitors whose baleful influence only the witch-master can annul. This region given over to the superstitions and practices of an unworldly peasantry is but twenty miles removed from Halifax. Yet in the cottages one hears of exorcised spirits, of rites which have to do with crosses steeped in hemlock, and pigs' hearts stuck full of pins and thrown with mysterious purpose upon burning coals.

A house which faces Hubbards village is occupied by the son of an old-time captain whose name, John Dauphinée, was once the most powerful heard round-about the Cove, of which, indeed, he was called the monarch. He owned a brigantine and lesser vessels in the West India trade. He was captain of militia and his coat and sword, worn before the birth of the son who is now almost a nonagenarian, are preserved at the homestead. The parlour racks also hold ancient lamps shaped like a double-spouted coffee-pot, candle moulds, and a "Sam Slick clock" bought near a hundred years ago from a Yankee vendor, who, considering the traditional reluctance of this particular time-piece to tell time, must have exercised Sam Slick's

own gifts relating to "human natur' and soft sawder" in making the sale.

A pilgrimage to Jim Simms has its reward in wandering tales of the life aboriginal — tales of trappers' wiles and rugged hardship, tales of woods "clogged with moose, moose without all reason," of black foxes that bite their snares and leave mocking tufts of fur in the trap, of autumn trips into the wilds with only a gun and a loaf of bread to provision the woodsman for a week. Jim Simms' wife "has learning," she can read and write. Jim went to school "one Sunday afternoon"; he has not delved in books. But he is master of the lore of "dead-falls" and peltry, and so conversant is he with the forest that he is summoned as arbiter to decide for disputants their own lumber limits. The trapping-ground near Square and Long Lakes has been his orb for nigh onto the Bible's span of life. Even yet he goes with his sons to set a hundred steel traps and four hundred wooden ones where the lucifee, the mink, the bear, the red fox and the skunk "*got* to trabbel to git their livin'." The traps are visited every five days until the snow falls. Christmas is the season for selling the fur. Otter brings the best price, wild cats that can be dyed — those that have their large paw shaped like the hind foot of a rabbit and wear a tippet 'round the neck — are fairly remunerative. "Good extra" minx fetch $7 to $10 a skin, red fox $3 to $8. Pelts of weasels that are

grey as a rabbit until December and then turn ermine white, are worth 25 cents to a dollar, according to fashion's demand.

The trapper's cottage where one sits in a tiny bright-rugged room and hears all this, is a mile down the road from the village. On the same spot formerly stood the station of the post carrier who made the winter journey from Halifax to Lunenburg on snow-shoes.

HUBBARDS – HALIFAX, 35 m. On the way is the beautiful but little exploited retreat called St. Margaret's, and the station from which a stage leaves every week day for French Village and Peggy's Cove.

CHAPTER VIII

NORTHERN NOVA SCOTIA INCLUDING THE ISLAND OF CAPE BRETON

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For steamers, Halifax – Hawkesbury, C. B., see under "Steamers from the United States," Plant Line, Chapter I; for Halifax – "East Coast" points (Spry Bay, Sherbrooke, Isaac's Harbour, Canso, Guysboro, etc.), under "Provincial Railways and Steamers." These trips along the Atlantic coast in small vessels are recommended only to those who are invariably good sailors.

Steamer connection, Quebec – Pictou, and Montreal – Sydney is described under "Steamers from Canadian Ports," Chapter I.

Newfoundland – Nova Scotia. Steamer, Port-aux-Basques to North Sydney. The service is mentioned under "Provincial Railways and Steamers," Chapter I, in connection with North Sydney.

Halifax – Truro, 62 miles by Intercolonial Railway; Truro – Sydney, 214 miles, via Antigonish, Mulgrave and the Bras d'Or Lakes.

Yarmouth – Truro, 228 miles by Dominion Atlantic Railway via Windsor.

St. John – Truro, 209 miles by Canadian Pacific steamer to Digby, and Dominion Atlantic Railway to Truro, via Windsor; and 213 miles by Intercolonial Railway, via Moncton, N. B.

Montreal – Truro, 775 miles, by Intercolonial Railway via Moncton.

Moncton – Truro, 24 miles. The first important Nova Scotia town across the New Brunswick frontier is Amherst,

an industrial centre. From this point a drive may be taken into New Brunswick to the ruins of Fort Cumberland. Until the New Englanders under Lieutenant-Colonel Monckton captured it from the French in 1755, it was called Fort Beauséjour. (See under Grand Pré historical notes, Chapter V.) Originally there were five bastions, armed by thirty guns and guarded by 800 soldiers. The outlines of the fort are still visible. On another bank of the Missequash, which defines the boundary between the two provinces, the English built Fort Lawrence to defend their claims to Acadia. From this stronghold at the head of Cumberland Basin, the ruins of which have now disappeared, the assailants of Fort Beauséjour made their attack. This engagement had a decisive effect upon the final cession of their Canadian claims by the French.

Tidnish, on Northumberland Strait, is a favourite beach resort, 17 miles from Amherst.

Through a mining, fishing and hunting country the Intercolonial continues to Springhill Junction (Cumberland Railway to Parrsboro, 32 miles).[1] At Oxford Junction a line diverges that gives connection with Pugwash Harbour, Wallace, and Tatamagouche, all in a district known for its sporting facilities and affluent farms. Pictou may be reached from Oxford Junction, but the route usually taken is via Stellarton, east of Truro.

The road, Oxford Junction–Truro, rises to a height of over 600 feet at Folleigh Lake, a pretty expanse of water situated among the Cobequid hills. Londonderry is the station for iron mines whose ore is of exceptionally high grade. Truro, at the junction of the main Intercolonial line and the line to the north, is 17 miles beyond Londonderry.

Truro — Stellarton (Pictou) — Antigonish — Guysboro — Mulgrave — Canso — Arichat.

THE "sights" of Truro may be compassed in half a day. They include the natural forest park

[1] The Cumberland Coal Field has an estimated area of 300 square miles.

called for Queen Victoria, and the Government Farm of 220 acres. The recreation woods, of which the town is quite justly vain, are beyond the outskirts. Except for the laying of walks, the building of rustic spans and climbing stairways, man has intruded little of his handiwork in this shrine of trees and hurrying brooks. A mountain torrent gushing over rocky terraces creates a cascade which Joe Howe admired and which in memory bears his name.

Bible Hill on the opposite side of the well-kept town is occupied by the experimental farm, directed in the interest of Nova Scotia dairying and agriculture. Soil typical of the province is available for the growing of roots, grain and hay. The livestock barns boast prize cattle and horses. Among the latter are several thoroughbreds imported from various districts to raise the standard of Nova Scotia draught and carriage horses. The grounds are ornamented with flower-beds, which border the walks and surround the superintendent's dwelling. The Nova Scotians, tutored by capable specialists like Professor Cummings, head of the Farm and of the Agricultural School, and his associates, are awakening to the call of the land in a broader sense than ever before. Settlers from across the ocean have of late years been invited to tarry in this rich province by the sea instead of pursuing their journey half way across the continent to take up undeveloped claims under pioneer conditions.

Stellarton, 40 miles beyond Truro, is on the border of the Pictou coal deposits which cover thirty-five square miles. A brief journey by branch railway brings one to Pictou, a trig port on Northumberland Strait from which the steamer of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Company departs every week-day, unless deterred by ice. In the winter, ice-breaking craft ply between Pictou and Georgetown, Prince Edward Island. Other boats leave here in the open season for Georgetown, and Montague, for Souris, P. E. I. and the Magdalen Islands, and for Mulgrave and the west coast of Cape Breton.

A colony organised by Benjamin Franklin first inhabited this shore, and were succeeded by Scotch farmers who came ten years after Canada became wholly a British possession.

Pictou coal fired the engines of the *Royal William*, first steamer to cross the Atlantic all the way without recourse to sails. She sailed from this harbour for Gravesend, England, in August, 1833.

The century-old Scottish Academy is of interest. In the environs of Pictou are some fine fishing-streams which run through a hill and meadow country.

Pictou – Magdalen Islands, twice a week by S.S. *Lady Sibyl*. Distance, about 100 m. The thirteen islands which comprise this archipelago are chiefly visited in the spring by fishing fleets in search of bait and the cod on the banks. They were once part of the Colony of Newfound-

land, but now belong to the County of Gaspé, Province of Quebec. The population of 6000, consists almost entirely of Acadian French, who both fish and farm.

In the reign of Louis XV a fishing depôt had already been established here. When George III became Canada's Sovereign the group was given to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, a native of Boston, and became a feudal state.

Dangerous reefs surround all the islands, which themselves appear like the peaks of rocky shoals. Amherst Island, 11 miles long and 4 wide, has the only harbour of any consequence. It is connected with other islands by sandy links over which it is possible to drive by the edge of the sea. Grindstone Island, a few miles to the north, is a red rock from whose sea-face the surface has been gnawed by the elements. A poem by Stedman rhymes the narrative of a murderous wreck which occurred on this wild shore. There are further settlements on islands that lie toward the east. Alright Island must have been so named in derision. Coffin Island, one of the largest of the group, commemorates the feudal owner, against whose dictates the French inhabitants were wont frequently to rebel. Deadman Island is celebrated in a poem written by Tom Moore in 1804. Brion Island, further out in the Gulf, bears the name of the Seigneur de Brion, patron of the first voyage of Jacques Cartier, who discovered the archipelago in 1534. The Bird Rocks, Little and Big, are the most isolated and for that reason have been chosen by the gannets for a dwelling-place.

At a few of the tiny ports board may be secured in private houses or very plain little hotels at $5 to $7 a week. The views, the trout fishing and scenes characteristic of the sea invite a few visitors. Passengers returning from the Magdalens may stop off at Souris and begin their tour of Prince Edward Island from this easterly port, returning to the mainland via Charlottetown and Pictou, or via Summerside and Point du Chene, N. B.

Pictou – Mulgrave, and thence to towns on the Inverness shore, Cape Breton, by S.S. *Kinburn*. See paragraphs preceding "Inverness County," this chapter.

Across the harbour from Pictou is "the Landing" from which an 8-mile branch of the Intercolonial runs to New Glasgow (2 miles east of Stellarton) among the coal-mining and industrial activities that give this section its provincial and extra-provincial fame.

Antigonish is the demure mistress of a wide demesne that rambles by river and lake to upland pastures, that verges ragged glens and dips from hills to sea. "The pretty Catholic village" which all but lured Charles Dudley Warner from his pilgrimage to Baddeck is the capital of "the finest diversified farm county in Nova Scotia." Not only is it dowered in lands, but in the wealth of the ocean, in historic lore, and in varied nature scenes. Trout, bass, mackerel, salmon, clams and lobsters are taken in the streams and on the bay shore of the county, and in the fall geese swarm among the islands at the harbour mouth.

Low mountains range northward along the peninsula that intervenes between Northumberland Strait and the Bay of St. George. Beautiful, even awesome are the gorges and abrupt steeps disclosed on the way to Arisaig, a village that looks toward Prince Edward Island. On the bay coast, informal summer colonies pre-empt beach and grassy plateau and bewitching islands. In another direction is Lochaber, a lake 5 miles long that joins its beauty with that of the West River. McDonald's Mountain and Sugar Loaf compen-

GLENDYR GORGE, ON THE LINE OF THE INVERNESS RAILWAY, CAPE BRETON

sate ambitious climbers by vistas that embrace the Cape Breton shore, the Straits of Canso, 30 miles away, the Bay and all the lovely realm between.

One magnificent farm, 9 miles from Antigonish town, has 600 acres extending back from the bay. The great barn, largest in all the province, has a capacity of nearly 200 tons of hay.

The county-seat is a mile from the head of a newly-dredged harbour which will admit shipping and pleasure-craft to wharves near the town. Though the number of inhabitants is but 2000 and has scarcely varied in twenty years, the three banks of the town have a million and a half dollars on deposit.

The harbour shore was the district settled first by Acadians, then by English officers and privates who were granted land in Nova Scotia in recompense for their services in the war of the Colonies against Great Britain. The rigours of the wilderness put out the enthusiasm of most of these, but in a short time, Highlanders, expatriated by ruthless landlords, came to New Scotland and found in the braes and leas of Antigonish County a solace for their misfortune. "In their new homes," relates Monsignor Gillis, Professor of Philosophy at St. Francis Xavier, and sponsor for these brief historical notes, "the Catholics and the Presbyterians selected different localities for their settlements — a circumstance which explains the groupings of the adherents of their respective churches

in eastern Nova Scotia. Thus, the Highlanders who began in 1790 to trickle into the territory along the shores of Northumberland Strait, were mostly Catholics. The tide of these immigrants continued to ebb and flow for about a quarter of a century, until they penetrated into every nook and corner of the county, interspersed by a few families here and there from the Emerald Isle."

The Catholic Cathedral of St. Ninian is inscribed above its door with the Gaelic words, *Tighe Dhe*, the House of God. Occasionally sermons are given in the ancient tongue of the Highlands. The University of St. Francis Xavier was founded in 1854 by the Bishop of Arichat. The original college building now has for neighbours a chapel of exquisite interior design and a new science building, both presented by alumni. A new dormitory is about to be constructed on the quadrangle at the rear of the main building. Soft-stepping Sisters perform the labours of dormitory, laundry and kitchen and serve to the chance visitor sugared cakes and tea, with cream from the college dairy. This is said to be the first Roman Catholic College to confer the Arts degree upon women. Its courses are open to both sexes and all sects at a nominal tuition.

To the right of the main building is St. Bernard's Convent for young women. On the hill behind the cathedral is the palace of the bishop of the diocese.

Near the main street, with its Celtic Hall, its shops and its curling rink is the Royal George Hotel, one of the few in the provinces completely modern in equipment. The wide streets are arched by splendid trees that remind one of New England. Though seven-eighths of the population is Scotch Catholic, by agreement among the citizens a Romanist is elected to the mayoralty one term and a Protestant the next, an arrangement whose tolerance increases one's already agreeable impression of the town.

The road from Antigonish (a name inherited from the Indians) winds through Antigonish and Guysboro Counties to villages on the Atlantic Coast. Snug cottages and domineering hay and cattle barns are their own commentary on the fertility of this farm country which nowhere is more than twenty miles from salt water. The summer temperature in this belt averages 62°, the winter temperature, 26° Fahrenheit. The vital statistics of the County of Antigonish show that fifteen per cent. of those that die within its bounds are over eighty years of age, and three per cent. live to be over ninety. In a certain year, seven died aged over one hundred — an interesting testimonial to the climate and the original stock of the race.

Sherbrooke, 40 miles from Antigonish, is the centre of a district productive of big game and gold quartz. At Goldenville, across the St. Mary River, there is a paying plant in operation. There

are other mines on the post-road between Lochaber and Sherbrooke, and all along the coast between Halifax and Goldboro. Tangier, 60 miles below the mouth of the St. Mary, was the scene of the first gold strike in Nova Scotia, some fifty years ago. While there are innumerable deposits on this water-shed, comparatively few veins are deep or wide enough to make their separate operation profitable.

From Heatherton, 12 miles east of Antigonish, a stage departs on the arrival of the express for Guysboro, 24 miles distant, at the head of Chedabucto Bay. The pastoral shores of this out-of-the-way village have a history that dates from the Portuguese discoveries. Nicholas Denys created one of his colonies here. It was he who named the Strait of Fronsac for his patron, Cardinal Richelieu. The many negroes seen on village docks and tilling near-by fields are the progeny of slaves introduced from West Virginia in Revolutionary times by Colonel Molleson, who with other Loyalists came here in 1783 and was apportioned free tracts of land.

Guysboro is so nearly surrounded by water that farmers make schooner delivery of fresh lamb and vegetables, "roobub" and berries, and the thick cream that goes with them at thirty cents a quart jar-full.

The village hotel is an heirloom in the Grant fam-

ily. Each generation has "improved" and "built on" until passages are all up-a-step and down-a-step and go in and out to low rooms with sharp-angled ceilings. The inn is so oddly sweet, the locality so attractive that one wishes to like Guysboro, but cannot, quite, unless by lucky chance one's ancestors fought for Britain too, and one is in a position to prove it to the scrutinous dwellers in the haughty little houses who with "pride in their port, defiance in their eye" regard the trespassing tourist.

There are two ways to leave Guysboro. Until the railway from Dartmouth is completed we return to the Intercolonial by stage and continue to Mulgrave through Tracadie where in the midst of an Acadian settlement there is a trappist monastery founded here nearly a century ago; or the wee steamer that daily (except Sunday) braves the uncertain Atlantic winds will in three hours carry the departing one across Chedabucto Bay and between the green walls of Canso Strait to Mulgrave.

Mulgrave is the station farthest east in Nova Scotia before crossing to Cape Breton. It is also the home port for a fleet of small packets that link numerous sequestered villages with the outer world.

One of these is Canso, which the Indians called "Kamsok" and the French, who were here in the days of de Monts and Denys, "Canseau." Cape Canso is the most easterly foreland on the continent, south of Labrador. Behind it, on a breezy

mole, is the town famous alike as a fishing and as a cable station.

It was the New Englanders' smacks which went out from Canso that the French molested. Louisbourg, on the Isle Royale, was the price they paid for their zeal. The present fleet of well over a hundred schooners fish the teeming banks that lie a few miles out in the Atlantic and bring in rich cargoes of cod, haddock, mackerel and halibut. Shore "hand-liners" fish from motor-boats and sometimes clear $80 a week. From the Canso lobster hatchery as many as 8,000,000 fry are sometimes despatched at one time.

Because of its out-standing position Canso was chosen by both the Commercial and the Western Union Cable Companies as a terminus on this side of the Atlantic. The cable buildings and the houses of the officials, operators and mechanicians form a fair-sized colony in themselves.

At the entrance to Canso Gut, two hours' sail from Mulgrave, and separated from Cape Breton's southern shore by a slender passage is a halcyon isle of poppy zephyrs, of glistening roads, blue tarns and murmuring beaches that, two centuries and more a-gone, was bequeathed the title customarily given at that time to the eldest daughters of the Kings of France. Isle Madame hoards its fund of story and its reminiscence of years when Arichat was the jauntiest port on the coast, when wharves were alive with brigs, brigantines, shallops

and schooners, each owned by a different family in the little town that outlines the crescent harbour,— a town three miles long and two streets wide. The wrecks of stocks, piers and stores mark the water-front. In 1765 the Jersey fishing-firm of Robin & Co. set up a station which a few years later was raided by the dashing sea-rover whom a serious-minded local writer refers to as "the well-known pirate, Paul Jones." The ware house erected in 1797 on the south side of the harbour was moved a decade ago, and now does duty as a village store, with an Acadian Boudreau as proprietor. The Jerseymen gave up their plant when the demand for cod in the brine largely superseded that for "salt fish."

Steam vessels usurped brig and schooner. The trade of Arichat declined to a state of torpor. But fortunes made in fish and freighting preserved the inhabitants from poverty. Indeed, many of the dormered houses that lend a graceful air to the main street reflect the comfort and culture that were always the badge of Arichat.

Thirty years ago the women wore the Norman cap but the island metropolis is much too advanced for that now. Occasionally one hears obsolete French and English words interpolated in the native tongue, and very occasionally, as in the case of Cap'n Paddy, one meets a character-type that remains rooted in the memory. Once, Captain Patrick Richard possessed flakes and fishing-

schooners and sailed the main — a dapper, happy, bewhiskered, tiny Frenchman. When he retired to sun himself on the cottage steps above the harbour, his wife used to sit inside the door "hooking" her wool rugs or mending his clothes, and he was content. For fifty years they had lived in the little cottage, neat as a light-house and gay with Paddy's presence. The wife fell ill — the rugs were folded away, the distaff hung in the attic. The *belle-fille* came to keep the house. . . . Paddy, though eighty-two, grew restless; his anchor-chain had parted — he was *desolé* for his first love — the sea. There was a young skipper in need of a deck-boy to watch aboard the banker when the crew went to their trawls. It was the little captain who secured the berth to the distress of his family and his priest. He laughs and rubs his shiny palms as he relates the incidents of that season off the Magdalens, which would have failed but for his knowledge of the best shallows, and would, we wager, have been a drab journey enough but for the jigs of the deck-boy and his blue-eyed cheer. He demonstrates on a homespun rug the steps he used to do in the cabin, just to prove "that his legs were still good" and his heart merry as a dance tune. *Alors*, when the schooner makes harbour again it was the priest who met him in the road. "Patrice! I thought to see you buried on the banks — never again among us in Arichat." "Monsieur," replied the returned one, "you are

good man. I respect you and confess to you. But even you may not say me when I die, neither you nor any one but *le bon dieu.* Perhaps I go again next year!"

The white road that brinks the Cap'n's small domain takes its way over a hill to the port of West Arichat, or Acadiaville. The island is but 16 miles long. The distance is not far even if we drive on to the point opposite Burnt Islands in Lennox Passage where a bridge has lately been laid to the Cape Breton coast, a link long-desired by the islanders as an aid to commerce and sociability.[2] The interior of the island is watered by a chain of lakes where trout and partridge abound and the loon calls eerily. The drive to Descousse by Rocky Bay leads from Arichat to the north of the island 7 miles, edges the bay facing St. Peter's, and returns by Grand Lake. Petit de Grat is the most important fishing village of the island group and was the first place to be permanently settled. Here and on the fish wharves of Arichat one may choose haddock, salmon, cod or mackerel, shad or halibut, hake, pollock, tuna, flounder, smelt, trout, clams, lobsters or sword-fish for the day's dinner. The "P'tit d'Grat" fleet consists of a hundred vessels, many of them operated by motors.

2 Isle Madame may be reached from Grand Anse on the Cape Breton Railway, Point Tupper – St. Peter's. Also by S.S. *Weymouth* from Sydney and North Sydney via Louisbourg.

Arichat is the seat of Richmond County, Cape Breton. Court convenes in the white edifice on the hill near old St. John's. Though a majority of the island's 5000 inhabitants are of French ancestry, there are also a number of Irish families in the shire-town. Friendliness pervades the atmosphere of My Lady Isle to a degree unusual even in friendly Cape Breton.

From Mulgrave, the *Richmond* sails twice a week for St. Peter's, passes through the short artificial canal which separates Richmond County into two parts, and proceeds across the Bras d'Or to Grand Narrows. The *Weymouth* follows the same course, sailing from Hawkesbury, C. B., once a week for Grandique, St. Peter's, East Bay, Grand Narrows and North Sydney.

The Cape Breton Railway diverges to the east from Point Tupper [3] and has its terminus at St. Peter's (31 m.), a tidy town whose ancestral site on Point Jerome was o'ershadowed by an important fortification in the time of Monsieur Denys (1636). In the charming bay is the island where the Micmacs hold the July pow-pow referred to under "Festivals."

Mulgrave is a call-port for still another little coaster that passes out the west orifice of the tidal channel which divides the mainland from the

[3] Point Tupper, C. B., is across a narrow inlet from Hawkesbury, C. B., at which point the Plant Line steamers call on the way between Boston, Halifax and Charlottetown.

islands of the north. The *Kinburn* makes a bi-weekly circuit of towns on the Inverness shore as far as Cheticamp. The same coast is much more comfortably served by railway as far as Inverness, the starting-point being Point Tupper, C. B., on the opposite side of the Strait from Mulgrave. Intercolonial trains are transported by ferry, en route to Sydney via the Bras d'Or Lakes. (See fine print following "Inverness County.")

Inverness County.

Once across the majestic canal provided by nature as a passage from the ocean to the lower Gulf of St. Lawrence, one has entered a kingdom where Nature in all things reigns undisputed. Cape Breton has no sophisticated cities or pretentious resorts. Her appeal is the rational one of broad waters, granite steeps and unharmed forests. Her riches are dug from the earth and wrested from the sea. Her sons are brawny and upright, their simple lives unhurried.

An island sea surrounded by land sprawls like a great starfish in the heart of the tract. The mountainous Counties of Inverness and Victoria thrust northward like uplifted fingers; Cape Breton County makes a line on its upper border like the bent knuckles of digits turned down. Inverness, Victoria and part of Richmond County are divided by St. Peter's Canal and the Bras d'Or Lakes from the land that lies to the east, so that

two islands in reality form the one known as the Island of Cape Breton.

Inverness County extends for its whole length of a hundred miles along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, facing Prince Edward Island. The railway, constructed within recent years, follows the north edge of the strait from Point Tupper to Hawkesbury, Hastings and Troy before emerging in sight of St. George's Bay and the Gulf. Thereafter for 20 miles the rails conform to the curve of the shore along the base of the Craignish Hills. Place-names grow increasingly Scottish — Craigmore, Campbell, Mackay Point. A short way beyond Judique, unrivalled for the stature and belligerency of its Highlanders, the train crosses the southern extremity of the coal seams which slope toward and under the sea from Cape Susan to Cheticamp. At Port Hood, the county seat, 34 miles from Point Tupper, coal has been mined on an extensive scale. Some of the veins lie so close to the surface that ordinary spading on beach or farm may unbare them. From this point, Whycocomagh, on an arm of the Bras d'Or, is about 20 miles across country by wagon-road. Mabou is a delicious little spot in a river vale overlooked by low hills. North from the harbour mouth is Mabou Cape, nearly a thousand feet high and a landmark for all this part of the coast.

The road creeps at the foot of the South Highlands through the picturesque gorge of Glendyer

to Strathlorne on Loch Ban, which is an inlet of Lake Ainslie, a sheet of fresh water reaching 12 miles to the southeast. Four miles beyond is the coal mining town of Inverness, which came into being about a dozen years ago, and is important to the traveller as a touring centre.

The Inverness colliery was first developed by a resident of Danvers, Massachusetts, and later taken over by McKenzie and Mann, promoters of the Canadian Northern Railway. The mine now ships about 300,000 tons a year of soft coal, much of which is mined beneath the Gulf. The miners are principally Scotchmen whose forefathers came to Cape Breton about a hundred years ago. There is also a contingent of Belgians who are segregated in a smudgy quarter of their own. Until the railroad penetrated this untamed and precipitous coast, the Scotch farmers who planted their potato patches and tended their sheep were even more isolated than the mountain crofters of many parts of Scotland. Customs observed in the old country a century ago, and perhaps discarded there, still obtain in this primitive region. Here automobiles are still rare enough to inspire curiosity, if not actual fear in the rural districts which lie back from the shore. So many families have the same patronymic that confusion would arise but for the ingenious expedient of allying with the baptismal name of an individual the names or sobriquets of his father and grandfather. Thus, James, son of

James and grandson of Joseph McIsaac would be given the appellation, James Jim Joe. Mary Ann Angus (father's name) Big John (grandfather) is the way Mary Campbell might be addressed. Similarly, Jessie Red Alex Neil Findlay and Alice Big Dave are known to the townsfolk, and John Alex Roary, Roary being the contraction of the ever popular Roderick.

Frequently a whole family labours and sacrifices "at the fishing," or in the mine or with the crops that one child may be educated. Not a few notable professional men have come from these plain communities. The ambition of the young girls is to go to Boston, where they are in demand as domestics. When they return in the summer with new and stylish wardrobes, they are known locally as "Boston swells." The men are of enormous physique. The Argyll Highlanders, a body of militia from Inverness County, have an average height of nearly six feet,— and 98 per cent. of them speak Gaelic.

One of the most striking views in the province is obtained from Cape Mabou Mountain. The road mounts steeply, leaving behind the gulf and smoke-wreathed Inverness. On the far side of the forested height lie the superb Valley of Strathlorne and bonny Lake Ainslie o'er-topped by still more distant ranges. On the borders of the lake, source of the Southwest Margaree, are bountiful farms where one hears tunes from the Gaelic song-book

AN ACADIAN DOORYARD, CHETICAMP

and sups in beamed rooms whose carpets are hand-woven and whose wall-hangings are bagpipes and embroidered mottoes. Near the Dunbar farm, 9 miles from Inverness, are the ruins of an old carding mill and a water wheel. The gate-posts leading to the house are the jaw-bones of a whale, the doorstep is an antiquated quern. At the foot of the hill is Lake Ainslie with a pebbled beach for bathing, and sea, lake and brook trout lurking in near-by pools. Baddeck on the Little Bras d'Or is a drive of 25 miles from this side of the lake.

The stranger who comes to Inverness will find himself comfortably quartered at the Imperial Hotel, kept by two ladies from Antigonish. The windows give an uninterrupted outlook upon the waters of the gulf, often illuminated by the pageantry of sunset. The houses of the superintendents of railway and mine stand in a clearing opposite the hotel. The rest of the town is as dingy as coal mining towns seemingly must be, no matter what their location.

To the north of Inverness stretches a supremely beautiful country where rivers flow among lofty hills to meet scarp and headland that jut perilously above the gulf. A well-travelled road unites Inverness with Margaree Harbour and Cheticamp. The entire distance of 40 miles may be made over the cliff road. But the pleasantest way is to drive by way of Margaree Forks up the far-sung valley of the Northeast Branch. If previously advised

by letter or telephone Callie McLeod at "Northeast" will provide lodgings overnight, or for as long as may be agreed. "Red" McLeod, the father, was known the country over for his hospitality. Even now, doorkeys are never turned at night in the McLeod homestead lest a wayfarer in need of shelter should happen by after the family had retired to bed.

"Northeast" is 23 miles from Inverness and 28 miles from Baddeck. Aside from the splendour of its valley scenery, this branch of the Margaree has renown among fishermen as the best salmon stream in Nova Scotia. There is good trout-fishing within two minutes of the highway. Caribou are hunted 14 miles from the junction of the Baddeck and Valley roads. Partridge are abundant in season. A team to Inverness or Baddeck can be hired here for $6 (one to three persons), and a "single team" for $2 a day. It is difficult to conceive a vacation place more satisfying to every sense.

Dark, craggy ranges wall a gorge with level floor down which the river glides between low pastures, here called intervales. As the stream nears the sea the mountains descend in height. Farmhouses appear on the cloud-shadowed slopes and church spires gleam on the banks. Northeast Post Office is two hours distant from Margaree Harbour. At the gulf-edge the hills become high buttresses over whose crest the road goes on to

Cheticamp. The Margaree is the dividing-line between the Scotch and the Acadian elements which inhabit this coast. Not twenty Scotch families live north of the boundary. The French landholders spread their salmon nets and set their traps for lobster within sight of their own door-yards.

At Friar's Head there is a French church and a glebe house where dwell the Abbé Broussard and his sister, shepherd and shepherdess of a scattered flock. If the traveller has perhaps bought wild berries of a *gamin* in the road and a loaf of bread made by the postmaster's wife, here at the priest's farm he will find milk to drink with them. Doubtless a glass of port will be offered and the horses watered by Achille, the nephew, before the stranger is permitted to continue on the road to Cheticamp.

Grand Étang is the only village of importance between the Margaree mouth and Eastern Harbour, in the district of Cheticamp. Here a fork of Northeast Margaree emerges through a funnel gullied in the mountains. In windy seasons the gales that blow up and down stream make the crossing of the bridge that spans it so hazardous that no one but the postman makes the attempt, and he only after ballasting his cart well with rock.

Cheticamp, 18 miles from Margaree Harbour, has the largest population of any Acadian community in Nova Scotia. In 1783, fourteen families took up land here and engaged in the fisheries, a station having been established by the Jersey firm of

Robin & Co. nearly twenty years before on Cheticamp Island, across the bay from the present village. Approaching the settlement we pass the priest's house, then the splendid church with a seating capacity of 4000 which is Cheticamp's main pride. Other houses, the little cabins where the fishermen live while on shore during the summer and well-painted stores line the harbour-front until Mrs. Lawrence's cottage is reached. Here we are received by a cheery, rheumatic old lady in whom we discover the Mrs. Wiggs of Cheticamp. Her bright panes survey the strait through which half a hundred fishing-boats pass in the dawn, and return at night with their fares of turbot, fat herring, cod and mackerel.

Sail- and motor-boats make the trip of 8 miles along the edge of the coast to lofty Cap Rouge and continue 20 miles to Pleasant Bay, noted for its sword-fish. The *Kinburn's* Thursday sailing is extended to this point. Vessels with steady keels and sturdy sides go on to Cape St. Lawrence and, rounding the northern shore of Cape Breton Island, come to St. Lawrence Bay in Victoria County and to Cape North. A little way south of this awe-inspiring reach is Aspy Bay, to which steamers run from Sydney.

The road to Cap Rouge is narrow and declivitous and only the rash will attempt it with a double team. Cheticamp Island is usually visited by motor-boat, but a road leads to it past the house

of the wedding-party described in Chapter Second as a typical Acadian festivity, and over a sand-bar where the wheels meet the surf. The island, five miles long and a mile wide, rises in the centre to a wooded ridge. At the southern point is the original Robin staff-house, patterned after a Jersey Island mansion. Fireplaces are flanked by alcoves and cupboards, the ceilings are of wood, the side-boards are built into the wall. On the cliff are the drying flakes which belong now, as do all the 1800 acres of the island, to the nephews of Father Fiset, a French Canadian priest who ministered half his life to Cheticamp and who built the Cheticamp church, for which much of the labour and all of the stone were given by people of the district.

The new Robin store and the attractive house lately placed at the disposal of manager and bachelor clerks is in the centre of the village. Visitors will find the young men from Jersey always polite, and well versed in neighbourhood trips.

The salmon pools of the Little River are 8 miles distant by horse and on foot. A 3-mile drive into the country ends at the plaster-works where forty to fifty tons of gypsum are ground in a day. The only railway north of Inverness is the short track owned by the operating company.

Small farms cover all this region whose proprietors bear the names of the original families — Chiasson, Godet, Le Blanc, Au Coin, Desveaux,

Maillet, Boudrot. Marcelin Desveaux' grandfather was the first child born in the District. He and his wife Denatile live in a cot near the highroad. The living-room is low, well-scrubbed, and carpeted with red-scrolled and gorgeously bouqueted hooked rugs. A cabinet in the corner guards a shelf of china treasures. Old chests hold home-spun cloth, blankets and woven bedspreads. In the winter, bustling Madame Desveaux and her married daughter spin, weave, hook and knit from dawn to candle-light. Summer evenings they sit through the long dusk within the doorway while the old *habitants*,— their golden wedding is not far off,— puff at their pipes and watch their darkly handsome son-in-law chisel tombstones in the yard, and letter them with white paint. This is André Poirier's profession only when there are no fox or mink to be trapped. One of the sons of sober Marcelin and robust Denatile was lost at Gloucester when a big vessel cut down his schooner, and they have daughters married in Bangor. In their *patois* chatter one gets a word now and then, as they receive the visit of the young man from Robin's and his stranger-guests. At the moment of departure a flowered vase is abstracted from the cabinet and the best mat thrust hastily into paper. One has no need to understand words then to perceive that this, in the Cheticamp way, is to say "Good-bye."

The return from Eastern Harbour, Cheticamp, may be

made by steamer to Margaree Harbour, and to Port Hood and Mulgrave. As already indicated, the valley road from Margaree Harbour to Northeast P. O. keeps on to Baddeck (Eastern Harbour – Margaree Harbour, 18 m.— Northeast, 13 m.— Baddeck, 28 m.). Other points on the Bras d'Or Lakes are within driving distance of Inverness, Mabou and Port Hood.

If the distance between Inverness and Point Tupper be completed by rail, tourists to the Lakes will have a further choice of routes. The *Richmond,* leaving Mulgrave Wednesdays and Saturdays for St. Peter's and Grand Narrows, and the *Weymouth* from Hawkesbury on Thursdays to St. Peter's and Grand Narrows may be exchanged at the latter place for the local week-day steamer to Baddeck. The *Richmond* makes side-trips to Marble Mountain and East Bay on other days. The *Weymouth* continues from Grand Narrows to the Sydneys. The *Marion,* which has traversed the Little Bras d'Or for a generation, runs on a tri-weekly schedule between Whycocomagh, Baddeck and Sydney. Passengers arriving at Mulgrave, Point Tupper or Hawkesbury (see Note 3, this chapter) may thus reach Sydney by an all-water route, most of which is through the usually placid Bras d'Or Lakes and their tributaries. If direct connection is made, the trip, Mulgrave or Hawkesbury – St. Peter's – Baddeck – Sydney will consume two days and a night, unless, travelling by the *Richmond,* one has to lie over Sunday in St. Peter's.

The rail route to the Lakes and Sydney begins at Point Tupper and proceeds north via River Denys and Orangedale. (Pt. Tupper – Sydney, 91 m. Pt. Tupper – Orangedale, 29 m.).

Orangedale is the station for Whycocomagh, at the head of St. Patrick's Channel, 8 miles distant by road. Teams are hired at the depôt. Whycocomagh is connected with Baddeck by road and steamboat.

The Bras d'Or Lakes.

The most southerly shore of the mediterranean

sea that takes its waters from the Atlantic and covers an area of four hundred and fifty square miles in the centre of Cape Breton, is removed but fifteen miles from the Gut of Canso. East Bay, diagonally opposite West Bay, extends to within the same distance of Sydney. The way to the ocean is northward through Little Bras d'Or, and out a narrow channel past Boularderie Island.

Between Orangedale and Iona the car windows afford recurring glimpses of surrounding heights and the broad body of the Lake which in places attains a width of 20 miles. There must have been a time when the gap which divides Iona from Grand Narrows was closed against the incursion of the sea. Barra Strait has a width of but half a mile. Through it, as through the man-made canal at St. Peter's, the ocean is admitted to the Great Bras d'Or.

The rail journey from Iona to Sydney (46 m.) continues by way of Grand Narrows, a hamlet well situated as a centre for trips up and down the lakes, to East Bay, Marble Mountain, et cetera. A railway bridge more than a third of a mile long links the shores of the strait. The road keeps close to the bank of the beautiful Little Bras d'Or, the views being best beyond Barachois. At a distance of a mile or two are the tree-lined shores of Boularderie Island, which has an extreme length of nearly 30 miles. At George's River the rails leave the lake, and from North Sydney Junction follow a circuitous course to Sydney, metropolis of Cape Breton.

The steamer which plies between Iona and Baddeck calls at Grand Narrows, the place where pas-

sengers from the *Richmond* and *Weymouth* are transferred, and later crosses Barra Strait in time to meet the express trains from Sydney, Point Tupper and Halifax. The voyage of 12 miles is a delightful prologue to the divertissement of shores "bold enough to be striking, rounded enough to be winsome," staged by the Master Artist about Baddeck.

The little steamer holds its course well on the Victoria County side of the border-line which runs through the Lake and bisects the Island. The Boisdale Hills rise in the east in the County of Cape Breton. Baddeck remains so enticingly hidden as to recall the cunning with which it beckoned its most distinguished celebrant and advertiser, the late Mr. Warner.[4] He approached "Scotch Baddeck" by road from Whycocomagh. From the steamer-deck we view it first through the entry that has for its left portal the light-house point and for its right, green-clad Beinn-Bhreagh, the Beautiful Mountain chosen by Alexander Graham Bell as his summer estate. The Gaelic village is only a stratum of plain wooden houses laid between hill and rimpled bay, but the atmosphere peculiar to this lake o' the ocean veils it with glamorous blue. The water in the foreground makes a mirror for gliding sail-boats and for the over-hanging boughs of craig and islet. Launches,

[4] *Baddeck and That Sort of Thing* first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* as a serial in 1874.

lumber barges, schooners, yachts share with our steamer the water-passage which opens to new bays on the west and to the long channels on the north and east which bound Boularderie Island. A row of summer villas graces an outlying bank of the harbour. The town itself is without distinction. One shambling street contains stores and hotels interspersed with houses and white churches. On side hills there are more churches and commonplace dwellings with flower-gardens. Only as the nucleus of radiating excursions can we grant Baddeck's pretensions as a summer resort: for its environment and for one other reason, its faultless summer climate. Wherefore, the liveliness of the New Bras d'Or, a hotel now more in favour than the Telegraph which Warner praised, and the air of affluence about the shops affected by holiday traffic. "With such weather perpetual and such scenery always present, sin," thought Warner, "would soon become an impossibility."

The Bras d'Or banks and hillocks were settled by Highlanders who came between the years 1802 and 1828. It is their descendants who fill the kirk on Sundays, attired in the traditional black and serious to the point of oppression. If the service be full Gaelic, not only the sermon but the singing is delivered in the throaty unmelodious tongue of the Scottish hills. Behind the intrenchment of the pulpit sit the choir and a precentor. The tune is started without the aid of worldly instrument.

Up and down a minor cadence five male voices quaver with an effect more Hindoo than Anglo-Saxon. Throats grow drier as the measures wear on. The singing is as long as the psalm has verses. Pauses occur only when induced by extreme need of breath. Stoical attention on the part of the audience is indicated by the rigorous poise of sunburned necks and out-thrust beards and chins. Like characters from MacLaren, the assemblage sits enthralled by the chant of vocable bagpipes which sum for them the harmony of harps and the angels.

Baddeck was not always given to psalm-tunes. Once Indians had their wigwams here, but they are relegated now to a reservation 12 miles on the road to Hogomah. The antiquated steam craft that goes back and forth three times a week from Sydney to the lower end of the channel takes aboard an occasional family of the wistful, slovenly Miggamack at informal stopping-places. According to an early missionary, the Souriquois, as they were called by the French, believed themselves to have been born "where they were," and that the Great or Super Being "having made them and their land as a master-piece, formed the rest carelessly." The Acadian Indians inhabit Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and upper New Brunswick, the seven "districts" of the Micmac Kingdom being Cape Breton, the seat of the chief, Pictou, Memramcook, Restigouche, Eskegawaage,

Shubenacadie and Annapolis. By the census of 1911 there were 3900 Micmacs, of which about half were in Nova Scotia. Once they were fierce and war-like; the only appeal made upon our imagination by the race of the present is their lore of the woods and their store of nature myths. Among the farms of the Bras d'Or, where every house holds its McNeil or MacPherson, the tribal designation of the Micmacs seems peculiarly apt.

The trip of 25 miles from Baddeck to Whycocomagh through the hill-skirted Channel of St. Patrick involves a night's stay at "The Head of the Bay," since the boat does not return to Baddeck and Sydney until the next morning. But ensconced in the home-like hotel which does the honours at Whycocomagh one may let several boat-days pass before being willing to relinquish the extraordinary beauties of this region. Under varying skies the highlands and the lake assume new depths, new shadows, new violets and tints of green. Across the water is an Indian church with an intricate oriental-looking tower, nearer by is a severe Gaelic one. The long sweep of field and pasture that carries to the crest of the hills is dappled with grain patches and nestling roofs above which drift the wraiths of the evening mist. The view from Salt Mountain reaches from Lake Ainslie and the Craignish Hills to Bras d'Or bays. The peak of Skye Mountain scans a still wider field of scenes that recall Old Scotland.

A circle of 90 miles is made in driving from Baddeck to the Margaree Valley, Lake Ainslie and Whycocomagh, Baddeck being reached again on the third or fourth day. The drive from Baddeck to Whycocomagh direct may be taken as a day's outing, and discloses throughout its length of 25 miles characteristic highland scenery. The Baddeck River Valley is 8 miles from the New Bras d'Or, whose proprietor will give information about further expeditions for tourists and fishermen.

The drive of over a hundred miles from Baddeck to Bay St. Lawrence, at the top of the Island, is unrivalled throughout the Provinces for its panorama of stupendous bluffs and ranges towering over the sea. The route includes Englishtown on St. Ann's Bay (20 miles), Breton Cove, Cape Smoky, the Ingonish Bays, Neil's Harbour, Aspy Bay (Dingwall village), and passes below Cape North to the deep bight that scallops the coast between Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence. Small hotels and private houses give sufficiently good accommodation and in many cases afford insight into a life primitive in the extreme. At Baddeck a two-horse carriage can be secured at the rate of $5 a day for the trip, with an additional $2 a day added for the driver's board and feed for the horses. Forty miles a day may be averaged over a fair road, so that the entire distance of 200 miles is frequently covered in a week.

At Englishtown, St. Ann's Bay, was born the "Nova Scotia Giant," Angus MacAskill, who toured the world with Tom Thumb. One of his shoes is preserved at the Whycocomagh hotel. His height was 7 feet, 9 inches, his chest measurement 80 inches, and his weight 425 pounds. His grave makes "a new promontory" on the gnarled coast of St. Ann's. The author of *Baddeck* has written no more humorous page than the one devoted to this Cape Breton phenomenon. The presence of tunny-fish has of late years

attracted noted sportsmen to Bay St. Ann, where they are taken with hook and line. Three centuries and more ago French fishermen were settled here.

The wagon-road from Sydney via Big Bras d'Or village emerges at Englishtown. At this place teams are ferried a mile across St. Ann Harbour. The bold highway along the Atlantic continues to the cliffs and water-falls of Indian Brook. Twenty miles to the north, beyond Wreck Cove and Skir Dhu, rises the ruddy mountain cape called "Smoky" for the perennial wreath of fog about its thousand-foot crest. The great headland whose beauty is a tradition in Cape Breton, forms the southern bulwark of Lower Ingonish Bay, whose shores, like those of the North Bay, are sundered by precipices and bulwarked by magnificent escarpments that attain a height of 1000 to 1400 feet. At Ingonish, about 70 miles from Baddeck and from Sydney, there is a comfortable hotel. This town so gloriously environed was for long a prosperous fishing-station.

The road leaves the coast, traversing a desolate plateau all the way to Aspy Bay. The over-night stop is made at Neil's Harbour, a rugged village, 20 miles from Ingonish, and facing the sea at the end of a short by-road. Achepé is the Indian and Aspé the French name of the bay into whose blue depths crept the first trans-Atlantic cable. Here came also John Cabot, if the records read truly, and for him Sugar Loaf, highest summit of the bewildering Aspy range, is sometimes called. Pleasant lodgings await one at "Zwicker's," and a feast of mountain views. Bay St. Lawrence, behind Cape North, Land's End of Nova Scotia, is a drive of an hour or two northwest of Dingwall. Here the grandeur of the coast scenery rises to its zenith. Awful tales of wrecks and blasting storms are told about the fireplace of the hospice. Ten miles off this terrifying coast is the Island of St. Paul, whose reefs are littered with broken hulks. Due west are the Magdalen Islands.

Bay St. Lawrence, Aspy Bay, Ingonish and Bay St. Ann's are served by steamers which leave Sydney and North Sydney at regular intervals during the week.

The journey by steamboat through the Great Bras d'Or from Baddeck to Sydney is accomplished in about seven hours, the distance being 55 miles. The channel of the Little Bras d'Or, on the opposite side of Boularderie Island, is wider and in some places much deeper than the one usually navigated, but has a more restricted outlet. Adjectives are misleading in this case as are adverbs of direction throughout Nova Scotia, where one hears of journeys "up to New York" and "down to Labrador." Labrador, it may here be observed, was the name originally applied to the Bras d'Or or Braddore Lakes. As we know, the French made free with all the names they came upon in the uncharted Canadas. The "Arm of Gold" is, however, so analogous to the configuration of this devious body of water that in this instance they obliterated an inappropriate name to confer one poetically descriptive.

The Big Arm is hemmed by the woods and farms of the long narrow island whose name is that of its first proprietor, a Frenchman. Back from the mainland shore the mountains of St. Ann lift to the north. A sole-shaped peninsula crowds the channel close as the sea is approached, then turns out to the toe at Cape Dauphin. The steamboat rounds the shattered Point of Aconi, essays the unsheltered waters of the Atlantic, sailing above vast fields of coal that here extend miles into the

sea, and drops down shore to the capacious harbour of Sydney.

The first call is at North Sydney on the North West Arm of the harbour. The steamer then crosses 5 miles to Sydney, situated on the high bank of South Arm.

North Sydney – Sydney by rail, 17 miles via the Junction. A steam ferry-boat traverses the harbour.

The Sydneys and Louisbourg.

North Sydney is a squalid port through which the traveller will flee as hurriedly as time-tables permit — to Newfoundland, St. Pierre – Miquelon, Louisbourg, Arichat, Bay St. Ann, Ingonish, Aspy Bay or Bay St. Lawrence by steamer (see foregoing paragraphs in fine print); or south by rail over the Intercolonial's line. The ill-favoured streets of the town are excused by the presence within 3 miles of Sydney Mines, the great bituminous coal plant of the Nova Scotia Steel Company. The Sydney Coal Field has an area of available coal estimated at 300 square miles with a capacity of 14,000,000,000 tons. Besides numerous small ones, there are ten seams three to twelve feet in thickness. The shipment of coal from this harbour began nearly two centuries ago. In 1839, 70,000 tons were produced by Sydney Mines, which then had a working force of "500 men, three steam engines and ninety horses." The present yield is

over half a million tons a year. The total annual production of all the beds worked from Sydney peninsula is now about 4,000,000 tons. The Dominion Coal Company alone employs 5400 persons. This syndicate, formed in 1899 with a capital of $20,000,000, has transformed from an indolent village to a thriving and attractive centre of trade the old provincial capital of Sydney. The mines at Glace Bay on the northeast coast may be conveniently visited by tram car. Iron and steel are manufactured from ore obtained on Bell Island, Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

Sydney has a present population of about 20,000. Its situation on a superb harbour, which has been a refuge for navigators since the earliest history of Cape Breton, not only conduces to trade but creates a delightful summer environment. A favourite drive follows the northern shore to Low Point (13 m.) and may be continued to Lingan and Glace Bay. Other roads take a southerly direction to Sydney River and East Bay, and to Mira River (12 m.) whose outlet is in the markedly beautiful bay of the same name which rounds inland just north of Louisbourg. Mira River and Bay are both frequented by fishermen, the former for its salmon and trout and the latter for its July tuna fishing. The river is navigable for 30 miles and is toured by steamboat from Louisbourg.

The S.S. *Weymouth* connects Sydney and North

Sydney with Port Morien, Louisbourg, and Gabarus, continuing to Arichat, Mulgrave and Hawkesbury.

Louisbourg, 24 miles from Sydney as the bird flies, is 42 miles by railway. The road with its branches serves the important mining communities on the coast. At Glace Bay (15 m.) was despatched in 1902 the first wireless message across the ocean. From the station at Mira (29 m.), Scatari Island appears to the left, separated from the mainland by Mainadieu Passage. Cormandière Rocks lying off its extremity are the most easterly bit of land belonging to the Maritime Provinces. Five miles south of Mira Bay, a direct line drawn to the coast would touch Cape Breton, so designated by Biscay fishermen who came hither from France in the Middle Ages. New Louisbourg, at the end of the railway, is the prosaic and grimy child of a city whose muniments once bounded the hopes of New France.

The Grand Battery of the Fortress of Louisbourg faced the sea from the southerly hill-side of a harbour three miles long whose arms were reefs and promontories. When in 1713 Louis Fifteenth became undisputed master of the Royal Isle, he commanded that a mighty defence be raised at the outpost of his possessions. In 1720 his behests were fulfilled by the construction, at untold cost of labour and gold, of citadel, casemate, parapet, merlon, arch, portcullis, glacis, moat, field-work,

dyke and palisade that the glory of France might be upheld on the new continent. A hundred guns were mounted in the embrasures of the main battlement, and seventy more upon the outworks of Lighthouse Point and Battery Island. Six hundred picked regulars filled the caserns, and there was a large body of armed citizens. Louisbourg, the insouciant, boasted that so impregnable were her bulwarks that, if need be, wives and mothers of the town could keep the garrison gates.

The fortifications were scarcely completed when war was again declared between France and England. The New Englanders had for a long time chafed against the rising power of their neighbours on the north and in 1745, after a siege lasting many weeks, forced the surrender of "the best equipped fortress in North America" under conditions which have not yet ceased to astonish the world. Colonel Pepperell, a former merchant who had attained high position in the Massachusetts militia, commanded the land attack from Gabarus Bay, on the south. Admiral Warren was at the head of the fleet.

The outline of the New Englanders' camps is still traceable above Kennington Cove. Remnants of the French stockade and breast-works, and a wall pierced by four crumbling arches are to be seen by driving south a short way from New Louisbourg. On the spot where Pepperell accepted from Governor Duchambon the keys of the

citadel, the American Society of Colonial Wars erected a commemorative column in the one hundred and fiftieth year after the surrender.

New England's spectacular achievement was annulled by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1749) by the signing of which Britain ignominiously disregarded the valour of her colonies and bartered Cape Breton for the island of Madras. But in another ten years hostilities were again renewed between the rival contestants for the realm of Canada. Out of the harbour of Halifax sailed Wolfe and Amherst in the spring of 1758. Louisbourg was again besieged from the land and from the harbour, and for the second time capitulated before the superior strategy of her assailants. Following Wolfe's victory, English troops were drilled on the fields of Louisbourg for the struggle which was crowned by the defeat of Montcalm. Walls, breast-works, bastions, all were demolished after 1760. For months, labourers worked with pick and powder to level the ramparts of the City of Louis. Cellars and chimneys of the fishing hamlet which grew up in later years were made of stone brought originally from France to build the fortifications. A circuit of the bastion sites,— King's, Queen's, Dauphin's, Princess',— comprises a drive or walk of about two miles. A plan is now being agitated to restore some of the old forts and town buildings, and to raise memorials in the cemeteries to those who died for Britain and for France.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND THE GASPÉ SHORE

CHAPTER IX

ST. JOHN AND THE SOUTH COAST

The Islands of Campobello and Grand Manan.

. . .

St. John.

St. John is accessible from the United States by more routes than any city of the Maritime Provinces. Moreover, all New Brunswick roads lead to it directly or by connection, and it is separated from Nova Scotia by a water journey of but 47 miles. Its rapid advance as a shipping port to the rank of second largest in Canada is due to its being the Atlantic terminus of two transcontinental railways, the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk System, and the Canadian terminus of more than a dozen cargo and passenger steamer lines sailing to and from every quarter of the world. As a winter port for trans-Atlantic companies, St. John is in the ascendency over Halifax. Though the latter city is two hundred and fifty miles nearer Liverpool, it is a third again further from Montreal than is the commercial centre of New Brunswick, and a much longer distance from New York and Chicago. It is authoritatively stated that the

harbour of St. John is the only one north of Cape Hatteras which has never been frozen, the Fundy tides having in this case proved a beneficent agency. Once there were but three ports under the British flag where more vessels were owned than in St. John, but that was in the period before metal hulls superseded hulls of stout green-heart.

The entrance to the harbour from the Bay of Fundy is flanked by rocky arms which narrow toward the outlet of the great river discovered by Champlain and de Monts on the fête day of St. John the Baptist, June, 1604, following their voyage to the Annapolis Basin. Partridge Island frowned upon their intruding sails as it frowns still upon the labouring, steaming, drifting procession that constantly passes beneath its gloomy banks. Into this "port of heroes" sailed the ships of de la Tour and Charnisay, and gallant Villebon. Frigates battled at its mouth whose masts flew the Lion and the Fleur de Lys. The timorous craft of New England settlers and the black hulks of reckless privateers braved the tidal estuary before May, 1783, when a valiant fleet of twenty vessels bore three thousand Royalists to a place of disembarkation on the right bank of the harbour opposite old Fort Frederick. The landing was at the foot of the street which was fittingly called "King" by the Tory founders of the city. In 1784 there were more than nine thousand Loyalists on the sterile site of St. John. It was not

A NEW BRUNSWICK RIVER IN LOGGING TIME

until a year later that the settlement first called for Governor Parr took the name of its river.

"The scenery around St. John," says an old-time writer, "possesses nothing indicative of the fertile regions to which it leads." In truth the city is builded on rock whose acclivities have defied time and the blaster. Ecclesiastical towers crown the dun pile of buildings which rises from the harbour-front to the long rolling crest that looks off to the Bay of Fundy. Steamers land at Reed's Point at the end of Prince William Street. The latter thoroughfare, which shows an imposing row of façades belonging to commercial and government buildings, terminates in the market-place at the foot of King Street. The tram line crosses the same open space coming from the Union Station and runs up the King Street hill past the Tourist Bureau, railway ticket offices, shops, banks and the Royal and Victoria Hotels. The progress of this wide main street is interrupted at Charlotte Street by King Square. Principal stores and theatres, and many of the city's best churches and residences are within four blocks of this shady plaza. A little to the east is the plot where the Fathers of St. John buried their dead. Children roll their hoops and nursery-maids trundle perambulators down paths edged with sunken stones which present to the curious eye archaic tributes carved a century and more ago.

The Loyalist Church stood on the opposite side

of King Square. All that was left of it following the fire horror of 1877 which levelled ten miles of streets and 1600 buildings was the escutcheon of the British Empire which had hung in Boston State House during the turbulent years that immediately preceded the revolt of the Colonies. The coat-of-arms is now in Trinity Church whose lofty spire rises above the site of the city's first meeting-house.

Other public structures in the vicinity of King Square are the Masonic Hall, Court House, City Market, Imperial Theatre and Opera House. Beyond the latter on Waterloo Street is the Roman Catholic Cathedral with good interior decorations and windows.

The magnates of St. John rebuilt their clubs and homes out Germain Street and about Queen Square after the fire. In Germain Street is St. Andrews Church, grandmother of all the Presbyterian congregations of New Brunswick. Even a brief tour of the city should include a sight of Queen Square and its mansions. A three-century-old French cannon hoisted from the bed of the harbour, and a life-size bronze of Champlain add historical interest. The Exhibition buildings and a new Armoury occupy prominent situations at the seaward end of the St. John peninsula. To the east is Courtenay Bay which every twelve hours becomes alternately a stretch of water and a yawning bed of ooze. The bay, and the harbour-front

west of the city are the object of far-reaching plans which will materially increase St. John's terminal and manufacturing facilities.

At the top of Germain Street's aristocratic incline, looking toward the north, stands the stolid Church of St. John's with its broad stone base and old-fashioned steeple dating back ninety years. The aspect of this rising lane of substantial stone buildings capped by the sombre self-contained temple is the most typical in the city. In contrast with the ancient edifice is the domed and porticoed Library Building erected ten years ago by the bounty of the Scot whose name is chiselled over the doorway. In 1883, St. John founded the first free library in Canada. Among its 30,000 volumes is a collection presented by the British Museum from its duplicate books. The wall bears a tablet placed in honour of Samuel de Champlain and Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts,[1] on the three hundredth anniversary of the day the harbour and river were first entered by the explorers of the Bay of Fundy.

An old house in this neighbourhood offered hospitality to the Duke of Kent, and also to his grandson, Edward, Prince of Wales. A short walk west of the Library brings one to the Museum of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick which contains a creditable array of Abenaki curios and

1 Champlain was born at Brouage, Province of Saintonge, 1567 and died at Quebec on Christmas Day, 1635. De Monts also born in Saintonge, in 1560, died at Paris, 1611.

craft implements, besides specimens of native minerals and animal life. A curator is in attendance and the admission is free.

The summits of the North End of the city are ascended by tramway, motor-car or sight-seeing wagons; some for whom an unremitting climb has no terrors go on foot down into the vale and up the steeps. Ruts in the highway show rock beneath a thin stratum of earth. Almost no trees are to be seen until Rockwood Park is reached, beyond the Public Gardens. Only horse-drawn vehicles may enter this five hundred-acre recreation ground of varied delights, executed by nature and but lightly touched by the guiding hand of man. Lily Lake verges on the Drive which continues into Mount Pleasant Avenue. Above the road, beautiful homes with vine-draped walls have as their daily meed one of the superb views of the province.

Directly above Navy Island and the wide turn of the harbour is the sheer eminence from which, in 1778, the first Fort Howe watched against New England privateers, who had already ravished Fort Frederick on the Carleton shore. The existing fortification is of later construction. From this elevation one sees on a day unmisted by fog the harbour, its thronged wharves and the Bay of Fundy in the foreground, and in the rear, the islands, coves and verdant promontories of the famed Kennebecasis.

A hill-side road descends to the river from Port-

land Heights past Riverview Park, with its stilted memorial to South African War heroes. At a point where the high, rocky banks of the stream are contracted to a width of less than five hundred feet, two splendid bridges span a restless chasm. From this vantage-point we may observe the spectacle of a river flowing three ways at every change of tide — downward, on a level and upward. The dignified St. John having throughout its course of four hundred and fifty miles received the tribute of countless minions in Maine and New Brunswick,— having drained great lakes and wide inlets, is confronted in its augmented majesty by a tortuous channel-gate at the very jaws of the Bay of Fundy. This were complication enough for a river that had been swollen, then abruptly compressed. But the out-fall of the St. John is still further harassed by prodigious tides that rise here to a height of twenty-five feet. An engineer who in 1761 witnessed the phenomenon of a river turned back upon its course twice in every day, reported: "The current runs down till half-flood, and up till half-ebb. The falls are smooth every half tide for fifteen to twenty minutes. The greatest rise at the rapids is equal to half the rise of the tide." At low tide, the piled-up waters of the river are higher than the sea. At full tide the incoming flood of Fundy is higher than the river. Therefore the fall at the gorge is down-stream when the surge is toward the sea, and up-stream

when the sea shoulders back the river. For one hour in each twenty-four the struggle is relaxed, the strength of the forces then being equal. Small boats take advantage of the armistice to skim in or out through the twisted passage, but no vessel, little or big, ever dares the fury of the waters when in combat.

The drive through the suburb of Fairville and out the Manawagonish Road is especially enjoyable for the views of the open Bay and of inland beauty-spots. The Old Manawagonish leads back to Lancaster Heights whose landmark is the circular watch-tower built just a century ago by British regulars as a guard over the approach to the harbour. During early Italian wars such towers contained alarm bells which were struck with hammers. The name Martello may be derived from the Italian word for hammer or, what seems more plausible, it is applied out of compliment to the Corsican designer of round outlooks who was surnamed Martelli. Below the turreted sconce is the beach from whose stones it was fashioned, and further south a bay-side pleasure park.

Fort Dufferin commands the mouth of the river from the west or Carleton side of the harbour. This depressingly ugly suburb whose water-edge is faced with immense warehouses and deep water terminals is a ferry-trip distant from the foot of Princess Street, St. John. A short walk north

from Nelson Slip are the remains of Fort Frederick, which the English took from the French in 1758, defended against the Indians in 1776 and lost to the Americans the year after. Though authorities do not agree as to the situation, it is commonly accepted that the Huguenot trader, Charles La Tour and his wife had their station on the Carleton shore, and that Fort Frederick stands upon the foundations of the original four bastions built in 1635. The enmity between La Tour and Charnisay, rival lords of Acadie, has received brief mention in another chapter.[2] Lady La Tour's romantic exploits have been immortalised by poet and fabulist, and extolled by historians as among the bravest deeds performed by woman in any century. During de la Tour's absence in Boston to secure assistance against de Charnisay, who was commissioned by the French court to arrest him, Marie, Lady of La Tour, stayed alone at the fort attended by a garrison of half a hundred. She had already proved her mettle by crossing to France and England in her husband's behalf and in escaping at one time under the very nose of Charnisay's ships to a relief vessel from Rochelle which had carried Charles and Marie to Massachusetts, where a fleet had been assembled formidable enough to temporarily vanquish their enemy.

In the winter of 1645 Charnisay, learning from

[2] See under Annapolis, Chapter VI.

spies that Lady La Tour was in command of the fort, attacked with a single ship. But Marie Jacqueline was possessed of resource and courage that over-matched the foe's assurance. The besieging vessel retired with two score dead and wounded, and without having brought down the flag above the stockade.

Still La Tour did not return, fearing capture by the enemy's ships, and in two months de Charnisay mustered his forces at Port Royal and made a new onset, this time from the land along the Carleton shore. He met resistance so effectual that defeat would again have been his portion at the hands of the Lady Marie but for the connivance of a sentinel, who for a bribe kept silent at the approach of the attacking party. Even then the Baron of Port Royal could not capture the garrison by force but made terms which his heroic opponent accepted to save the lives of her supporters. When he found himself in possession, he violated his word, hung the garrison man by man, and compelled Madame La Tour to look upon the execution. Even a heart staunch as hers could not surmount such accumulation of misfortune. In less than a month after the surrender of the fort so long and ardently guarded, her spirit failed and she passed away. It was six years before her husband returned in possession of patents that established him master of the trade of Acadia, his rival having been drowned in Annapolis Basin the

previous year. The marriage of Madame de Charnisay and La Tour in 1653 achieved, surely at the cost of sentiment, "the peace and tranquillity of the country, and concord and union between the two families."

All that St. John lacks in personal attractiveness is compensated by the fairness of her surroundings. A week of drives, sails and walking-trips will not reveal all the nooks and vistas that await discovery. Rothesay, Loch Lomond, Millidgeville, Grand Bay, Westfield lie on good roads that pass within sight of river or lake shore through country diversified by woods and farmland. Water-trips are available by steamers that leave regularly by the River St. John for Fredericton (84 miles) and towns on its numerous auxiliary bodies.[3] A pleasant course is taken by a small steamer which leaves several times a day from Millidgeville (tram from St. John) for landings on Kennebecasis Bay. Schedules, routes and fares are conveniently outlined in a booklet issued by the Tourist Association, 23, King Street, together with information about hunting and fishing trips.

The South Coast – Campobello and Grand Manan.

The Shore Line Sub-Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway has a daily service from West St. John (Carleton). The line follows the coast to St. George (48 m.), Bonny River, and St. Stephen (84 m.) near the Maine fron-

[3] See Chapter X.

tier. At Brunswick Junction (69 m.) connection is made with St. Andrews over a line running from McAdam Junction (St. John – McAdam Jc., 84 m., on the way to Montreal, Bangor and Boston via Vanceboro, by Canadian Pacific). Schedules are so inconveniently arranged for the connection to St. Andrews at Brunswick Jc. that the route usually taken is the Canadian Pacific out of West St. John and from McAdam Jc. to the coast via Watt Jc. By this route, St. John – St. Andrews, 126 m. St. Stephen may also be reached via McAdam Jc.[4]

The Maritime Steamship Company has a small vessel in service between St. John, St. George and St. Andrews which leaves Thorne Wharf every Saturday morning.

Twice a week the *Grand Manan* sails from Turnbull's Wharf, St. John, and calls at Campobello Island and Eastport, Me., on the way to the Island of Manan. The same steamer has regular sailings between St. Stephen, Campobello, Eastport and St. Andrews.

The tri-weekly Coastwise Service of the Eastern Steamship Corporation (St. John – Portland – Boston) makes its first call at Eastport, from which there are local lines to towns also served by the *Grand Manan.*

St. George has but a single bait for tourists and that a waterfall formed by the Magaguadavic River which a short distance from the village sweeps over a ledge and springs a hundred feet into a turbulent chasm. Bonny River, 6 miles beyond St. George on the railway, is at the entrance to the Magaguadavic Valley game district of Fredericton County, which is dotted with camps and hunting lodges.

[4] Northwest from McAdam Jc. a branch of the Canadian Pacific proceeds to Woodstock, Grand Falls and Edmundston. These towns are also reached from Fredericton.

Passamaquoddy Bay is separated from the outlet of the St. Croix River by a hilly triangle. St. Andrews occupies the tip of the wedge. Deer Island faces it, and Campobello and Grand Manan lie in the order named out in the Bay of Fundy, off the coast of Maine. Sheltered, yet cooled by breezes from every quarter, St. Andrews has long been a retreat affected by summer colonists. Within the earthworks of a dismantled fort above the town is the summer residence of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. On Minister's Island, Sir William van Horne has erected a palace and a bevy of barns. The new Algonquin Hotel overlooks the water from rising ground. The St. Andrews Inn is near the beach. Both are under Canadian Pacific management. The Golf Course is the scene of annual tournaments which attract the best players of the Canadian Clubs. The social atmosphere is more rarefied in St. Andrews than at other Provincial resorts. The writers of pamphlets like to call it the Newport of New Brunswick. The old families of the Scotch seaport, the Pagans, Garnetts, Potes and Campbells, have much fine plate and many heirlooms in mahogany. The frames of some of the houses were brought from the United States during the Loyalist hegira. The Tories who settled here were especially reputed for the fervency of their patriotism. One Scotch father who had seven sons recognised in

them an opportunity to express his zeal for the Crown. Each new arrival was baptised George in honour of the reigning sovereign.

The tourist will not fail to see the canopied pulpit in the Greenock Church. The building itself was begun in 1817 and completed a few years later by a well-to-do captain who essayed to make it a monument worthy of the town and of his generosity. He ordered a carved oak tree to be embossed upon the face of the tower in memory of his native Greenock, or Green Oak, in Scotland. To the cabinet-maker who fashioned of mahogany and bird's-eye maple "the finest pulpit in the province" he gave a free hand. No nails were used in fitting the parts. Exquisite care was expended upon joints and panels, and the cost, according to St. Andrews' tradition, was twelve thousand dollars. The first minister of the church is buried in the adjoining yard. Besides performing his clerical duties he had time and disposition to found the "St. Andrews Friendly Society" to which all the town's best-born of a hundred years ago belonged. The members bound themselves to converse only "upon Religion, Morality, Law, Physics, Geography, History and the present or past state of nations." As this curriculum would keep their meeting-hours reasonably well occupied, they agreed, Scotchmen all, to make pause for no other refreshment than "spirits and water."

The Passamaquoddy Indians, a tribe peaceable

enough now, have a legend that white men planted a cross on the edge of the bay and called the spot St. André. In this way they account for the name of the town and for that of the river, St. Croix. Beneath the shadow of Chamcook Mountain, which is no mountain, but an abrupt hill 400 feet high standing back of St. Andrews, a French ship dropped anchor on a June day in 1604. From it were unloaded cannon, implements, brick and provisions upon an island which was baptised St. Croix. On the way up river by steamer from St. Andrews to St. Stephen one gets an excellent impression of this island, now called Doucet's or Dochet's. This was the location chosen by de Monts for his first colony. He, Champlain and eighty companions lived within and about the fort which was placed at the upper end of the island. Grain was planted, and other preparations were made looking toward the establishment of a fixed settlement. Then winter came down upon them with a fury undreamed-of in their native France. Hostile Indians, the ravages of an incurable scurvy, a meagre supply of fuel and water combined with the cold to make hideous this first season in the New World. With the arrival of spring all that was portable was removed to Port Royal, and St. Croix was definitely abandoned. The island is now included within the limits of the town of Calais, Maine. A boulder north of the lighthouse carries on its face a bronze tablet to keep in

mind those who lived here three hundred winters ago.

Lescarbot's *Chronicles* describe the formation of a literary society by members of the pitiful colony "in order that the spirits might be sustained by sundry pleasantries." At intervals, a series of papers were issued under the title *Maitre Guillaume*, which Lescarbot called "a bulletin of mirth." There is no question that this hand-script composed by witty, brave and cultured Bretons was the *avant-coureur* of all the journals of our continent.

At St. Stephen one may take a trolley car into the United States. Calais is at the other end of the bridge which crosses the international boundary formed by the St. Croix River.

Campobello Island, 16 miles from St. Andrews, is separated by a narrow passage from Moose Island, on which is situated the Maine town of Eastport. From St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Eastport, Campobello is accessible by steamer. Though within the bounds of Canada this sea-blown isle with contorted shores belongs in its entirety to an American Stock Company who have erected a large hotel and annex, laid out a golf course and improved the paths and roads which dart among the woods and ride the cliffs in endless number. One might spend a year of holidays exploring this little realm composed of

beaches, cliffs, glens and acres of cone-bearing trees. A Welsh grantee, William Owen, named the island in 1770 for Lord William Campbell, then Governor of Nova Scotia, of which New Brunswick was still a part. The soil being fertile, he contrived the pun — Campo-bello, a Fair Field. Before 1765, the English called it the Great Island of the Passamaquoddy. In its many Welsh place-names it reflects the nationality of the family who retained the property, two miles wide by ten miles long, for over a century. On the east shore there are sharp-pointed cliffs, on the west arable slopes. The principal drives from the Tyn-y-Coed Hotel [5] are to Southern Head; to Bunker Hill and Eastern Head, the last-named peaks being the highest on the island; to Man-of-war Head via the hamlet of Welshpool, and to Herring Cove.

On the way from wintering on St. Croix, the remnant of de Monts' colony "took shelter over night at Menane during which night were heard the voices of the sea-wolves." Champlain said this island "six leagues in extent" was called by the Indians, Manthane. The Passamaquoddy word *munaan* means "the island." Petit Manan draws close to the Maine coast, but Grand Manan stands doggedly against the tides at the very portals of Fundy. Boisterous currents which catch among its scraggy reefs hurl their spray

[5] Terms, $3.50 to $5 a day. Another hotel, the Owen, is less expensive.

high against tall cliffs that hurl it back again in the face of old ocean.

The length of the island from north to south is under 20 miles, the extreme width 7 miles, the distance from the borders of Maine, 9 miles, and from Campobello, 12 miles. The steamer lands at North Head, the principal port of the island with unpretending hotel accommodations. Here the bluffs rear sky-ward with the vigour of Blomidon. Behind the town is a cemetery filled with graves of the ship-wrecked. The west coast opposes to the mainland a wall several hundred feet high which affords only one refuge for fleeing vessels. Dark Harbour and Money Cove are haunted by tales of treasure-trove and Captain Kidd. A road from North Head passes through half a dozen little fishing-ports and emerges upon the out-flung ledge of Southwest Head, where gulls wheeling about the light-house remind us that on this point Audubon studied these sea-birds before writing his book about them. Gannet Rock, 4 miles to the southwest, is the most isolated of the Manan group. On the fangs of its spreading shoals many a fog-blinded pilot has driven his ship to its death. Board may be obtained at small inns or private houses in North Head, Whale Cove, Grand Harbour and Sprague's Cove. For the splendour of its marine and cliff views, its unconventional villages and bracing atmosphere, Grand Manan merits high praise as a vacation island.

CHAPTER X

THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER ST. JOHN

St. John — Fredericton — Woodstock — Grand Falls — St. Leonards — Edmundston.

. . .

The rail route from St. John to Fredericton is via the Canadian Pacific (66 m.) through Grand Bay, Westfield and Fredericton Junction, where the road turns north from the main line, St. John – Montreal.

The Victoria Steamship Company and the Crystal Stream Steamship Company leave on alternate week-days from Indiantown, North End, for the capital city, 84 miles up the St. John River.

The *Victoria* and the *D. J. Purdy* are moderately good river-boats, though far inferior to those found elsewhere in the world on streams of so great importance as highways of travel. The journey to Fredericton consumes about 8 hours by the *Victoria,* which is somewhat faster than its competitor. The noon meal served on board is rather better than those experienced — one uses the word advisedly — on most Provincial steam-boats.

The river whose flow is deepest and broadest between St. John and Fredericton has been extolled as a superior combination of the most romantic water-ways of this and other continents. It must needs be a very prodigy of a river to merit the comparisons drawn by exaggerative visitors and by native writers over zealous for the scenic fame

of their mother province. A commissioner writing from Annapolis in 1783 pronounced it "equal to the Connecticut *or* the Hudson," but more recent scriveners have declared it paramount in pictorial beauty to the Hudson *and* the Rhine. Between the shaggy snout of Boar's Head and Gagetown (47 m.) ranges of sharply silhouetted hills are effectively displayed on either bank; the river's width is amplified by deep bays and coves, and grassy islands mark the middle course. Bounteous pastures and well-planted farms rise from the water-edge and cover the breast of the upland. Along the lower reaches of the river are inviting colonies of villas and rustic cabins among groves that cling to the ledge of bluff and shelving beach. Beyond Gagetown the prospect subsides in breadth as in beauty. Above sedgy-looking shores is an occasional knoll with its dawdling village; steamer landings are stacked with the crated harvest of orchard and farm; log-rafts drift past the tawny mouths of down-creeping rivers; here is an Indian canoe, there a skimming launch, or a lumber schooner with bellowed sails. The St. John has no thrilling moments. One is impressed by it as by broad-bosomed maternity. Its presence is stately, benevolent. It gathers its children from the west and the east and moves spaciously down a productive valley to the sea. In the spring it bestows an alluvial blessing upon island and low meadow, so that thick grasses spring up and

form herbage "unsurpassed by the natural grasses of any portion of the American continent." The apples grown in valley orchards have a high reputation for their flavour and blooming cheeks. One of the eight New Brunswick shires watered by the St. John, the County of Kings, produces in a year a million and a half pounds of rich cheese and butter. In profile, the narrow peninsula of this county which lies across the outlet of the river plainly resembles on the map of the valley a running horse with ears laid back and mouth dropped open. Along the under line of the outstretched neck is the expansive bay formed by the Kennebecasis River. Long Reach, a straight passage 20 miles in length, extends from the muzzle to the ears, and Belleisle Bay from the crest to the withers of this imaginary steed.

The steamer makes frequent calls at wharves from which passengers and produce are embarked. Above Hampstead (33 m.) the channel is cumbered by a group of oddly-shaped islands endowed with "intervale" soil. Twisted Long Island has a pond in the centre. Lower Musquash admits the river to its heart through a slender strait. At this point Washademoak Lake joins the out-going flood. Ten miles to the north is Gagetown, the seat of Queens County.[1] On the other side of the river

[1] The St. John Valley R. R. (St. John – Grand Falls) has recently been under construction between Gagetown, Fredericton and Woodstock.

Grand Lake emerges between the curved shores of the Jemseg. The largest colliery in New Brunswick is on the banks of this sizeable body of water which is traversed bi-weekly by steamers from St. John to Chipman, on the Salmon River, a total distance of 100 miles. The estimated supply of the Grand Lake coal-field is 150,000,000 tons. Duck, deer and moose inhabit this district.

The mouth of the Jemseg was chosen as a strategic point of defence by the French in 1640. The fort erected here was the object of an assault by the English in 1654 and was held under the English flag for nearly twenty years. Villebon, Governor of Acadie, made Jemseg his capital until 1692 when, on account of its susceptibility to floods, he abandoned this position for one 30 miles up-stream nearer the Malecite villages. A memorial has been set up on Emenenic Island to a company of Frenchmen from St. Malo who established a settlement there in 1611.

Tributary to Grand Lake are Maquapit and French Lake on whose borders have been unearthed examples of pottery used in the Stone Age. One urn tooled in the rush pattern and decorated with lines of dots, is in the possession of the New Brunswick Historical Society. It was taken from an island in Maquapit Lake in 1904. Similar discoveries have been made in the Kennebecasis Valley, where implements fashioned from carnelian and chalcedony have been spaded from

their hiding-places. Opposite the convergence of the Oromocto River and the St. John is Maugerville (71 m.), significant as having been the scene of the parent settlement of the English in this province (1763). This part of the Valley has always been a hunting-ground for the Indians of the Malecite branch of the Abenaki or Etchemin family. Their Micmac cousins are also Abenakis, and both tribes are of basic Algonquin stock. The language of the Malecites resembles the Passamaquoddy rather than the Micmac tongue. Champlain who was the first to record their existence called them *Les Etchemons.* By 1679 they were almost exterminated through contests with the English. A few years later a French priest wrote that they were "brave as the Francs and Romans," severely chaste and honourable. He declared there was no blasphemous word in their language and that lying, thieving and vulgarity were almost unknown. Many of the Malecites, of whom there are about 700 in New Brunswick, have intermarried with the French of the upper St. John counties.

A few miles above Maugerville appear the embowered banks and hills of the capital of the province.

Fredericton is a base for hunters in the fall and winter, and for fishermen in the spring. At all times it is an agreeable place of residence. Tourists are most impressed by the park-like rows

of shady streets and by the bulk and effectiveness of provincial and government buildings which seem irrelevant in so village-like and placid a community. Fredericton is remote enough from larger and more broad-minded towns to be and also to appear self-sufficient. Since 1787 it has been the seat of the province and until the last quarter century barracks and drill-ground were gay with red coats. Before New Brunswick's first governor called it Frederick Town for the second son of King George III, the town then occupied by French Acadians was known as St. Anne's Point. Villebon's fort on the opposite bank of the St. John was the centre of a still earlier settlement which, in 1696, was cannonaded by a Massachusetts force assembled to avenge the joint French and Indian attack against Pemaquid. In this engagement the New Englanders lost twenty-five men and precipitately retired to their sloops, leaving Villebon's garrison almost intact.

The steamer landing is within a short walk of the shops and hotels on Queen Street. In the centre of the town surrounded by a level sward is the old Officers' Building whose balconies and arcades make a pleasing appeal. The things-to-see in Fredericton are limited to the Anglican Cathedral and the Parliament Building in east Queen Street, the handsome Post Office and old Government House in the west end of the town, and the University. The cathedral's Gothic walls

FALLS OF THE NEPISIGUIT RIVER, NEAR BATHURST, NEW BRUNSWICK

show softly grey against a background of heavy foliage. Architecturally the edifice has unusual merit. A tablet within commemorates General Smyth, the one-time Lieutenant-Governor of the province whose name was given to the first steamboat which ran between St. John and Fredericton, the year being 1816. The Parliament Building is visited for the tower view, for the portraits in the Assembly Hall and the treasures of the Library.

Near the cathedral, at River House, lived the English woman of letters, Juliana Horatio Ewing whose husband, Major Ewing, was stationed at this garrison for two years. One of Fredericton's sons is Bliss Carman, born in 1861 in a house also on the shadowy river-bank. He and his cousin, Charles G. D. Roberts, who is a native of Douglas, New Brunswick, are great grand cousins of Emerson. In the country north of the Bay of Fundy, Roberts acquired his first knowledge of woodcraft, but began his career as a writer after coming to live in the capital.

When Prince Edward of Wales came here in 1860 he stayed at Government House on the outskirts of the town. In the grim stone mansion he received the visit of a party of Indians who came in canoes from their village across the river and made him presents of blankets and feather-work. Later he returned their visit. Other notable guests entertained under this historic roof were

the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught (1869), the Earl of Dufferin, Sir John McDonald, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Derby, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Lansdowne and Earl Minto.

The University of New Brunswick is situated a little over a mile from the town on a well-shaded height.

Visitors remaining in Fredericton for any length of time will enjoy driving past Wilmot Park and the grounds of The Hermitage to Spring Hill on the way to Woodstock, and across the bridge to Marysville, a lumbering town 3 miles up the Nashwaak. The Fredericton Tourist Association will outline canoe trips and shooting and fishing excursions into the great game woods of which Fredericton is the rail centre.

The Fredericton Division of the Intercolonial Railway runs for 129 m. northeast along the course of the Nashwaak and Miramichi Rivers to Loggieville on Miramichi Bay, Gulf of St. Lawrence. At Chatham Jc. (112 m.) the road crosses the trunk line of the Intercolonial Railway, Halifax – Montreal. The timber country served by this branch is important for the production and manufacture of lumber, and is visited during three seasons of the year by trout and salmon fishermen, and trackers of deer, moose, bear and caribou. Boiestown and Doaktown are principal outfitting headquarters for sportsmen and their guides.

McGivney's, 34 m. from Fredericton, is at the junction of the Intercolonial branch and the Transcontinental Railway, Moncton – Edmundston (230 m.) via Chipman (Grand Lake), Plaster Rock, Grand Falls and St. Leonards. This line traversing the forests of the province from the south-

east to the northwest corner is the New Brunswick Division of the great national highway of the Grand Trunk System which is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific.

As indicated above, the Grand Falls of the St. John may be reached from Fredericton by the Transcontinental Railway via McGivney Jc. A more frequented route is over the Canadian Pacific Road, Fredericton – Woodstock (via Newburgh Jc.) – Grand Falls, 138 m. Another route is by way of the new St. John Valley Railway (see Note 1, this chapter).

The Middle St. John may also be viewed from the river-boat which goes from Fredericton to Woodstock (64 m.) via Kingsclear, the impressive outlet of the Pokiok River, Canterbury and Northampton. The river rapids provide rugged sport for the canoeist, who may go all the way to Grand Falls or make by-excursions on tributary streams with short portages.

Woodstock — Grand Falls — Edmundston.

Few tourists essay the routes that wind west and north of Fredericton, but those who do are compensated by the breadth of vigorous forests and wild river views, and by the glorious cataract of the St. John, which of itself is enough to reward a journey to this section of New Brunswick.

Woodstock is situated on the short road which links the Canadian Pacific line from Fredericton with the one that runs up from St. Andrews and McAdam Junction to the Maine frontier (see Note 4, Chapter IX). From the Grafton side of the twelve-piered bridge that spans the St. John, the town makes a graceful picture reclining in an arena of rounded hills with the river for foot-stool. Carleton County, of which Woodstock is the capi-

tal, ranks in fertility and abundance of miscellaneous crops with the richest agricultural areas in a province said by a Harvard authority to be superior as a farming region to any New England state.

Beyond Woodstock and Newburgh Junction the journey along the St. John is diverted by characteristic New Brunswick scenery — steep hills running up to low mountain peaks, rough patches of trees with peaceful intervening pastures, the paraphernalia of lumbering and milling, logs hurtling through boisterous waters, brooks chattering down secretive glens, grey river rocks that serve as precarious pedestals for well-accoutred fishermen . . . In this country angling that is sport for well-dowered visitors is a vocation for men to the wilderness born. At Perth, 48 miles above Woodstock, a railway follows the classic Tobique for 28 miles to Plaster Rock on the Transcontinental Line. Across the St. John from Perth is the village of Andover which to fishers of salmon signifies canoes, guides and the provisioning of weighty pack-baskets. Guests at Perley's forget the ticker-tape in comparing rods and the newest thing in reels. Friendships are made or sundered on the question of a fly, reputations gauged by the scales.

Canoemen know a way to paddle and pole from Andover to the Bay Chaleur by the Tobique and

Nepisiguit Rivers, with short and infrequent carries.

The railroad swerves close to the frontier at Aroostook Junction, and sends off a branch into Maine. The Aroostook Valley as far as Presque Isle, 34 miles from the Junction, belonged to New Brunswick for fifty years following the international boundary settlement of 1783. Consequent upon a show of arms in a border dispute that waxed hot enough to threaten the peace of two countries, the territory was conceded to Maine in 1839 by a complacent British commissioner.

The railway climbs higher among the hills during the journey of 18 miles from Aroostook Junction to Grand Falls. Here the river makes a wide detour and holds the village within the curve. As the train nears the bridge which carries the rails to the opposite bank of a frothing gorge the Falls come startlingly into view up-stream. Over the lip of a daring precipice the narrowed flood vaults in a perpendicular cascade that caroms from ledge to ledge and sends off clouds of mist. The town is on the level plain above. A little way from it we come to the edge of the river and follow its course to the brink where without warning it tumbles over with a protesting roar. The measure of its descent is 80 feet. Spume and prism-ray light the sullen chasm and play against the bold wet flanks. In the logging season the

sticks of voyaging trunks pierce the luminous vapour like black arrows, or leap far above the foaming stream, then drop again to grind and tangle in whirlpools at the base of the canyon. Any town child will show the way to the stairs that give a view of the cataract from the side, or will point out the Caves and the seething Coffee Mill, the Great Well and Pulpit Rock, and relate without fail the old tale of the Mohawks and the Malecite women which is adapted to the exigencies of every important water-fall in the province.

Beyond Grand Falls the River St. John performs a service for the Dominion and the United States by marking the boundary for nearly a hundred miles. Madawaska County was settled by the Acadians who were dispossessed when the English occupied central New Brunswick. St. Leonards is the terminus of the International Railway which takes the general direction of the Restigouche River and crosses the Upsalquitch on its way to Campbellton, a station on the main Intercolonial line.[2] These names signify less to the tourist than to the sportsman. The journey of 112 miles from the St. John to the Bay of Heat has its distractions in scenes relating to the deep woods. Lumbering and farming are the occupations of all the male inhabitants who are not engaged in the remunerative profession of "guiding"— remunera-

[2] By following this route a circuit of the province can be made without retracing steps. Campbellton – Moncton, 186 m.– St. John, 276 m.

tive at least in the moose yards and on the sovereign streams accessible by rail from St. Leonards. The New Brunswick forests are especially rich in hemlock, hackmatack, spruce, maple, elm, oak, birch, beech and ash, of which exports to the value of $5,000,000 are annually shipped from the province. About 300,000,000 feet of lumber is cut in a year. A modest proportion of the total output is retained for the domestic manufacture of wood pulp, shingles, laths, boards, blinds, doors, sashes. On main rivers there are numerous saw-mills which are fed by branching streams that carry the felled trees swiftly, with the aid of agile "drivers," to the place of their dismemberment. Each log bears its owner's brand on the butt so that little confusion arises at the "sorting" when individual rafts are assembled to be towed down navigable currents by tugs.

The hotel at St. Leonards is quite surprisingly modern in its appointments, the proprietor having had consideration for the trend of sporting traffic from the United States over the Boston and Albany and Canadian Pacific Roads into the heart of the New Brunswick woods. The new International Bridge crosses the St. John from St. Leonards to Van Buren, Maine, where connection is made with the Bangor and Aroostook Railway.

The route northwest of St. Leonards bears through an Acadian farm country to Edmunds-

ton, also a railway centre of some importance. Three lines join here, two of them to diverge again in opposite directions. This is the end of the Canadian Pacific division from Fredericton. The new Transcontinental Railway continues from Edmundston into Quebec. The Temiscouata Railway, whose northern terminus is on the St. Lawrence River at Rivière du Loup, Quebec, makes a right angle at Edmundston (81 miles) and follows the St. John to Connors, N. B., 32 miles west of Edmundston. A few miles beyond Connors, the St. John River enters Maine, the state of its birth, its head being near the source of the Penobscot, 450 miles from the sea.

CHAPTER XI

ST. JOHN — HOPEWELL ROCKS — MONCTON MIRAMICHI — BATHURST — CAMPBELLTON DALHOUSIE

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A FOURTH of the ninety-mile journey from St. John to Moncton is beautified by successive scenes along the Kennebecasis Bay and River. Opposite Riverside the middle bay is obstructed by Long Island which shelters on the west the picturesque rowing course that has served many valiant oarsmen. A road leads away from the bay to the misted hills and blue waters of the Lomond chain of lochs where there are good hotels frequented by anglers and lovers of gentle vistas.

Rothesay is a most delectable suburb. Its views, its water-life and its summer society distinguish it among all the towns about St. John. Lakeside and Hampton are its nearest rivals on this route. All three turn their backs to the railway. Their comely features are better appreciated from a punt or a sail yacht on the bay.

Another resort much in favour for its fair situation is St. Martins, on the Bay of Fundy, 30 miles from Hampton by a branch whose time-table

varies according to the day of the week. St. Martins boasts a conchoidal beach as symmetrical, if not so vivacious, as Spanish San Sebastian's, and though no king lives upon her harbour hills there is sport fit for kings in pond and brook. Moreover — here New Brunswick distinctly scores over Biscay — wild deer are so tame and plentiful that they join the cows browsing in the field, and feathered game hover within rifle shot of the hotel verandah.

Norton, 10 miles beyond Hampton and the head of Kennebecasis Bay, is the gate-way to another primitive game region pierced by a mining railroad that extends 45 miles to Chipman on Grand Lake. Sussex and Petitcodiac are the market towns of prosperous farming country. At Salisbury, 13 miles below Moncton, a daily train takes its leisurely way to Shepody Bay, Fundy's uppermost arm, passing in sight of the Petitcodiac River and its contiguous marshes, and arriving in something less than two hours at Hillsboro, 24 miles to the east. From that point the rails turn south to Alpha on Chignecto Bay, nearly opposite Sussex. Hillsboro's thoughts are centred on plaster, but the traveller who strays thither is bent upon reaching by an 8-mile road the tide-sculptured phantasies of Hopewell. A motor drive of 20 miles from Moncton is a less fatiguing means of arriving at the same end. The goal of both routes is Hopewell Cape which twice a day bears

the onslaught of Fundy as it charges the bar of the Petitcodiac. A rampart of reddish cliffs two miles long and 40 to 80 feet high, rasped and distorted by the friction of the currents, twisted, arched, modelled by the diablerie of the waves, presents a gallery of rock forms unequalled in their wanton, oft-times sublime caprice. Along the base of the wall are caverns supported by columns wherein one fears to discover crones mumbling sorceries and brewing strange draughts. The Sphinx and The Little Giant are detached shapes cunningly etched by wind and water. A pillar 50 feet high is poised on a slender pediment as true in balance as though a master craftsman had installed it. Fundy was the craftsman. Fundy's handiwork created the magic of the Hopewell Rocks.

Two miles across the neck of Shepody from Hopewell Cape is the shore of the long peninsula that divides the brown waters of this bay from Cumberland Basin. Here at the mouth of the Petitcodiac are created the conditions immediately responsible for the breaking of the bore below Moncton. The tide of the Atlantic having been quickened and heightened by a progressively narrowing coast line all the way from Cape Sable, the maximum impetuosity is reached in the cramped channel of Chignecto Bay which in turn compresses to Shepody Bay, whose torrent is vented in the Indians' Pet-koat-kwee-ak, "the

river that curves in a bow." About 15 miles above Hopewell Cape the river's straight sides draw together, then veer abruptly. The lower stratum of the inrush is checked, but the crest of the water forges on, forming a watery ridge that carries around the bend and sweeps past Moncton. The wave parapet is most impressive at high noon on a spring day when the moon is full. Under such conditions it reaches a height of five or six feet. But visitors who betake themselves to Bend View, where there is a little park off the main street of Moncton, below the Post Office, usually see a moving wall not more than two or three feet high, and sometimes disappointingly less. The bore exhausts itself below the railroad bridge. Quite as interesting as this natural curiosity is the rapidity with which a vale of slippery, sandy clay is transformed into a river of sea water. The return of the flood, whose escape has left red desolation in its wake, is announced by a far-away murmur that deepens to a roar as a line of white wheels 'round the curve at the head of the invading column. In an incredibly short time disheartened ships straighten on their keels, the water steals up to the plimpsails and erases the glaring ugliness of denuded banks. The rise and fall of the tide approximates 30 feet at Moncton, though spring tides may attain twice this height.

The river before the city of Bordeaux, France,

60 miles from the sea, has a bore similar to that of the Petitcodiac whose approach is announced to idlers on the Place des Quinconces by the loud tolling of a bell.

Moncton is a comparatively new city of 14,000 inhabitants whose homes, churches, school buildings and street improvements reflect a rising prosperity. Industrially it is progressing when other Canadian towns are standing still. Its manufactures vary from barrels to wire fencing, from biscuits to caps. The Intercolonial car shops employing 2000 men, occupy an extensive area on the outskirts. The executive offices of the system are in the centre of the town, surrounded by attractive residences. Particularly charming are the flower gardens of the General Manager of the Government Railways, whose house is close to the station, and nearly opposite the grounds of the Brunswick Hotel.

An inexhaustible supply of natural gas is obtained from wells across the river,— or across the river-bed as one must say at certain times of the day,— 9 miles from the city. The first wells were sunk in 1859. The New Brunswick Petroleum Company has a lease until the year 2107 of 10,000 square miles in Albert County. Of the seventeen wells operated, ten are "gushers." The gas obtained is said to be the purest and to have the highest heat power known. It is produced at the rate

of some millions of cubic feet a day. The cars of the efficient Moncton street service are run by natural gas power.

As a converging point for New Brunswick rail lines Moncton is next in importance to St. John. It lies half way between Halifax and the Quebec border. The Intercolonial road to St. John starts from here. The branch to Shediac and Point du Chene (18 miles) via Painsee Junction gives communication between Moncton and the Prince Edward Island steamer landing. Another branch 32 miles long connects this busy centre with Buctouche, a cool village on Northumberland Strait whose name to epicures is synonymous with good oysters.

East of Moncton on the main Intercolonial route to Nova Scotia are the towns of Memramcook, Dorchester and Sackville (38 m.). Between the last-named station and Amherst [1] the train traverses the sea-made and dyke-reclaimed Marshlands of the Tantramar, through which the provincial boundary-line passes. Sackville is the seat of Mt. Allison University which comprises colleges for both sexes. An important group of buildings is situated in the centre of the town. One of the very few public collections of paintings in the Provinces is exhibited in the Art Institute.

The Government has recently taken over the New

[1] See head of Chapter VIII.

Brunswick and P. E. Island Railway which runs between Sackville and Cape Tormentine (37 m.). At the latter point the Island mails are despatched in the winter when the Strait is so jammed as to be navigable only by the unique rowing-sledges that manœuvre water or hummocky ice with equal facility. Cape Tormentine will be the terminal for the Car Ferry to be instituted by the Government between the New Brunswick shore and Cape Traverse, Prince Edward Island, 9 miles distant.

At Memramcook, 16 miles from Moncton, the College of St. Joseph was established more than forty years ago by the sainted missionary, Père Lefebvre, who ministered to both the Acadians and the Indians. The Micmacs still speak endearingly of him as "Pèle Lefeble." His church would have honoured him with titles and monuments. He was the Junipero Serra of the Provinces. Like the great Franciscan he deprecated homage and acclamation. When he was asked what memorial should mark his tomb, he answered poetically, "Sow the grass over my grave, and if flowers grow there, do not pluck them."

North of Moncton the shore is almost entirely peopled by French fishermen whose villages, if served at all by railways, lie on branch lines. From Kent Junction, 50 miles on the way from Moncton to the Quebec frontier, a road goes to Richibucto and St. Louis. The latter is the New

Brunswick St. Anne de Beaupré. The Acadians have faith in its sacred well for the healing of physical affliction.

The Kent County fisheries are immensely productive, the waters of the Strait and the Gulf of St. Lawrence yielding oysters, clams, lobsters, and millions of pounds of mackerel and smelt. On either side of the Intercolonial main line, between Kent Junction and Chatham Junction are tracts teeming with trout streams. Toward the centre of the province are the big game forests traversed by the railway between Fredericton, Chatham and Loggieville.[2]

Chatham, 11 miles from the Junction, is on the shores of Miramichi Bay, which widens from the mouth of the assembled Miramichi Rivers into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Six thousand square miles of the huge, thinly populated square, whose four corners are Chatham Junction, McGivney Juncton, St. Leonards and Campbellton, are drained toward the sea by the Southwest, the Little Southwest and the Northwest Miramichi, which together form the second most important river system in this well watered province. Chatham is the most active shipping-port on this easterly coast, and together with Newcastle is an outfitting point for sportsmen going into the Miramichi preserve, whether it be for bass, trout, grilse or salmon, caribou, moose, deer, wolves, foxes or bear,

[2] See fine print following Fredericton, Chapter X.

THE MEETING OF THE RESTIGOUCHE AND MATAPEDIA RIVERS, AT THE QUEBEC FRONTIER

or for a birch-bark canoe journey away into the wilderness. The head waters of Miramichi tributaries are within comparatively easy portages of the St. John and the Tobique Rivers on the other side of the province. In 1825 scores of lives and 3,000,000 acres of Miramichi Valley forest were destroyed in an appalling conflagration which, nearly a century later, the inhabitants awesomely refer to as the Great Fire.

There are 52,000 French in the Catholic diocese of which Chatham is the ecclesiastical capital. Journeys by launch or steamer to Bay du Vin and Burnt Church, and up the Gloucester Coast to Tabusintac, Pokemouche and Shippegan afford passing impressions of grey little hamlets that from season to season are whipped by the raging gulf winds. Often must these *pecheurs* repeat with their Breton brothers:

> Lord, ere we go, to thee we trust our all,
> Thy sea is mighty, and our boats so small!

A railway skirts this coast from Tracadie to Shippegan and Caraquet and goes thence to Bathurst on the main line.

The name Burnt Church calls to mind the reprisals unjustly committed against Acadian settlers who inhabited the north side of Miramichi Bay a century and a half ago. The commander of the vessel which was bearing Wolfe's body to England sent members of his crew ashore at the

mouth of the river for fresh water. When they did not return and their bodies were found savagely mutilated, the French were accused of the deed. The captain forthwith slew the inhabitants, destroyed fortifications and burned the church opposite Bay du Vin, only to discover when the tragedy was complete that the Indians, perhaps the very ancestors of those who still live hereabouts, were the authors of the crime.

At Escuminac Point, east of Bay du Vin and about 35 miles from Chatham, Cartier first sighted this shore in June, 1534, and landed somewhere near.

The river forms a pleasant highway by which to proceed from Chatham to Newcastle. From both the water and the land side the seven towers of the radio telegraph station at Newcastle make a formidable display. Danish capital financed the construction of the plant and of its companions on the coast of Ireland and California. Messages have been sent overland from this port in Eastern New Brunswick to San Francisco, 3250 miles away. Aërograms from Ireland, received at the rate of 150 words a minute, are relayed by wire to Montreal, which is the company's main distributing point for press and commercial messages. The central receiving tower is built of steel and is 500 feet high.

Newcastle, seat of Northumberland County, rivals Chatham in the importance of its lumber

and fish industry. More than 125,000,000 feet of sawed timber goes out of these ports in a year. The two northwest townships of the County of Northumberland have an area of a million and a half acres, of which only a thirtieth part is inhabited, the remainder being an almost trackless forest interlaced by lake and river. Here the moose is suzerain and man the intruder.

At Bathurst, 122 miles northwest of Moncton, Joseph Cunard once had a shipyard on the estuary of the Nepisiguit River. Nicolas Denys, a still earlier inhabitant of neighbouring shores, spelled this Indian name for "rough water," Nepigiguit. Somewhere on the border of Nepisiguit Bay he is thought to be buried. We have his own record that he had a habitation "*sur le bord de ce bassin.*" Probably it was to Ferguson's Point that he retired in 1672 "*aprés l'incendie de mon Fort de St. Pierre en l'Isle du Cap Breton.*" His house was guarded by a palisade with four bastions and he had "a spacious garden."

Summer attractions are not wanting within the confines of so well-situated a town as Bathurst, but the traveller who breaks his journey here will do so with the main intention of seeing the Falls of the Nepisiguit. A mining road from a junction ten minutes' ride south of Bathurst carries one to the Pabineau Rapids and up to the cataract. The distance of 20 miles may also be covered by motor-car. "The roaring, destroying giant" of

the Malecites, one of the five great salmon courses of New Brunswick, follows a rock-fretted channel to the ledge of a precipice where it casts the full breadth of its stream down a granite stair 30 to 40 feet wide, then crashes with tremendous effect into a ravine deep shadowed by upright cliffs. From a hill above the falls one gets an unobstructed view of the master leap and the tumultuous aftermath.

Four times a week passenger trains leave Bathurst by the Gulf Shore Railway for Caraquet, the harbour of Shippegan and Tracadie Mills (80 m.). Norman, Acadian and Jersey French compose the population of Caraquet (50 m.) which is distinguished as being the largest and oldest French settlement in New Brunswick, and one of the chief fishing centres of all the province. Here, off the tall cliffs of Chaleur Bay, are the most northerly oyster grounds on the Atlantic side of the continent. This thoroughly characteristic fishing-port was the site of a Robin entrepôt as early as 1837. That the mackerel fisheries are profitable may be judged from the experience of one fisherman who took 7000 of the largest possible size —" so big their tails had to be turned up in packing "— from a string of 35 nets in a single night.

Near Caraquet in Le Bocage, a grove of beech and birch, is a hallowed chapel to St. Anne. From this woodland shrine there is a wonderful

view of the Gaspé Mountains on the north shore of Bay Chaleur. Caraquet has other visions less material. On nights preceding heavy wind and storm the horizon is blazoned with the shape of a flaming boat. This is the Fire Ship. Every one has seen it at some time, to many it has appeared more than once. And all whose eyes behold are fearful of the morrow. On the night of June fifth, 1914, the blazing vessel ignited the heavens. There are plenty to tell you so. And on the sixth day of that month was there not a lashing hurricane so terrible that the fleets of all this coast paid crushing tribute in lives and ships?

Under the left pinion of Chaleur's winged outline the railroad keeps on toward the Quebec border with the bay almost constantly in view. The station at Jacquet River receives its quota of anglers. At Charlo more vacationists alight, attracted by the Charlo woods and the romantic Charlo River. The branch train is waiting at Dalhousie Junction for passengers who have elected Dalhousie as their goal. If they have come by the Ocean Limited from the south it will be after dark when the rambling wooden hostelry is reached which fronts the sea a mile or two from town. Thus the revelation of the view from the hotel windows is reserved until morning. With the coming of daylight the stranger is confronted by the notched sky-line of the Gaspé shore above the Bay de la Chaleur, a vista unsurpassed in the

Provinces. The Gaspé Mountains lift their spires over 3000 feet toward the dome whose radiance is but rarely misted by fog. The winds of the gulf moderate in the bay to refreshing zephyrs. The water is warmer than at resorts much further south. Before the Inch Arran's doors are four little islands where guests row out to picnic or to pay cautious visits to lively lobster-pots. Those geologically inclined seek the arched rock and other remarkable formations on the beach below the hotel. Scientists frequently come here to examine the peculiar cellular rock fabric, and strange agates and fossils. The Indians called this shore, "a place of bright stones." There are knolls back from the water where one looks off to the range that companions the Restigouche, and down to Dalhousie at the river's outlet.

Balmy hours slip by amid the long grasses or the range light point. Across the water a cargo schooner flying Norway's flag glides to port along the Gaspé shore. Indian nomads plash by at your feet, canoes heaped with rods, buckets and knotted bundles. The women's bronze faces gleam where the sun strikes cheek-bone and forehead. The men wear broad hats, but their squaws' black hair is bared to the ruffling wind. They paddle silently, ignoring the white man's salutation. Suddenly, something quivering high against the blue holds their gaze and yours. An osprey! With eyes telescopic he sees from a great height

what is passing in the water. He cannot swim, but when he has gauged well the position, he drops unerringly, is immersed, the prey is grasped in his spiky talons, and rising heavily the fish-hawk makes off with his silvery burden.

> The sailing osprey high is seen to soar
> With broad winnowing wings, and circling slow
> Marks each loose straggler in the deep below,
> Sweeps down like lightning, plunges with a roar,
> And bears his struggling victim to the shore.

Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Restigouche, is only 6 miles from Maguacha Point on the Gaspé shore. Further west on the triangular estuary of the same river is Campbellton. One of the final contests between the French and the English which definitely "quenched the glory and destroyed the western dominion of France" took place in this vicinity in July, 1760.

Campbellton, ringed by a barricade of hills, is at the junction of the Intercolonial line and the International Railway to St. Leonards. Every Wednesday and Saturday morning a small, not overly comfortable steamer leaves this port for Dalhousie and towns on the Gaspé coast. The voyage to Gaspé Basin consumes a day and a night. A steam ferry connects Campbellton with Cross Point, 13 miles from Metapedia on the Quebec Oriental Railway.

The Restigouche is navigable for 180 miles and has a harbour 18 miles long. Its devious track

through the wilderness is bordered by stately heights and shadowed by cliffs and dense forests. Only a tenth of the area of Restigouche County has been taken up by settlers. A little way above Matapedia the Upsalquitch swells the flood of the Restigouche, which here forms the frontier line between New Brunswick and Quebec. At Matapedia Village the full-flowing stream rounds into the Matapedia River at the base of tree-clad steeps which rise in majestic perspective from every shore.[3]

Having crossed into Quebec our journeyings during the next chapter will carry us along the Bay Chaleur and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the eastern extremity of the Gaspé Peninsula, now a part of Quebec but formerly numbered among the Maritime Provinces.

Matapedia – New Carlisle, 98 miles by the Quebec Oriental Railway. New Carlisle – Gaspé Basin, 104 miles by the Atlantic Quebec and Western Railway. A through passenger train leaves Matapedia every week-day at 10:20 A. M. Atlantic Standard Time, and arrives at Gaspé Basin 20:25 (8:25 P. M.). As the railway dining station at New Carlisle is not reached until after 3 o'clock and the present very astute management has barred food shops and vendors from the vicinity of way stations and from the cars, travellers will do well to provide themselves with a cold repast to be eaten en route.

Eventually this coast line is expected to be taken over by the Government, when the service throughout will doubtless be improved. Whatever the present inconveniences of slow

[3] See under "Sports — Fishing," Chapter II.

and crowded trains, the beauties of Percé and Gaspé and the scenes en route more than compensate. Half-fare tickets are issued to "nuns, priests, children and Indians." A considerable saving on whole-fare tickets is effected by purchasing a return ticket, Matapedia – Gaspé Basin – Matapedia. Travellers may, however, find it agreeable to vary the journey by going one way by steamer from or to Campbellton.

The Quebec Steamship Company maintains two steamers which touch at Halifax, Pictou, Charlottetown, Summerside, Percé and Gaspé on the way to Quebec and Montreal. See under "Steamers from the United States" and "Steamers from Canadian Ports," Chapter I. Leaving New York on Saturday, Gaspé is reached on the following Wednesday.

CHAPTER XII

THE GASPÉ SHORE

THE Bay de la Chaleur is responsible for the creation of the great "near island" of Gaspésie which but for this deep indentation would continue from the portals of the River St. Lawrence into the New Brunswick coast line. The interior of the Peninsula is a maze of mountains, forests, mines, fishing waters, plains and high barrens. The area of nearly three million acres is portioned into three counties, Matane, Bonaventure and Gaspé. The north shore has fewer villages than the south, and no railway. Above the Bay Chaleur defiles a splendid range of serrated peaks which climb down to the margin of the sea, terminating there in massive cliffs and ramparts.

The principal settlements are on coves and bays where fishing craft flock like homing sea-birds. Into these serene havens sailed the Bretons who entered this "biggest bay" long before Cartier piloted his ships thither while seeking a water route to far Cathay.

Lescarbot disputed Cartier's statement that this *golfe* was "hotter than Spain," saying a rule had

been implied from an accident of heat, "for the bay being in 48½ degrees latitude could not be so hot as that country even though it was in July that he came here." Cartier's account in the original makes it very plain that he meant no reflection, but rather wished to emphasise the balminess and fertility of these northern shores where the natives revelled in fruits and wild grains and were so little restricted by inclement weather that they went about their fishing clad "like the Egyptians." Baedeker and other writers of handbooks persistently denote this arm of the sea as the "Bay des Chaleurs." Map-makers name it the "Baie du Chaleur." Cartier who christened it said, "*Nous appellasmes ce golfe, golfe de la chaleur.*"

Not only the seas but the rivers of Gaspé are full of fish. The Nouvelle, a mountain stream sought for its lively trout, has its outlet near Carleton opposite the wide mouth of the Restigouche. Carleton lying in the shadow of Mount Tracadièche is the commercial centre for a productive agricultural district and in summer-time commands a clientele which enjoys the fishing and the mild boating and bathing. The Grand Cascapedia is the Restigouche of Peninsula rivers, a salmon stream pre-eminent for the weight and vigour of its fish. New Richmond set round by the hills behind Cascapedia Bay was for many years the favoured fishing resort of the Dominion's Governors-Gen-

eral. Lessees of the Grand and Little Cascapedia go into their lodges from New Richmond and Cascapedia Village. New Carlisle is the headquarters for sportsmen who follow the salmon of the Bonaventure, and is the capital of Bonaventure County. This was another of the many locations chosen by Loyalist emigrants in 1784. Free land and free provisions for a year were granted by a grateful Crown.

After the fall of Quebec, capitalists came from the Island of Jersey to establish fishing stations in Cape Breton and on the coast of the Bay Chaleur. One of the first of such firms to traffic in cod on the Gaspé coast was the one founded by Charles Robin who came to Paspebiac in the brig *Seaflower* in the year 1767, following the final concession of Canada to the English. The Robin vessels were lost to American privateers who invaded this bay in 1788 when its shores were wild and unpeopled, but business was resumed a few years later. Robin, Jones and Whitman whose headquarters are in Halifax have succeeded to the trade and maintain the traditions of the original establishments. Each one of their thirty stations has a staff residence for the bachelor clerks of warehouse and store. The dried cod is exported to Portugal, Spain, Brazil, and the West Indies. In good seasons the fishermen may earn from $300 to $500 each. Le Boutillier Brothers, another firm of Jersey origin founded at Paspebiac in 1838,

has important interests on the Gaspé shore, the initials "BB" denoting their ownership of docks and drying plants.

Herring so burden the nets of this richest fishery that like the caplin in Newfoundland and Miquelon they are used to fertilise the soil.

Beyond Sea Wolf Cape and Mackerel Point the coast leaves Chaleur and breaks into buttes and sharp forelands facing the open Gulf. The view from the water embraces the undulating summits of the Shikshock Mountains looming behind the cliffs and forming a great sheltering wall for the little harbours at their feet.

At Cape Cove (160 m.) Percé Mountain comes so close to the sea that the railway must tunnel it to reach Corner of the Beach (173 m.). At either of these stations, or at Caron's Crossing, 3 miles east of Cape Cove, arrivals for Percé will be met if the proprietor of the Percé Rock House is notified in advance.[1] The distance from the Crossing is 5 miles by way of Anse à Beau-fils — Son-in-law Cove — and down a hill road which keeps in view the Island of Bonaventure, the Pierced Rock and the brilliant cap of Mount St. Anne. The approach from Corner of the Beach is usually by

[1] Guests having heavy baggage should so advise the hotel management and should alight at Cape Cove or Corner of the Beach, as there is no depôt or baggage master at the Crossing. The train from Matapedia arrives at Cape Cove at 6:30 and at Corner of the Beach at 7 P. M. The journey from Percé to Gaspé may be continued by launch (3½ hours).

launch across Mal Bay, an alternate route being the arduous but magnificent way over the mountain. From the bay the faces of the ragged Murailles are unbared like cross sections of the earth variegated in tint and structure. The Grand Coup is a 650-foot precipice of brick red whose flattened apex shows a shroud of green from the land side. The Little Cut adjoins it. Loveliest of all are the three turreted cliffs that form the corner flank of the amphitheatre which rises behind the village.

As a picture town Percé is without an equal on the Atlantic littoral and more to be admired than many places annually marked for pilgrimage by throngs of tourists. The composition of its background, the grouping of vivid cliffs and isolated domes declining in bright green slopes to the Gulf were spectacular enough. Add to the stagery sinuous roads that lace the velvet pall with buff, and bosk and coppice spread like dusk shadows across the sward; place low white houses and a towering steeple at the plinth of the smooth mountain-side and the implements of sea toilers along ribbon beaches whose coves are separated by a high estrade, and culminate the scene by mooring opposite the jutting plateau and within bow-shot of it a detached crag with upreared prow — a colossal block of bare limestone meshed with the tints of sunset, veined with white, gemmed with crystals, fringed by a grassy lambrequin and clouded

SOUTH COVE, PERCÉ, SHOWING THE PIERCED ROCK

by the wings of flapping gulls and cormorants.

The Rock is more than 1400 feet in length. The prow-shaped or landward end measures 288 feet from tip to base, the broad sea end, 154 feet. Beyond is the outer column of a mighty arch which collapsed over seventy years ago. A French writer of 1675 said there were then three perforations. In 1815 the centre one had been so expanded by the force of the waves that boats in full sail could pass through. Forty years ago the present large opening, high enough to accommodate a thirty-foot mast, was only twelve inches across. Many incipient arches show on the sides. One has pierced the pillar that stands astern. Masses of rock fall each year. Imbedded in the flaming stone are millions of fossils so rare that weighty treatises have been inscribed upon them.

A hundred years ago several tons of hay were cut every summer from the slanting summit, the feat being accomplished by means of ropes and an ingenious scaffolding. But Peter the Eagle once ventured too daringly on a sheer point of rock and fell to his death. Those in charge of the community's well-being from that time forth forbade the ascent. Recently, complaints reached the Government that the cormorants which for untold decades have shared the top of the *Rocher Percé* with nesting gulls were destroying the salmon nets of Mal Bay fishermen. A youth from Bonaventure Island who inherits the temerity of a

privateering ancestor vouchsafed to climb the almost vertical sides and destroy the marauders. Protests from the townsfolk spared the birds, for which all lovers of wild life will be grateful. One has only to observe the feathered colony through a telescope to refute the thread-bare fiction that the gulls and the cormorants inhabit separate ends of the rock and make war upon intruders from either band. In the meadow of tall herbage the slender sea-crows and grey herring-gulls mingle with indifference, maintaining their households, preening their coats, stalking awkwardly about their common domain, trying their wings at the edge of the cliff, chattering with such vehemence that the clamour sounds all day in the ears of the village. The gulls lay their eggs on the ground, their black neighbours build upright nests of twigs. The cormorant weighs about seven pounds, being larger and longer bodied than a wild goose. In England and also in China this diver is bred and trained to fetch fish for its owner, as spaniels retrieve birds. At the British Court there used to be an officer who bore the title, Master of the Cormorants. The gulls and the gannets fly in groups of five to fifteen, keeping always above the sea but as close to shore as possible when foraging. The cormorants fly singly. All the bird dwellers leave Percé Rock in the winter but in the spring come winging back to make their home on this chosen pinnacle.

At low tide the Rock is separated from Mount Joli by a narrow sand-bar. Denys believed they had once been united by an arch, and this is confirmed by savants who find geologic relation between the two. Structurally the Percé cliffs, gullies and mountain crests are of immemorial origin. Geologists come here to fathom principles of the earth's tissues, to learn from scarred surfaces by what processes this primordial coast attained its disparate forms. The beach facing the Rock is a source of limitless instruction and amusement. Here are stones mottled red and purple, tipped and barred with white, streaked with chocolate, ruled like a chessboard, spangled with lime crystals. The boulders heaped about the base of Mount Joli present profuse examples of rock texture and stratification. Occasionally a split stone is found bearing the imprint of a fossil or the fragment of a petrified vertebrate. Dr. Clarke, Curator of the New York State Museum at Albany and a scientist especially versed in the wonders of the Gaspé coastal formation,[2] was one day searching this beach when he casually tapped with his hammer a large cobble. What was his elation to disclose in its petrified bed an unblemished specimen, seventeen inches long, of a trilobite, "great-

[2] The Gaspé region is geologically related to New York State. See *The Heart of Gaspé,* by J. M. Clarke, and the Memoir prepared by Dr. Clarke for the New York State Educational Department, *Early Devonic History of New York and Eastern Canada.*

est grandfather of the lobster." The average length of specimens found in fossiliferous rock about Percé is from one to two inches. Mr. Briard, the agreeable and well-informed Jerseyman who keeps the store near the steamer landing in North Cove, frequently has small fossils and other geological curios in his show-case.

The grass-grown promontory of Mount Joli divides North from South Cove. On the brink at Cap à Canon is the villa of an American artist, the late Mr. Frederick James, who first came to Percé thirty years ago and returned each summer enticed by its lights, its colours and amazing outlines. Many individual tableaux were perpetuated by his master brush. Certain canvases have been excellently reproduced on post cards which are obtainable from Mr. Briard, or at the Percé Rock House of Mr. Bisson. A royalty of one cent a card is devoted by the widowed mistress of the villa, the beloved Lady of Percé, to a fund for the poor.

Immediately below Cannon Cape, whose name brings to mind Anglo-French and Anglo-American naval battles fought in sight of the Rock in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is South Cove where the Robin drying stage and houses are. The company store is elaborately stocked with commodities ranging from spices and spinning-wheels to hand-made laces. In this part of the world a wheel for twisting wool or linen thread is

an every-day article of merchandise whose staple price is five dollars.

The crimson half-dome of Mount St. Anne crowns the emerald glacis that stands behind the village. Twelve hundred feet above surf is a shrine to which pilgrims climb on the name-day of the fishermen's patron. Visitors not infrequently make the ascent for the out-reaching view of the Gulf and Mal Bay, of the rich-hued landmark which legend has compared to a great ship forever sailing to a phantom goal, of the Forillon ridge beyond Gaspé Basin, of the tempest-riven coast to the south and the rolling chain in the interior.

The drive of five and a half miles "around the mountain" merits the term sensational for its array of canyons and naked heights that hold between them the precarious road. At the yawning of riven gorges segments of the Mal Bay appear, flecked by swelling sails. Climbing tortuously, the road emerges from a vale of sombre splendour to broad highlands patched with planted fields and forests. Again the stony highway runs on the flange of a hilly fastness and peers fearfully down an unguarded precipice. The White Mountain shows its chalky crest high above and behind the pate of St. Anne. Another breathless pitch, and the circuit is nearly complete. Below lies the Rock and the oval mound of *Bonne Aventure.*

A morning ride in the *Alpha* to the island whose rounded bulk the gnawing sea has cut away from

the mainland shore reveals all the roseate ochres and lavenders of the *Isle Percée* in the brilliancy of the sun. The water off its outer flank is deep enough for a battleship to anchor. The current runs high here and heaves the launch to plunge it down again excitingly. The throb of the engine beating against the sea wall of Bonaventure Island startles from their ledges the hordes of gannets, puffins, kittiwakes and sea pigeons that range these sandstone shelves like china birds in a shop. Some fly off in such a storm of wings and gleaming breasts that the sky is blotted out and the ears stunned by the uproar. The puffins, allied to the auk in species, are small white diving-birds with a short beak. Through all the turmoil consequent upon the motor's passing they sit, rows upon rows of them, rolled like demure snowballs on their high red ridges. The gannet is larger and whiter than the herring-gull. The body is three feet in length. The pouch beneath the six-inch bill has space for half a dozen good-sized fish. The gannet drops like the osprey into schools of herring, mackerel and pilchard. In their nests of grass and weeds, which are always made on the highest, steepest cliffs above the sea, one egg is laid a year, or a second, or even a third if the first is stolen. The eggs and young birds are eatable, unlike the eggs and flesh of the cormorant, which even the Greenlanders omit from their ménu.

As the launch rounds the lower end of the island, groups of gannets with ash-grey plumage are descried bathing at the water edge and strutting the beach promenade. Perched on rocky minarets are lone birds that scan the sea like hired look-outs.

The Isle of Good Fortune was once inhabited by a certain Jerseyman, by name Captain Peter Duval, who during the Napoleonic war between France and England commanded a lugger-rigged privateer under license from the British king. The 100-ton *Vulture* with its four guns plundered the French coast from Normandy to the Pyrenees. It is related that Bayonne merchants fitted out a brig of 180 tons, armed it with four times four guns and went in pursuit. Her battery had been so well masked that the *Vulture* mistook the two-master for a merchantman and ran alongside. When suddenly the deck of the Bayonne vessel was cleared for action, the dashing captain perceived his error but drove in his craft so close that the shots of the Frenchmen went over, while he was able to deliver disastrous blows to the body of his antagonist. This manœuvre resulted in the slaying of half the French crew and the loss of but one on the *Vulture*. When still a young man the hero of this stratagem crossed the sea to Gaspé, forswore the ways of pirates and became a planter. In the cottage of his descendants is preserved the glass with which he was wont to scrutinise the

horizon for unwary prey. Near the hotel on Mount Joli is his tomb-stone bearing this inscription couched by a mourning relict:

Sacred to the memory
of Peter John Duval
Native of the Island of Jersey
who after a short but painful illness
departed this life at the Island Bonaventure
on the 25 day of July, 1835.
Time and separation
may calm the sorrows of the soul but
never will they obliterate the regrets which
the loss of a kind and tender husband
has awakened in the breast of his
afflicted survivor.

A gracious epitaph for a buccaneer!

Percé was the landfall of the Royal squadron which in August, 1860, conveyed to Canada the Heir Apparent of the British throne and his suite, which included the Duke of Newcastle and officers of the imperial army and navy. A contributor to *The Gleaner* published at Chatham, Miramichi, under date of September 8, 1860, thus describes the passing of the *Hero*, the *Ariadne* and the *Flying Fish* under the very eaves of the Rock.

The Squadron first hove in sight, or rather was seen from the heights about 2 P. M., on Sunday the 12th inst., and the ships passed between the Island of Bonaventure and Percé Rock between 4 and 5 P. M. approaching the latter so near, that the seamen and Fishermen say they have never seen small schooners nearer. His Royal Highness and Suite must therefore have had an excellent view, not only of the

rock, but of all that was passing on shore. Where Mr. Gibant as the representative there of Messrs. Chas. Robin & Co. was not unmindful of the ancient prestige of Jerseymen for loyalty. A salute of 21 guns was fired — all the employés of the Firm, Fishermen and other inhabitants were then mustered on the high fish flakes and gave three hearty British cheers. The ensign was dipped three times and the compliment duly returned on board of the *Hero*. Every yard of bunting or anything resembling a flag was floating aloft, in all directions, to welcome the first born of England's noble Queen.

The calling of the Royal Squadron off Percé was quite unexpected, consequently all who could possibly leave their business, or their homes, had wended their way to Gaspé Basin. Hence, no salute was fired either by Mr. Philip Le Boutillier or Messrs. Le Boutillier Bros. at Bonaventure Island. Had the managers of the Firms been on the spot, there is no doubt that each would have fired a Royal salute. All were animated by the one feeling — all were anxious to testify their loyalty. The progress of the Squadron from the time they rounded the Western end of Bonaventure Island was very slow, until they had passed the rock — thus affording His Royal Highness ample time to revel on the scenery, and His Royal Mother's liege subjects a good view of the ships in all their pride. Once to the Eastward of the rock the Squadron proceeded at full speed, passing close to Point St. Peters, where a large assemblage again greeted the Heir to England's throne, and a Royal Salute was fired by Messrs. J. & C. Collas.

The next point at which the Prince was greeted was Cove St. George and Grand Grève, where Mr. Perrée and Mr. Dolbel, as the representative of Messrs. Wm. Fruing & Co. were not sparing of their powder. The Squadron finally anchored at Douglas Town about 8 P. M., immediately in front of the residence of our worthy friend Chas. Veit, Esq., J.P., who, anxious to prove his loyalty and welcome the future King of England, illuminated his house. This we must observe was at the instigation of Mrs. Veit, who proudly told us that, "with all due reverence for the

Sabbath, she could not refrain from paying some slight homage, however humble — to the Prince who represented Her of whom her sex had just reason to be proud."

In the roadstead opposite Irish Douglastown, the *Hero* which had on board the Prince of Wales ran aground on its way into Gaspé Basin, "an untoward event" which vastly chagrined the Gaspesians. After an anxious delay of upwards of an hour and a half the flag-ship was floated. During this time, continues our scribe, "boats filled with ladies and gentlemen who could command the services of small craft of any kind — from the birch canoe, fishing boat and ships boat to Messrs. Charles Robin & Company's 16 oared cutter, hovered round the *Hero* — all anxious to catch a glimpse of the Hero of the day" — who no doubt, from the deck of his stranded ship, returned with characteristic good humour the salutations of his mother's eager subjects.

Three and a half centuries before the arrival of British Edward, the Discoverer of Canada had touched shore at the mouth of the River St. Jean during the first of his voyages. From July fourth to twelfth he had stayed in the harbour now known as Port Daniel. Failing to find the passage hoped for, he set sail again, anchored for a night between Bonaventure Island and Cape Whitehead, and proceeding northward lay for two days near the site of Douglastown. A storm arising in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he went "7 or

8 leagues farther up the stream in a good and safe harbour." Cartier's reception committee was a band of more than two hundred Indians of the Huron-Iroquois family. The men and their women and children had come to Gaspé Basin for the mackerel fishing. Cartier found them very poor. "These creatures are indeed savages. Besides their fishing boats and nets all that they had was not worth five sols." When they crowded about in canoes to traffic with the white men he gave combs and tin bells to the maidens and knives and glass paternosters to the males, who expressed their delight by singing and dancing in their boats. "*Sur la pointe de l'entrée de ce port*," probably at Sandy Beach, the Norman captain planted a cross thirty feet in height on which he hung a shield painted with three lilies. In large letters the legend, *Vive le Roy de France* was cut in the wood. When Cartier had thus dedicated a New France to his King he knelt on the ground and prayed with the Indians about him. The following day, July 25, 1534, he departed for Anticosti Island, 50 miles to the north, and from there passed through the gateway of the River St. Laurent which conducted him to Stadaconé and Hochelaga.

Gaspeg was the Indians' name for Land's End. At the tip of the crooked finger of the spindling Forillon [3] is Cape Gaspé. Facing it, on the other

[3] "This word is generically used by the French for a

side of the St. John's estuary, is Point St. Peter. Between them the gulf flows inland for 20 miles and forms the winding Basin of Gaspé. The inlet's irregular shape protects it from outside storms. Its enveloping hills spread noble terraces for the repose of village and farm. The radiant air enhances the azure of the water and the motley tints of pasture and glade and billowy groves of evergreen, and brings into relief the ridge of the gulf range, whose silhouette makes a jagged blue mark against the eastern sky.

Gaspé Village is across the water from tne railway station. A gasolene ferry plies between the two shores. Above the docks and the shops and warehouses that cluster on the low bank, a bluff rises steeply to the single street which passes the length of the hilly settlement. Gaspé has for many years been the chosen summer residence of discriminating Canadians and Americans. Some of them have built mansions and surrounded them with parks and gardens. Others are content to taste Gaspé delights as guests of Baker's Hotel, a house whose felicitous personality has been reflected in an earlier chapter. A more restful port is not to be imagined. Merely to sense remoteness from throngs and proximity to an utter wilderness is exhilarating. Fair prospects from bluff and

rock or island standing close to the mainland with a very narrow channel between, which is dug or bored out by the constant action of the waves."—*Howley.*

terrace satisfy the eye. The incomparable atmosphere has sparkle and warmth. In the Baker pools on the York and St. John Rivers salmon 16 to 20 pounds in weight rise to the fly. Camping parties come and go with their reports of forest happenings. Even if one is not ambitious to hunt or fish he gets a taste of the wild life by driving a rugged road to the St. John, there feasting among the boulders *à la nature* and after the open-air banquet, well-seasoned with the piquant sauce of appetite, making a thrilling canoe run down stream with master guides at bow and stern. Yachting and motor-boating while sunny days on the bay. At Hauldiman's Beach the rollers provide sport for sea bathers. Unforgettable views are disclosed during the drives to Cape Gaspé, and by the Kings Road across the Forillon peninsula from Grand Grève to the gulf, and southward toward Barachois and Percé. A road bordered on every hand by pastoral beauties follows the right bank of the basin, crosses the York River and returns by the left bank to the railway station. Here the carriage is run onto a scow which the motor ferry tows to the opposite shore. In a clearing above the left bank lives Abner Coffin whose life is nearing its hundredth mile-stone. His ancestor, Long Tom Coffin, was a Nantucket whaler who came to Gaspé with other Tory seafarers. Abner was a whale-killer like Long Tom. If you sit with him and his aged wife in the front

room of the homestead with its spindle chairs and mahogany settees, his nimble mind will spin tales for you of days of his youth when hump-backs and sulphur-bottoms roving the gulf were hunted for their oil, and bow-heads were pursued in hand to hand conflict for their rich treasure of balleine.

People are loth to die in this benign Gaspesie. A venerable character of the district constructed years ago the chest which was to hold his bones and put it beneath his bed in anticipation of an approaching demise. The casket has fallen to decay, but its intended occupant is still hale as "the green-robed senators" of these mighty woods.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

CHAPTER XIII

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND[1]

THOUGH the youngest and the smallest member of the Maritime Federation lies so close within the embrace of her sister provinces she bears them slight resemblance in features or temperament. The appeal of the bow-shaped isle is not to the tourist, but rather to the summer resident who finds contentment in rustic surroundings that are spiced by briny zephyrs and livened by salt water scenes and diversions. From Tignish to Souris, from Rustico to Argyle Shore there is not an impassioned vista, nor one which recalls a stirring episode. But there are many stretches of country that are refreshing and harmonious just as a bit of fertile Ohio might be if uprooted and put adrift on a balmy sea. Throughout the island's length of 150 miles there is no brusque elevation, nor gorge, nor rock, nor any frown on the face of na-

[1] On arrival of trains over the Intercolonial, steamers leave every week-day afternoon about 4 o'clock from Pictou for Charlottetown and from Point du Chene for Summerside. See under "Provincial Railways and Steamers," Chapter I. Also "Steamers from the United States" and "Steamers from Canadian Ports." See under Pictou, Chapter VIII, for steamer to Souris, P. E. I., en route to the Magdalens.

ture. A great part of the million undulating acres which compose the pastoral kingdom are improved. In this regard Prince Edward is more like the Mother Isles than any Canadian province. Geologically it is of the newest period, as Gaspé is of the oldest. Its florid sandstone, the only dramatic note in a lyric landscape, accentuates the green of groves and sleek meadows and the yellow of the oat-fields. Carmine embankments hem the wide arms of Northumberland Strait; on the gulf shore white sand hills girdle a succession of bays and lagoons which are frequented in summer by the islanders and their visitors. Strangely, the deepest inlets are on the side least vexed by the winds and breakers. The province is nearly divided into three by the intrusion of the bays of Hillsboro, Bedeque and Malpeque. This intimacy of sea and country-side is one of the island's most pleasing characteristics. Besides, there are fresh water streams that run all ways to the surf,—rills, creeks and placid rivers in which trout, and only trout, abound.

Canadians east of the Quebec line call the junior province "The Island"; the Indians in accordance with savage custom gave it a descriptive appellation, "Home on the Wave." Probably Champlain, though some say Cabot, called it Isle St. Jean, the name it retained until English landlords changed it to New Ireland. In 1800 it was christened for Edward, Duke of Kent, at that time

commander of the British troops in North America. Cartier explored the southerly shore and found Indians there in 1534. The earliest settlement of white men was made by Acadians in 1715. Others came in the eviction year and after the fall of Louisbourg. When France ceded "Canada with all its dependencies" to Great Britain, St. John Island was made part of Nova Scotia. On becoming a separate province it was apportioned to British adventurers who received land free for the ploughing and undertook to colonise their grants in the proportion of five settlers to each parcel of a thousand acres. When, a century later, the province allied itself with the Canadian Confederation the heirs to these baronies were paid by the Provincial Government £160,000 for their holdings of 845,000 acres, which were in turn sold to the tenants whose protests against absenteeism had brought the land question to a climax.

The natural fruitfulness of the native red loam is preserved by dressings of shell mud, seaweed and fish refuse. The decayed jackets of mussels, oysters, clams, crabs and lobsters form a highly valued deposit which the farmer hauls from the outlets of bays and rivers to spread upon his grain and truck fields. Fourteen thousand Island farmers produce each year about $8,000,000 worth of grains, hay and vegetables.

The sea as well as the land yields this Midas isle an inexhaustible harvest. In a year, 10,000 bar-

rels of oysters and 50,000 cases of lobster are fished around its shores. The value of all fish taken annually in island waters, including bivalves, crustaceans, cod, hake, haddock, herring and mackerel, is approximately $1,500,000. A bank report says this province with its population of 100,000 has savings deposits of $10,000,000 and is per capita the richest rural community in the Dominion.

More remunerative than its industries of agriculture and fishing is the fur farming of Prince Edward Island, an enterprise which in the past few years has made a sensational advance. More than a quarter of a century ago a merchant of Tignish secured a pair of silver foxes from an Anticosti trapper and bred them so successfully that three companions joined him in experiments with animals captured in the island woods until a profitable ranch was established. At first the litters of captive black foxes were valued solely for their skins, which frequently brought from one to two thousand dollars each at the London auctions. The industry is at present confined to breeding for live foxes. Animals of known strain find a market at $12,000 to $30,000 a pair. Companies are capitalised with two pairs or more as assets, the average number of their pups being three in a year.

The pedigreed fox has "thin mobile ears; a full neck, short and arched from the back; width over

A FOX RANCH, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

shoulders and through the heart; long delicately turned head; a springy pelt and pink skin covered with a wealth of fine lustrous hair, particularly marked on limbs and under-body; and a large heavy 'brush.'" Says Dalton, the dean of breeders, "The black fox, silver fox and red fox are all the same species, differing only in colour. Litters have been found in the woods with some black pups among the reds, or silvers among the reds. The black fox is distinguished from others by the total absence of white or silver hairs, except on the tip of the tail. The hairs are three inches long. In the black fox each individual hair has a blue section one and a half inches long next to the body and the rest of the hair is black. In the silver fox, each individual hair is made up of the following — starting with the body — blue, for one and a half inches, black one-half inch, white one-half inch, black one-half inch.[2]

"The firm of Lampsons, London, are the great fur-brokers of the world. It is upon their sales that the quotations of the world are based. They hold four auction sales every year in January, March, June and October, and these are conducted as follows — Eight days before the date of the sale the furs are arranged in lots, generally, as to silvers, one skin in each, seldom more than two. These lots are all numbered. The expert buyer

[2] One of the precious features of the black and silver black fox fur is the impossibility of imitating it by artificial methods.

examines them, takes down their number, and places opposite each the maximum amount one can afford to pay. He determines the value entirely upon merit. The name of the breeder and the place where they were secured are not known to him. The auction is held in a different place from where the furs have been exhibited. Ten shillings is the minimum bid. The sales are made with great rapidity, scarcely a word is spoken, a nod from the buyer suffices. Often, it takes only fifteen seconds to dispose of one lot. The larger percentage of poorer skins are usually offered in October and June. The principal sale is held in March. It is then that the greatest competition is met with for good skins. Since I first began to ship, the falling off in the world's supply of silvers has been about sixty per cent. The average price for ordinary grades has increased by 200 per cent.: for the higher grades about 400 per cent.

"The lowest grade is the pure silver, the whole body covered with silver. The second grade is black between the ears, shoulders, back of the neck and belly. The rest of the skin is silver. In the next higher grade the black would extend half down the body, and the silver would not be very bright on the rest of the body. Going higher up the scale there is the three quarter black and the one quarter silver, with no distinct dividing point, the change being gradual from one colour to the other.

"The highest quality is the pure black. Year after year there has been an increased demand for the black and a steady increase in price."

The only rivals of the native black and silver black fox are the almost extinct sea otter, the Russian sable and the South American chinchilla. The island's cool damp climate and non-alkaline soil produces the heaviest, glossiest fur yielded by the fox family. Ninety per cent. of the world's captive foxes are held by 128 individuals or companies on Prince Edward Island's 300 ranches. The latest Government estimate of the value of old and young Blacks, Silver Blacks, Silvers, Patches, Reds and Blues contained therein is more than $15,000,000.[3]

The ranches are enclosed by a high wire netting bent over at the top and under at the bottom to prohibit the possibility of the occupants leaping or gnawing their way to freedom. Within the enclosure, pairs are divided from other pairs by aisles and fences. Each fox is provided with a sanitary sleeping pen. Reared for generations in captivity, most of them from Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland stock, the parent foxes and particularly the lithe keen little pups are frequently on playful terms with their guards, some

[3] Fur buyers designate as "silver" all shades of grey and black. A writer of 1806 enumerates the red, grey and black fox as inhabiting the island and declares that "sometimes five or six have been shot by one person in the course of a few hours." Wild mink and marten are also abundant on the island.

of whom are constantly on duty about the ranch to protect their charges from alarm and from thieves. The Legislature of 1913 enacted a bill providing that "every one who, without the consent of the owner or caretaker of a ranch or enclosure where foxes or other fur-bearing animals are in captivity for breeding purposes, shall enter the grounds occupied by these animals or go within twenty-five yards of the outer fence or enclosure within which they are kept, shall be deemed guilty of an offence and liable to a fine not to exceed $1000 nor less than $500."

The domesticated and even the wild fox is not malicious by nature, but is inordinately timid — sometimes disastrously so in the case of vixens which destroy their new-born whelps in attempting to hide them from prying eyes. For three weeks or more after the arrival of the litter the utmost caution is necessary to avoid the loss of the five or six thousand dollar babies. This valuation does not refer to the pelt's worth but to the estimated (sometimes grossly over-estimated) rating of the offspring as reproducers of their species. A female which lives the maximum period of eleven to fifteen years may give birth to from twenty to forty pups during her life-time. So long as there is demand for breeding pairs no foxes will be killed for their skins unless they become old or injured. It is believed that several more

years must elapse before the island pelts again appear on the English and German markets.

Companies owning prolific Class A vixens have paid sumptuous dividends to their stock-holders, most of whom have been farmers, shop-keepers and other moderately circumstanced citizens living on the island. Everywhere one sees new foundations, rebuilt barns, expanded acreages as a result of wealth acquired with intoxicating ease. A man and wife had saved a thousand dollars to build a house. Instead they put it in foxes. Now they have the house and $30,000 besides. A druggist in Montague bought stock in five companies which earned in one year dividends of 110, 125, 60, 200 and 130 per cent. respectively. A bookkeeper's investment of $300 returned him $45,000 in three years. These are not exceptional cases. Farm-hands, women clerks, ministers, Government officials will tell you others to match them *ad nauseam.* Substantial men of affairs say the demand for captive breeders is justified by the unfailing prestige and market valuation of the pelt which for centuries has been one of the chosen furs of Madame Crœsus.

The introduction of mongrel foxes from the Far West, the over-capitalisation of stock companies, the unprincipled advertisement of broker and promoter and the uncertainty of nature's decrees are the sinister elements of a venture which in princi-

ple is as legitimate as the rearing of blue ribbon live-stock or pedigreed hens. Other farms have been established to raise sable, marten, mink, skunk and the Karakúl sheep which gives Persian lamb, Astrakhan, broadtail and krimmer fur under differing conditions of breeding and birth.

The economic revolution which has swept the island during this earlier and most lucrative period of fur ranching has brought about bizarre conditions unparalleled in a country community. Labourers of a few years back are the masters of their former employers. Ranch presidents ride in cars who cannot sign the cheques that buy them. Their wives wear jewels so immense that strangers unaware of the suddenly achieved gains as a matter of course think them artificial. Sons who always ran barefoot now tilt their sun-browned noses at any but the costliest boots. Farmers' daughters who once sighed to possess a cottage organ are bored by their new pianolas. Many modest fortunes have been acquired, but more immodest ones if we are to judge by the swagger of their makers.

The shops of Charlottetown and the press of bright new vehicles about Queen Square reflect the island's exuberant prosperity. "Charlotte Town" says the author of an ancient *Account of Prince Edward Island in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, North America,* "has a situation both centrical and convenient." It is not only the politi-

cal capital of the island but the social and commercial seat. It has roomy streets, parks and flowering plazas that are pleasing to the eye. The Government Buildings on Queen Square and some of the churches are dignified structures. Three converging rivers and the harbour formed by their united streams, as well as the shores of Hillsboro Bay offer opportunities for tranquil excursions by steamboat. The roads to Government House and Victoria Park, to Rocky Point and Pownal (7 m.) are the favourite promenades by carriage. Stages run daily to Cherry Valley, Bonshaw, Hampton, a vacation beach on the Strait, and Fort Augustus. On the outskirts of the capital are the Driving Park and Golf Links. Though Charlottetown is a pleasant enough place as a residence,— its founders called the site Port Joy,— it has no attraction for the tourist in search of the historic or unusual, unless one excepts an antiquated fort in the recreation ground at Rocky Point overlooking the bay, and the grey pile of Parliament House in whose Council Chamber were laid the foundations of the Dominion, September, 1864.

The towns of the island are consistently charmless; they are neither picturesque, quaint, shady nor home-like. On hot days the sun blazes upon their dusty and defenceless streets, making them places to flee from. The principal gulf resorts, Tracadie, Stanhope, Brackley Beach, Rustico are

all within 20 miles' drive of the capital over straight smooth roads.

The Government narrow gauge railway which ambles hither and yon, dodging inlets and linking isolated ports to the main track, has as its chief centres Charlottetown and Summerside, the termini of the two steamer services from the mainland. On the trunk line, if one may use so impressive a term to describe so unimposing a road, and on the four principal branches there are two trains every week-day, a "Passenger" and a "Mixed," running in both directions. From Charlottetown to Tignish via Royalty Junction is a distance of 116 miles. One leaves by the "Passenger" at 7:30 in the dewy morning and arrives at dewy eve. The tedium of the journey is aggravated by an enforced stay of more than an hour in grimy Summerside (48 m.). Hunter River, 20 miles from Charlottetown, is the station for Rustico Beach and Cavendish, the former an attractive bathing and fishing resort on the North Shore. At Emerald Junction an 11-mile branch turns off to Cape Traverse, destined to increase in importance at the installation of the Car Ferry from Tormentine. At this point New Brunswick is only 9 miles distant. From Kensington, a few miles beyond Emerald Junction, stages run to Malpeque Beach on the gulf shore, and to towns on Malpeque or Richmond Bay. The bottom of this spreading arm of the gulf has been surveyed for

the culture of oysters by the Provincial Government. Malpeque "eyesters" already have an extra-insular reputation. About seven thousand acres have been leased to individuals and firms who propose to increase by scientific methods the diminishing oyster crop. Formerly Prince Edward Island led all the provinces of Canada in its oyster production. Along its 400 miles of shore fronting on gulf and strait there are more than 180 lobster canneries.

Summerside facing the strait and the New Brunswick coast lies only 3 miles from Malpeque Bay, which stretches 10 miles in from the gulf. A hill on the intervening isthmus has an outlook upon marine views to the south, the west and the north. Even the railway littérateurs can find nothing to say of Summerside except that sitting in a draught of sea air it is always cool when other towns are not. Hoping for this reason to attract vacation visitors its citizens bestowed the present delusive name, vice former Princetown.

The Micmac chief lives with all the Indians of the Prince Edward district on Ellis Island, the station for which is Port Hill. The reservation is an orderly community and has its own schools taught by native teachers.

On both sides of the willowy road to Tignish there are glimpses of the sea, of fishing rivers and of ponds where wild fowl congregate. The woven fences of fox farms show among thinned-out groves.

Here and there in the midst of well-tilled acres are new farm-houses, built with the earnings of a lucky investment. One hears a great deal in cars and on way-side platforms of "September deliveries," options and soaring dividends, but very little of dividends that dwindle and collapse because mothers have borne patches instead of blacks, or borne none at all, or buried Class A litters that they feared to have confined in over-warm pens.

On Cherry Island in Alberton harbour the pioneer fox farmer, Charles Dalton, laid out the ranch upon which all later fox studs were modelled. Not without tribulations did he found the new industry. "At first," he says, "I kept the animals in ordinary board sheds, connected by chutes. They used to lose their litters, owing to the disturbances usually associated with a barn-yard. The first year I kept them in a wire enclosure. I had no over-hang, and two foxes climbed out. At first I had only one strip of wire between each pen. The foxes used to get their legs through and kill each other. I stopped this by doubling the partitions. At first I kept two females in one pen. This resulted in jealousy and when the two had young in the same pen, they destroyed each other's litters. Then, I had trouble with the water getting in their nests, and causing death to the pups."

It was a rancher at the other end of the island who wakened one winter morning to find three full-grown foxes in a yard where there had been only

two. The stranger was a wild seven-eighths patch or red-and-silver cross-breed who had heard the call of his kind and had vaulted an eleven-foot fence into the enclosure by means of a convenient snow-drift.

Alberton is an unkempt town of 2000 inhabitants whose only attraction is its good air and proximity to fishing and shooting grounds — both of which are attributes possessed by other places more agreeable and less inaccessible, on the island and off of it. Within driving distance are the trout streams of Kildare and Miminegash. Wild geese flock to near-by marshes. A hotel with more pretensions to comfort and good service than is usually afforded by island houses has recently been opened in a renovated mansion surrounded by shade-trees.

Tignish, 12 miles further on, is an uninteresting fishing-port. A drive of 8 miles brings one to North Point, one of the horns of the island crescent.

Starting again at Charlottetown, the traveller who is bent upon traversing the length of the province may cross by branch railway to the other side of the Hillsboro or East River and journey southward 48 miles to Murray Harbour, a little town which looks directly across to Port Hood on the Cape Breton shore, 25 miles away. Highways go north from here through an increasingly pleasant farm country to Montague and Georgetown. The same places are served by the railway branch

which runs off from the Charlottetown – Royalty Junction – Souris line at Mount Stewart Junction. Between these two junctions is York (9 m. north of Charlottetown), station for Brackley Beach and Stanhope where there are good beaches, famous cliffs and several over-crowded summer hotels. Beyond are Bedford and Tracadie, the stations for the Acadia Hotel and the strand on Tracadie Bay. The train from Mt. Stewart (22 m.) to Georgetown (46 m. east of Charlottetown) runs into Montague and backs out again on the way to its terminus. All this eastern region is incomparably prettier than the western end of the island. The hills are higher and the scenery in every way more agreeable.

At Montague on the high bank of the river there is a group of birches so stately, white and tall that a metaphor might be based upon them, "fair as the birches of Montague." If artists knew of this grove they would set up their easels and stay the summer-long, inspired by the sensitive shadows, the marble pureness, the noble symmetry of these rounded trunks and the delicacy of their lofty foliage. The few strangers who do come to this pleasantly-situated little village stay at McDonald's, an inn of unassuming hospitality, fragrant cleanliness and unexceptionable home cuisine. In the neighbourhood there are several interesting fur ranches, a notable apple orchard

covering 30 acres, and some thoroughly delightful hill drives.

Georgetown, 12 miles distant by railway, is a port on Cardigan Bay facing across the gulf to Cape Breton. When the ice blocks the strait harbours the Pictou steamer calls here in the winter. It must be some such exigency as this which would inveigle the traveller to so flat and arid a town as the moribund capital of Kings County. Its shipping interests are said to be considerable but the streets have no charm of scene or life. Shuttered stores indicate that the shire-town has been drained of even its one-time commercial vigour. The county's inhabitants poke fun at King George's sprawling namesake and say that it is in truth well laid out. Neighbouring rivers and bays attract hunters of sea fowl and fishers of sundry kinds of the omnipresent and versatile trout.

Souris bears the same relation to the east coast as Tignish to the west. The railway from Charlottetown by way of Mt. Stewart halts there after a winding journey of 60 miles. The towns on either side the road invite anglers and summer boarders in search of an economical and peaceful holiday. Souris was settled by the Scotch who came to the island in 1803 under the patronage of a Highland Earl. In the vicinity are lakes, rivers and estuaries where fabulous catches of fish are taken and plover, duck, brant, partridge and cur-

lew swarm in tempting bevies. Due north lies the Magdalen archipelago with which this port is connected by a bi-weekly steamer from Pictou.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

CHAPTER XIV

TRANSPORTATION — ROUTES — HOTELS GENERAL INFORMATION — FISHING AND HUNTING.

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Transportation — Routes.

THE only direct route from the United States to Newfoundland is via the Red Cross Line [1] whose steamers, *Stephano* (5000 tons displacement) and *Florizel* (4500 tons) leave every Saturday morning from June to October, and at less frequent intervals during other months, from Pier 32, adjoining Hamilton Ferry, Brooklyn, N. Y. In clear weather the outbound trip is usually made through Long Island Sound. The port of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is reached in about 46 hours. After a call of 24 hours' duration, the voyage to St. John's, Newfoundland, is resumed. The arrival is scheduled for Thursday morning. Summer excursionists are entitled to remain on board the steamer at Halifax and at St. John's. The return voyage is begun on Saturday; another 24-hour stay is made at Halifax and New York is reached the following Thursday, twelve days after departure. The minimum rate for this vacation tour is $5 a day.

Passengers arriving at St. John's, on the south-

[1] See under "Steamers from the United States," Chapter I.

east coast, may leave the steamer there and, after making various trips by rail and steamer, continue to Port-aux-Basques at the southwestern extremity of the island. The all-rail route thither is by the Reid-Newfoundland road (546 miles in 28 hours). The all-sea route is maintained by the Bowring mail steamer which sails every other Wednesday from St. John's, calls at east and south coast ports before reaching Port-aux-Basques (446 m.), and continues 100 miles up the west coast to Bonne Bay. A rail journey of 82 miles from St. John's to Placentia provides a way of reaching the south coast without the necessity of rounding dire Cape Race in a craft of under a thousand tons. A Reid boat is scheduled to leave Placentia weekly and touches at south coast harbours as far as Port-aux-Basques. Time about four days. Distance, 385 miles.

At Port-aux-Basques a Reid Line steamer is scheduled to leave every night except Saturday for North Sydney, Cape Breton, and to arrive every morning except Monday from North Sydney. The departure from North Sydney is at 10:30 every night except Sunday. No trains run on the Intercolonial Railway's Cape Breton road on Sunday; this affects the sailings of the Newfoundland boats. In good weather the journey of 100 miles across Cabot Straits consumes seven to eight hours. In the winter of 1914 the new and splendidly equipped *Lintrose* of this service was

sold to the Russian Government as an ice-breaker, but the sister ship *Bruce* was kept on the route with the Labrador steamer *Kyle*.[2]

Travellers who enter Newfoundland at Port-aux-Basques may leave for St. John's and intervening stations by any of the three lines before-named and return to Halifax or New York by the Red Cross steamer. Or at Port-aux-Basques they can make connection every other week with the Bowring steamer which leaves St. John's alternate Wednesdays for Bonne Bay. At the latter place they can meet the Reid steamer, Humbermouth – Bonne Bay – Battle Harbour, Labrador (379 m.). Another side of the triangular island may be compassed by returning in a Reid or a Bowring boat from Battle Harbour down the east coast to St. John's. The S.S. *Kyle* of modern and exceedingly sturdy construction leaves the Reid Line's dock, St. John's, every other week in summer for Battle Harbour (495 miles) and calls at as many ports between this point and Nain (1065 miles from St. John's) as the movement of the ice will permit. Nain is usually reached two or three times in a season. Time about 18 days, round-trip. Fare, including meals, $38.

At intervals throughout the railway journey from one side to the other of the island there are stations at which small steamers of the Reid System

[2] See under "Steamers from Canadian Ports," Chapter I, for Black Diamond Line, Montreal-St. John's.

may be taken for excursions on Conception, Trinity, Bonavista, Notre Dame and Green Bays, all of which deeply indent the easterly coast of rugged Terra Nova. The Reid-Newfoundland Company controls all the railways on the island, the total number of miles being 726, including main line and branches. Exclusive of the service to North Sydney, Cape Breton, and to Nain, Labrador, the total number of miles covered on the bay routes is 2350. The steamers are very small, but are clean, modern as to sanitation and lighted with electricity. The food is of good quality and the attendance exceptionally courteous and obliging. Those affected by sea-sickness may suffer some unhappy moments even during comparatively sheltered passages, because in making successive ports the little crafts frequently round promontories which are exposed to the open Atlantic. However, in the middle of summer the ocean itself is often as calm as a bay. Rough water may be avoided in such long indraughts as Placentia and Trinity Bays by leaving the steamer at some picturesque port and staying ashore until after the steamer has completed the more exposed portion of the trip, at most a matter of three or four days. Steamer fares including meals average $2.50 a day.

Newfoundland's first railway was laid about twenty-five years ago, its promoter, builder and operator being Sir Robert Reid whose three sons

now control the Newfoundland Rail, Steamer, Express and Telegraph Lines. The track is narrow gauge throughout the total mileage but the trains are well equipped with comfortable cars including diners. The rate for second-class is half the price of first-class accommodation. Only one train crosses the island daily in each direction. The sleeping-car berth rate is $3 for the distance of 546 miles. First-class fares, three cents a mile.[3] All tourists and sporting tourists who travel over the Reid Line remark the invariably pleasant conduct of its officials and its train and station staffs. The magnanimous attitude of "the Reids" toward their many hundreds of employés induces a sense of devotion, if not affection, which is reflected to the traveller in innumerable comments and brief incidents, readily related to those who will listen. The stewardess on the little coasting steamer — she was the wife of the agent at an obscure station. Her husband took sick and died. That was some time ago, but her voice trembles yet telling you how the company paid the bills, gave her the use of a freight car to move her household things, and then found a berth for her where she can make a living wage for herself and her children. An old track-walker seeks the stranger's ear at a wayside platform to eulogise the company's president who was not too busy to heed when the humblest of his

[3] The Guide issued by the company for free distribution contains a list of 32 rail and steamer tours, with cost. Address the Reid-Newfoundland Company, St. John's.

employés found himself one time in distress. Newfoundland is a very human place and therefore democratic. The people are by nature appreciative, chivalrous and unaffected. Those who serve the travelling public are so attentive and well-intentioned that even if road-beds are rough and cars sometimes acrobatic, the visitor will be inclined to overlook annoyances which under other conditions he would think cause for grumbling.

Hotels.

The Newfoundland of the present is primarily for the angler, the hunter and the woodsman. Scenically it is as magnificent as its pools and barrens are sportive. But it is not a luxurious country and tourists unwilling to content themselves with moderate comforts of travel coupled with, for the most part, the most unassuming hotel accommodation will be happier not to come. The only tourist hotels which offer anything like first-grade service are the inns, some of them conducted by sportsmen, which have been erected near stations at the western end of the railway — St. George's Bay (Stephenville Crossing), Spruce Brook, Humbermouth (Bay of Islands) and Grand Lake. Grand Falls, a new town brought into being by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, has adequate hotels. At Torbay, Topsail and other coast towns near St. John's there are modest summer hotels, and at most railway and steamer junc-

THE BULL-DOG OF THE NORTH. S. S. *KYLE* OF THE REID-NEWFOUNDLAND LABRADOR SERVICE

tions and terminals there are fairly comfortable public or private houses. The rooms are usually very clean. The bill of fare, except in late summer, is apt to be restricted to coarse vegetables with meat, salt and fresh-water fish, and plain desserts. Green vegetables are not often sown until June. In August and September the wild berries mature in great abundance, raspberries, strawberries, bake-apples, partridge and whortle berries, all of them delicious in flavour. Terms for board and room vary from $8.50 to $18 a week, or $1.25 to $3 a day. Waterford Hall, in the suburbs, is the most comfortable hotel of the capital. In comparison with houses of similar grade elsewhere than in expensive Newfoundland its charges seem excessive. Nearly all imported commodities, including food-stuffs and fruits, are heavily taxed by the insular Customs, the maintenance of the Government being almost solely dependent upon the Customs revenue. Travellers who arrive at St. John's by the Red Cross Line will find it in every way greatly to their advantage to remain on board ship as long as possible while they are touring the city and its environs. It is not a question, as a visiting journalist put it, as to which is the "best" of the hotels within the city limits, but which is the "least worst."

General Information.

Newfoundland Customs Circular Number 15 says:

When Tourists, Anglers and Sportsmen arriving in this Colony bring with them Cameras, Bicycles, Anglers' Outfits, Trouting Gear, Fire-arms and Ammunition, Tents, Canoes and Implements, they shall be admitted under the following conditions: —

A deposit equal to the duty shall be taken on such articles as Cameras, Bicycles, Trouting Poles, Fire-arms, Tents, Canoes and Tent Equipage. A receipt (No. 1), according to the form attached, shall be given for the deposit, and the particulars of the articles shall be noted in the receipt, as well as in the marginal cheques. . . .

Upon the departure from the Colony of the Tourist, Angler or Sportsman, he may obtain a refund of the deposit by presenting the articles at the Port of Exit and having them compared with the receipt. The examining officer shall initial on the receipt the result of his examination and upon its correctness being ascertained the refund may be made.

No groceries, canned goods, wines, spirits or provisions of any kind will be admitted free, and no deposit for a refund may be taken upon such articles.

The money of the colony is similar in denomination to that of Canada. Canadian and United States currency, paper, gold or silver, passes at full value.

Letter postage is one cent in St. John's for city

delivery. Elsewhere on the island, 2 cents per ounce. To Canada, the United States and Great Britain, 2 cents per ounce. To other foreign countries, 5 cents per half-ounce. Letters posted after the advertised closing hour can go forward by that mail if an additional "late fee" of 2 cents is paid. There are licensed stamp vendors at book-sellers', druggists' and other shops.

The local telegraph rate is 25 to 50 cents for 10 words, name and address free. Messages to New York and Boston cost $1.10 for 10 words, and 9 cents each additional word; to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 85 cents for 10 words. Fifty-word "night letters" are despatched to Canada and the United States at the 10-word day rate.

The minimum cab-fare by the course is 30 cents, the hour-rate 80 cents within the city of St. John's. Except for the trolley line on Bell Island, Conception Bay, owned by the Iron Mines, the street car system of St. John's is the only tram service in the colony.

There are naturally good roads well maintained out of St. John's toward Conception Bay and down toward Cape Race and Trepassey. Along the south coast there are no roads at all; in the interior there are a few used by lumbermen. Thirty years ago there was not a dwelling 5 miles back from the coast. The railway has advanced the timber, pulp and mining industries and increased tourist facilities, but except for the towns and

infrequent farms directly on the main road and its branches no inland settlements have followed its inauguration.

Newfoundland is not at its best until mid-July. The month of June is often so cold that winter clothing is worn. From July to November the skies are usually blue and the air bracing and not subject to extremes of either heat or cold. Fogs are rare in late summer and early fall after the Arctic ice has passed down. Western Newfoundland has very little fog and the cold raw spring departs sooner there than on the coasts which face the Atlantic. Crossing by the railway, snow may be seen on the Topsails at the crest of the interior upland as late as August in some years. During the winter 1914–1915 there were only ten days of hard "frost" and not enough snow to make good sleighing on the roads. After severe winters the frost is not out of the ground before the middle of June. The expansion of the warming earth has its effect on the road-bed of the railway which, unfortunately for those who must travel in that month, is not rock-ballasted. This is quite as potent a reason as any for the Newfoundland tour being delayed until mid-summer. When the frost is "working out," train tables are perforce disregarded, the daily express is often hours behind schedule time, and "tip-overs," especially of the rear or Pullman car, are so frequent as to cause but passing comment in the public prints.

Fishing and Hunting.

As a fishing country, Newfoundland has no equal on this side of the Atlantic. The salmon of Scottish streams are larger, but their pursuit is attended by almost prohibitive expense. In Newfoundland, salmon rivers and trout ponds and streams are free. The foreigner may fish anywhere within the law on payment of the angling fee of $10. The most famous salmon brooks and rivers are in the west and all of them, Little River, Grand Codroy, Crabbe's Brook, Robinson's Brook, Fishel's Brook, Harry's Brook, the Lower and Upper Humber River, and Kitty's Brook are directly accessible from the railway. Salmon are also taken in the Gander and Exploits Rivers, further east. The fishing from Doyle's (25 miles north of Port-aux-Basques) on the Grand Codroy is best in June. Pools further from their river's mouth are best fished in July. The legal season for salmon and trout is January 15th to September 15th. The largest salmon ever taken on a fly in the Grand Codroy weighed 35 pounds, the largest taken in the season of 1914, 32 pounds. The largest salmon known to be killed with a rod and line in the whole island of Newfoundland was taken at Little Codroy a few years ago and weighed 41½ pounds. The Little Codroy runs within two miles of the Grand River Codroy. The Humber River and Harry's Brook will furnish fish of 30 pounds. The average is 9 to 15 pounds.

The camps, hotels and boarding-houses which cater to "sports," as angling and hunting guests are termed by the natives, are prepared to furnish guides, boats, canoes and outfits. Guides may be hired for $2.25 a day, their board being additional. The black fly is less annoying late in the summer than earlier in the fishing season.

Sea, lake, brook (brown or "mud") trout are found in such abundance in every part of the island as to exceed imagination. There are ponds (Newfoundlanders so designate even expansive lakes) lying within a mile or two of railway stations which are practically unfished. A telegrapher at Brigus Junction, east of St. John's, sallied forth on a June morning to one such lake and returned shortly after noon with fifteen dozen trout weighing half a pound to over a pound each. A Newfoundland trouter always refers to his catch in dozen lots. "Any luck?" "Not much — only five or six." "Five or six?" "Dozen of course."

The interior plateau is a rambling net-work of flashing lakes and water courses that swarm with trout. Almost every inlet and bay in the southern half of the island has its tributary stream which sea trout, usually several pounds in weight, enter in the summer-time and pass through for miles to favoured pools.

Grand Lake, 182 miles northeast of Port-aux-Basques, is at the heart of a renowned sporting district. Here there is a modern bungalow hotel

where tourists may turn anglers without the necessity of roughing it. Adjacent to St. John's are many notable lakes and streams which on the Wednesday half-holiday are frequented by hundreds of excursionists.

The country drained by the Gander River, Triton Brook and Terra Nova River, east of Bonavista Bay, is perhaps the most versatile of all Newfoundland's gamey acres. Trout and salmon are taken in its rivers, and south of the railway big-antlered caribou inhabit vast barrens. Another great caribou district is situated along the base of the peaks called by the sea-faring natives, the Gaff, Mizzen, Main and Fore Topsails, a little west of the central plateau, near Grand Lake. In the fall the deer move across the railway to the south past Red Indian Lake, and in March return to the north again. Caribou is the French transliteration of the Micmac *xalibu*, "pawer" or "scratcher," so called because the lichen food is uncovered in this way from under the snow. The caribou or American reindeer reach their highest development in Newfoundland and British Columbia. The woodland is larger than the barren-ground caribou, but in proportion to the size of their bodies the latter have the mightier antlers. This species is distinguished from others of the deer family by having brow antlers. The cow caribou also has horns. The stag's horns are at their prime in September and are shed or "dropped"

two months later. Antlers that have 30 to 40 separate prongs or "points" are good in the sportsman's estimation. To bring down a stag carrying 50 points is so exceptional as to enroll the name of the hunter on the Nimrod's scroll of honour.

The open season for caribou is from August 1st to September 30th, and from October 21st to January 31st. The limit in a season for each licensee is two stags and one doe; the non-resident fee is $50. Moose and elk are protected.

Willow grouse, also called partridge and ptarmigan, plover, snipe, curlew, duck, wild hares, rabbits, beavers, otters, foxes, black bear are found in various sections of the island preserve. The game laws affecting the shooting of them are given in the booklet of the Reid-Newfoundland Company mentioned in Note Two.

"Any person except a traveller on a journey found on a Sunday carrying firearms shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $40, and, in default of payment, to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month."

CHAPTER XV

CHRONOLOGY — ST. JOHN'S — SOUTHEAST COAST — LABRADOR

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THE Senior Colony was first settled when "Ireland was inhabited by barbarians, England and Scotland were separate kingdoms and men wore plate armour." Hundreds of years before that interesting period, Bjarni and Leif Erikson [1] looked on its granite east wall, if sagas are credible. John Cabot's landfall in 1497 is identified by most historians with Cape Bonavista, the land he "first saw" from the deck of the *Matthew*. A generation later Jacques Cartier sighted the same outstanding naze but because of ice in the bay landed in a more southerly harbour, which he named St. Katherine for his wife, home in St. Malo.

Previous to Cabot's and Cartier's discoveries fishermen from Brittany and Biscay had profited by the fisheries of the western continent. Later came Portuguese, Spanish and English adventurers unafraid of stormy seas and took their toll of cod inshore and off the Banks of Newfoundland. A map of 1541 represents the New-founde-launde as

[1] See Chapter III.

a group of thirty islands great and small. Only a short stretch of the coast had then been explored, the thousands of mariners who crossed from Europe every spring being interested solely in what the neighbouring shoals held for them.

The first patentee of the uncharted tract was Sir Humphrey Gilbert who made an attempt at colonisation in 1583. On his return to England he was lost in the ten-ton pinnace *Squirrel*. No heirs claimed his Newfoundland plantation. In 1610 it was granted to the "Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London and Bristol, for the Colony of Newfoundland." The company comprised many noblemen, among them the Earl of Northampton and Sir Francis Bacon. The latter wrote the prospectus, "a truly Baconian production" in which he compared the fisheries of the New Isle to the mines of Peru, to Newfoundland's advantage.

The first settlers sent out by the London and Bristol Company were conducted by John Guy, a Bristol alderman who arrived in Conception Bay in 1610. He found on the shores Indians of the Bethukan family who coloured themselves, their utensils and weapons with red ochre. Though of lighter complexion than most North American aborigines, they were for this reason called Red Men. The French and their Micmac allies eventually banished or massacred the Beoths, so that a century ago not one could be found in the island

when an exploring party was sent to search for them.

The merchants who owned the fishing fleets opposed the colonisation of Newfoundland and for a hundred years an incessant conflict was waged by the planters and the fishing admirals who represented the companies in England.

Newfoundland was created a colony in 1728 at the beginning of a more lenient era for her settlers, but the construction of permanent buildings was not permitted until almost another century had elapsed. The covetousness of the French and the tenacity of those to whom the island belonged by right of discovery, led to years of assault and antagonism which four treaties failed to govern. The French established themselves on Placentia Bay but surrendered their claims in 1713 and retired to the Miquelon Islands and Cape Breton. However, as late as the end of that century they were still attempting to bring about the colony's surrender to the French flag.

In return for her renunciation of territorial rights France had been granted by Bute, Prime Minister of England following William Pitt, certain fishing privileges on the west and north shore of the island which they wished to construe as giving them an inviolable hold upon 500 miles of coast line to the exclusion of the colonials themselves. The English maintained that the foreign fishermen were permitted only to catch and cure cod on this

"French Shore" during the fishing season. These contentions were not adjusted until 1904 when France withdrew her claims upon advantageous terms.

In 1818, United States fishermen were given concessions in west coast waters which led to misunderstandings that were finally submitted to the Hague Tribunal in 1910, which found in favour of Newfoundland.

The colony was granted Representative Government in 1832 and became a self-governing colony in 1855. A Governor sent from England represents the Crown, aided by an Executive Council, or Cabinet of Ministers. The Crown appoints a Legislative Council of twenty members for life. The thirty-six members of the House of Assembly are elected by the people.

St. John's.

"The oldest place in the oldest colony" lies deep within a steep-walled basin whose portal opens narrowly to the sea. A gloomy bulk of bare rock masses rises from the edge of strait and harbour. On the right is Signal Hill, with an outlook 500 feet above harbour and ocean. At the head of the spacious bay whose waters gleam the brighter for the sombre ramparts that shut them in, the unlovely city of St. John's piles up the hill from wharves and low warehouses to square cathedral towers. Unpaved streets ascend abruptly

from the one main business thoroughfare, which runs parallel with the water-front. The capital is a reformed fishing village dignified by the appurtenances of Government and by establishments whose solidity is based on industries of the sea.

The "bankers" of four centuries ago chose this harbour as their rendezvous. The fleets of to-day are manned by crews of the same West-of-England stock that Cabot selected as best suited to hardy marine service. Less than a hundred miles south is the upper end of the mountainous shoal 500 miles long and 300 miles wide which is formed by the conjunction of the Gulf Stream and the Arctic Current. The cod returning from polar waters where they go to spawn — one medium cod lays 9,000,000 eggs at a time — find on the ledges of the sand-bank favourite small fish, crabs, worms and sea insects. The codders bait them with herring, caplin and squid and take in an average year over 125,000 quintals (112 pounds to the quintal) on the banks alone. Besides, Newfoundland controls the fisheries of the Atlantic Labrador coast, and her local fisheries are of vast importance. The best cod for eating are plump near the tail and have undulated sides. Most of the catch is "hard" or salt cured. Nearly every cove of Newfoundland's 6000 miles of coast line shows a straggling group of huts and drying stages on the restricted beaches or clinging to the shelves of grim cliffs.

The first week of March sees the departure from St. John harbour of the seal-killers, nowadays on strong steam vessels. Their goal is the moving field of ice which jams about the northern shores of Newfoundland and carries on its surface herds of harp and hood hair-seals. The hood is a savage and unsociable native of Greenland. The male when attacked blows an inflated skin over his head. The harp family returning to their habitat in Hudson's Bay from the winter migration climb on the ice floe in the neighbourhood of Belle Isle, but being a mild and gregarious species maintain a separate community from the hoods. The young of both tribes are born on the ice toward the end of February. The date when they may be slaughtered — mother seals, dogs and "white-coats" — is governed by law. The pups grow at the rate of 15 pounds a week during the first month after birth. The hair seal is valued for its fat, from which oil is rendered, and for its hide. The sealing steamers, some of them carrying crews of 200 to 300 dauntless Newfoundlanders, are outfitted by their owners. The best ships are captained by skippers who in past seasons have secured the greatest number of seals. They work on a salary and percentage basis. The crew is "found" and receives one-third of the cargo of seals. The steamers for the gulf fishery sail from St. John's for Port-aux-Basques and from there ascend the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They are per-

mitted to make one trip only, and must be back in St. John's by the first part of April. When the fields are entered they run head on into the floe, back away, then steam ahead to crush the "pans" or cakes of ice and force leads. At word from the captain the crew goes on the ice from different positions at day-break of each morning equipped with "gaff or heavy boat-hook, stout rope, 'sculping knife,' skin boots, warm cuffs, close-fitting working suit, and coloured goggles to prevent ice-blindness." The seals may be congregated miles from the waiting vessel. When they have been killed by blows over the head or by shots from a revolver, their fat-laden coats must be dragged over heavy ice to the spots where each vessel's catch is piled, the flag of the ship's owner being thrust into each mound to denote ownership until the lots are picked up and loaded on board. In 1910 one vessel, the *Florizel* of the Red Cross Line, secured 49,000 seals valued at over $90,000, this being a record catch. The *Neptune*, commanded by Captain Bob Bartlett, brought in 40,000 seals in April, 1913.

In the event of a blizzard arising when the men are on the ice, they may be isolated from the steamer over-night. Under such conditions forty-eight of the *Greenland's* crew were lost in March, 1898. In March, 1914, eighty of the *Newfoundland's* men perished from exposure. On the last day of that month in the same year, the *Southern*

Cross, loaded to her scuppers with a cargo of 17,000 seals, foundered in a storm off Trepassey Bay, carrying down one hundred and seventy stalwarts, "pick of a Viking race."

The bodies of the *Newfoundland's* crew recovered by the *Bellaventure* from the ice were assembled at the Seamen's Institute on Water Street, St. John's, and were later transported in sleighs to the railway station. All the east coast was thrown into mourning by these twin disasters. Whole settlements were robbed of their able-bodied men. One hamlet which had sent twelve sons to the seal fishery received back only one. A fund of $300,000 was contributed by Newfoundland, Canada, the United States and England to provide for the families of those who perished on the floes and in the sea.

The Seamen's Institute, whose patron is King George the Fifth, is the first building of importance which the visitor passes on ascending from the steamer landing to Water Street. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell was the instigator of this enterprise which received support from many of his American friends. The cost of the edifice was $180,000. It was inaugurated in December, 1912. Lodgings are provided at 20 to 35 cents a night. There are reading and game rooms and special conference halls for captains of vessels, for sealers and members of the Royal Navy. The Institute is also headquarters for ship-wrecked crews which are

received and cared for without religious, racial or national distinctions.

Water Street is solidly built of grey stone. The most conspicuous buildings are the Court House whose corner-stone was laid by King George when Prince of Wales, the Post Office, and the railway station, at some distance from the passenger wharves. The Colonial Museum is an interesting exposition of native products, animals and Indian relics.

Strangers admire the pure Gothic of the Church of England Cathedral, and visit the ridge above it to see the painted ceiling and altar-piece of the Romanist Cathedral and the pillared House of Parliament. Government House, a mansion of dark stone, is at the head of a wind-blown and unsightly street overlooking the harbour. Nearly all the buildings of this "most stubbornly English" of all the Empire's over-sea capitals are of dull coloured wood. Few trees gain a footing in the shallow soil which covers the city's rocky foundations. The brighter the summer sun the more dreary in contrast is the municipal landscape. There are, however, several drives and vantage-points which dispel the memory of St. John's gracelessness.

From the crest of Signal Hill is unfolded an inspiriting panorama of bays, looming sea-walls, the spreading ocean, inland meadows, lakes and groves. Cabot Tower was erected at the peak to

commemorate the island's Italian discoverer. From this point the approach of vessels is signalled to the city. Cape Spear, at the harbour mouth, is 1213 miles from Sandy Hook, 885 miles from Boston, 488 miles from Halifax and 1921 miles from Liverpool.

In June, 1762, the French Government outfitted four warships for the capture of St. John's. The town had a small garrison in forts which had been long neglected and was guarded by a single sloop armed by twenty guns. The French forces numbering 700 men easily captured Signal Hill and strongly fortified it. During a bloody engagement in September of that year they were dislodged by Scotch and American colonial troops who marched overland from Torbay and Quidi Vidi, and stormed the seemingly impregnable defences with such valour that the interlopers were routed at the point of the bayonet.

Excursions from St. John's.

The country on the border of the capital is in fertile contrast to the bleak splendour of the sea front. Beyond the green-fringed lake of Quidi Vidi, where summer boating regattas are held, is as characteristic a fishing village as may be found on this crenated coast. A ring of dark-hued rocks girdles an irregular basin graced by drooping sails. In the rough shacks below the clean-swept houses of the Quidi Vidi fishermen the cod are headed,

split and boned preparatory to the process of salt curing. The drying flakes are made of cross-laid hemlock boughs. Every one is busy, cheerful and well-mannered. Here one will detect less the Irish brogue that marks the speech of St. John's, but may be confused to hear a gusty wind called a flaw, a stormy day, a coarse one, and a fine day, a civil. A girl is a maid; a kitchen, the house-place. Like the Highlanders of Cape Breton and the Acadians of Clare, the inhabitants of the outports have held more tenaciously to the archaic speech of their ancestors than have natives of the British Isles, or peasant French who still dwell in Normandy. The dialect and the use of obsolete English words varies in different communities according to the County from which the original settlers came. In some obscure villages the accent is almost unintelligible to ordinary ears and is not easily understood even by the inhabitants of present-day Dorset, Devon or Somersetshire. The pronunciation of certain words recalls terms used by Chaucer. In some sections the boy "runned" and the fleet "goed." On the south coast a plural subject is used with a singular verb, and vice versa, with quaint, not unpleasing effect.

The drive of 8 miles from St. John's to Torbay affords views of the surf at Logie Bay and of the fjord and headland scenery for which the island is most renowned. Even casual tourists will not miss the scenes about Torbay and Pouch Cove on the

upper reach of Avalon peninsula, and about Portugal Cove on Conception Bay. The composition of the land and sea-scape is so characteristic of the entire coast that those who go no further afield than these short motor-runs from St. John's will gain an understanding of the overpowering grandeur of the island's ravaged, cliff-guarded, isle-studded sea-board whose uncountable harbours are cleft between bastions of stone.

A railway is promised to the lower Avalon coast which is now reached by the highway that connects St. John's with Petty Harbour, Bay Bulls (20 m.), Cape Broyle, Ferryland (44 m.) Fermeuse, Renews, Cape Race (64 m.) and Trepassey. The road is sufficiently good for comfortable motoring, but the lodging accommodation is of the plainest. The trip may also be taken by the Bowring fortnightly mail steamer which touches at the most important harbours on Avalon peninsula and proceeds from Placentia to ports on the south and west coasts.

The southeast shore was the first to be colonised by English grantees. Ferryland, according to so excellent an authority as Bishop Howley, is a corruption of forillon, a narrow peninsula whose adjoining bay has been bored out by the action of the waves. Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, had a grant in the seventeenth century of the Avalon coast from Bay Bulls to Cape St.

THE HARBOR OF BURGEO, ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Mary's, including Ferryland. Cartier referred to the bay of *Rougnoze* which Howley believes was known to the Basques and Bretons before Cabot's voyages. The name has descended through fantastic stages to Renouze, Renowes and Renews.

Cape Race was called by the Bretons, Cap Raz. Situated at the southeast corner of the island and stormed by all the winds of the Atlantic, it is the sepulchre stone of myriads of vanished ships. Steamers crossing between New York and Liverpool set their course by this point. Its grey wall is equipped with a beacon, a fog-whistle and a Marconi telegraph station.

Nine miles west of Cape Race is the emerald Bay of Biscay and beyond it the harbour of Trepassey which is destined as the terminal of the projected railway from St. John's.

St. John's to Nain, Labrador.[2]

During the month of August the thousand-mile voyage "down" the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador is usually attended by comparatively fair seas and a cloudless sky. The *Kyle's* excellent service enhances the pleasure of the trip which until late years was known only to the professional fisherman, the explorer and the sportsman. The coastal area is analogous to that of Newfoundland, rock-built, bleak, stupendous. Nearly all friths receive the tribute of rivers which

2 See under "Transportation," Chapter XIV.

frequently fall to sea level in splendid cataracts. The procession of "growlers," bergs and floating pans moving southward on the breast of the Arctic Current, the wild life of birds and sea creatures, the activities associated with the summer fishery during which thousands of Newfoundland labourers toil near the Labrador, the life of the Esquimau [3] and the savage antics of his dogs — such scenes stimulate sensations uncommon to the tourist.

On the way north the steamer makes brief calls at more than fifty ports. Travellers who wish to acquaint themselves more intimately with the stern beauties of miles-long fjords and turbulent streams can find lodgings with the "liveyers" or permanent settlers, or at the houses of managers in charge of fishing stations, and factors of Hudson's Bay posts, or at the Grenfell and Moravian Missions. Dr. Grenfell's benefactions on the Labrador are well known in the United States. For twenty years he has given his talents and energies to bettering the physical and spiritual state of the deep-sea fishermen. In the capacity of surgeon and physician he cruises during the summer among the fishing fleets and settlements in the hospital ship *Strathcona*. At various places he has established

[3] The name first given in the form of Excomminquois in 1611 by the French, is derived from the Abenakui word, Esquimantsic. According to the *Handbook of the Indians of Canada* published in 1913, there are about 1300 Esquimanx in Newfoundland Labrador.

institutions for the sick, schools, and co-operative stores. During the winter he performs heroic service with his dog-sledge, journeying for miles over the ice to those in need of him.

Early in the summer the steamer takes to the Labrador as passengers hundreds of "landsmen" or independent fishermen from eastern and northern Newfoundland ports.[4] From Twillingate in Notre Dame Bay the course is laid for Battle Harbour on the Labrador side of Belle Isle Strait. This land-locked basin sheltered the *Roosevelt* on the return of Rear-Admiral Peary from his final expedition to the Arctic. There is a wireless station here and a Grenfell Mission. The steamer makes stops above this point at frequent intervals, dropping off groups of codders, parties of trout and salmon fishermen and an occasional tourist, all bent upon their own pursuits. Anglers frequent the rivers which enter the head of Sandwich Bay and the great watercourses of Hamilton Inlet. Cartright Harbour is a Hudson Bay station. Indian Harbour has striking island scenery and bold shores. Before entering its broad roadstead, the steamer passes up the narrows of Hamilton Inlet to Rigoulette. The Grand River falling into Hamilton Inlet, whose head is 150 miles from the sea, forms a cascade whose successive leaps total a descent of 800 feet. From Rigoulette the Inlet

[4] The Bowring S.S. *Prospero* calls at all principal ports in the five main bays on its bi-monthly trips to and from Battle Harbour.

may be ascended by the mail packet which serves the Hudson's Bay post on Northwest River and the mill at the mouth of the Grand River.

Indian Harbour is about half-way to Nain, the destination of the staunch *Kyle*. Between Nain and Cape Chidley, at the entrance to Hudson's Bay, the coastal spurs and ranges present the loftiest, wildest views on the Labrador. About Cape Mugford the mountains bordering the sea attain an altitude of 2000 to 3000 feet. Rivers, gorges and waterfalls of the far north are accessible to the cruising launch or schooner. Good harbours occur frequently the entire length of the coast and at nearly every one there is some sort of settlement. Much of the Labrador voyage lies within the protection of scattered islands which are separated from the shore by narrow channels known to the native as " tickles."

The *Laboratoris Terra*, Land of Labour, was so named following the sixteenth-century explorations of the navigator Cortoreal, who enslaved some of the indigenes and transported them to Portugal.

CHAPTER XVI

TOURS BY RAIL AND STEAMER

Conception Bay: Trinity Bay

St. John's to Placentia: Placentia to Port-aux-Basques by steamer.

Bonavista Bay. Notre Dame Bay.

St. John's — Grand Falls — Grand Lake — Humbermouth (Bay of Islands — Bonne Bay) — Spruce Brook — St. George's Bay — Doyle's — Little River — Port-aux-Basque) by rail.[1]

Port-aux-Basques — Bay of Islands — Bonne Bay — Battle Harbour by steamer.

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St. John's — Brigus Junction — Carbonear (Conception Bay) by rail.[2] Carbonear — Clarenville (Trinity Bay) by steamer.

THE railway to Brigus Junction (42 m.) skirts for more than half the distance the south shore of Conception Bay. From Topsail, Manuel's, Kelligrews and Holyrood, attractive vacation places, Bell Island is in plain sight. This is an expanse of iron-bearing rock 6 miles long whose mines are owned by the Nova Scotia Steel and the Dominion

[1] The trans-insular express leaves St. John's every evening except Friday, and Port-aux-Basques every morning except Monday. See "Transportation," third paragraph, Chapter XIV.

[2] This trip may be made a day's excursion by leaving St. John's on the morning local train and returning from Carbonear by afternoon branch train to Brigus Junction where connection may be made for St. John's (2 hours), arriving 9:15 P. M.

Iron and Steel Companies. The amount of ore in sight is estimated at 2500 million tons.

To refer to recurring coast views as extraordinary becomes monotonously repetitious. The larger eastern bays differ only in the degree of grandeur by which one excels the other. The least of their coves has an artistic appeal. Conception Bay, enthrallingly lovely in every aspect, is enclosed by precipices less sublimely tall than those of Trinity Bay, but is none the less satisfying for that. A peninsula 85 miles long divides these two immense arms of the Atlantic. The railway which traverses nearly half its length is to be extended to Grates Cove at the northern end.

Grotesque ridges of unclad rock close in the village of Brigus, which lies a mile from the railway station at the head of a walled blue harbour. In this stony lap were reared all the Arctic captains who navigated the ships of the Peary expeditions, and the men of this immediate coast composed Peary's crews. In a cottage house surrounded by trees and a neatly plotted garden lives Captain William Bartlett. He and his brothers, Captains Sam, John and Henry were all born to the ice. The first of the Bartletts to go with Peary was Captain Henry who later lost his life coming from Philadelphia with a cargo of coal. Captain John was skipper of the *Hope* when Peary's meteorite was brought south. Captain Sam who, if necessary "would ship for the Polar Seas in a bath-

tub," in the words of the regretted Borup, stayed during the winter of 1900–1901 at Cape Sabine with the wife and daughter of the explorer while the latter was afield. It was he who superintended the building of the *Roosevelt* at Bucksport, Maine.

The last of the Peary captains was the eldest of four sons and four daughters born to Captain William and his wife, Mrs. Mary Leamon Bartlett. The best ice-master of the North, the trail-maker of the final expedition, who more than any one else besides the Commander was responsible for the discovery of the Pole, had been three times a member of the Peary forces before his surpassing seamanship put the *Roosevelt* at Cape Sheridan. For all but the last five of the pole-ward marches he hewed the way on foot, exceeding by 13 miles a day all previous records for progress over the ice. At the eighty-eighth parallel Captain Bob planted the flag of his native colony. Peary and his companion went on 130 miles from there. When he returned to civilisation the Commander telegraphed Governor Williams at St. John's, "I congratulate Newfoundland on its part in the discovery."

The *Roosevelt's* navigator and, more recently, the hero of the *Karluk* adventure was born in this rock-belted cradle of vikings in 1875. At seventeen he skippered a cod steamer and when still a youth piloted sealing craft in the March gulf fishery. His examinations for second and chief mate were taken at the Navigation School in St. John's, but

his mother, a charming lady of West County ancestry, declares his first schooling in ice seamanship was gained when with his companions he spent winter play-hours jumping from pan to pan in the harbour, "copying" the sealers. As a toddler he sailed the frigid waters in a borrowed tub with a broom as propeller. Brigus youngsters are like that. They skim the thinnest ice, swim the coldest seas, disport themselves on the slipperiest bergs, scale the straightest flanks of the raggedest cliffs. Little wonder that their deeds in later life excite no wonder among their townsfolk. Heroism is at a discount in this nook of the world where adventure is bred in the bone and danger is the sauce of life.

Brigus was originally the port of departure for the seal-killers. In the sixties, forty craft manned by fishermen from Placentia, Burin, Trepassey and other outports were accustomed to leave the ice-choked harbour. As the sailing vessels fell off and steamships took their place the sealing fleet made St. John's the assembling and outfitting port.

The *Terra Nova*, one of the Bowring fleet, carried the Scott Expedition to the Antarctic. On her return she was re-bought by the St. John's firm. During the seal fishery of 1914 she was commanded by Captain William Bartlett, who brought back a catch of 28,000 seals.

In June and July the men of this coast bark their nets, forge their trawl anchors and make ready

their parbuckle for the Labrador cruise. The "merchant," usually the owner of the schooner, supplies a "planter" with provisions, the latter hires the crew, paying them $100 to $120 a season. If the men fish on shares they may earn more, but they risk earning much less. Those who live on the schooners during the summer are "floaters," the men who hire out to no one, but provision themselves and fish from the shore in dories are "landsmen."

The farm country behind Brigus, Clarke's Beach, Bay Roberts and Spaniard's Bay combines with the prospects of sparkling bays to make indescribable pictures. The wagon-roads are good if one prefers to drive north from Brigus (where there is an immaculate inn) to neighbour towns. Harbour Grace is second to St. John's in point of inhabitants, but "second by a long way," having only about an eighth of the capital's population of 32,000. The docks of Harbour Grace were in use over 300 years ago. A Marine Railway has been constructed within recent years which makes it possible to raise and repair ships without their cargo being unloaded.

Twice a week a Reid steamerlet leaves Carbonear for a tour of Conception and Trinity Bays. The course which lies north to Bay de Verde and the bird-haunted Bacalieu Islands, rounds into the magnificent bay to the west after a call at Catalina. The town of Trinity (76 m.)

has a superb harbour. The outlook from Gun Hill comprehends weird and mighty cliffs that rise out of the waters of the rectangular firth with no beaches to break their ascent. Gorgeous contours strike up in the offing as the *Ethie* takes her diminutive way to the haven of Heart's Content which is of importance to the outer world as the converging point for trans-Atlantic cables. Further down the bay, out of the drift of travel or news is Heart's Delight. Near the entrance to Lady Cove, which gives narrow access to Clarenville, is Lake Heartsease.

Clarenville, about 150 miles from Carbonear by the alternating routes of the steamer, is on the main railway line, 131 miles northwest of St. John's. On Mondays and Fridays the *Ethie* starts back to Conception Bay. The total depth of Trinity Bay is 60 miles.

St. John's – Placentia: Placentia – Port-aux-Basques by Water.[3]

At Placentia Junction (62 miles southwest of St. John's), a branch diverges at right angles to Placentia (20 m.) on the wedge-shaped southern bay of the same name. Between the junction and Clarenville the main track runs on an isthmus less than two miles wide which acts as a dam between Placentia and Trinity Bays. At Come-by-Chance

[3] Before leaving to make steamer connections, it is advisable to inquire of the Reid-Newfoundland Company at St. John's as to the exact time of departure, as delays not infrequently occur which alter schedules.

the trisected peninsula of Avalon is almost severed from the remainder of the island.

Placentia Bay is nearly 70 miles wide at the mouth and extends for the same distance into the land. Its upper area is thronged with islands which shield the course of the steamer *Argyle* as it makes its weekly rounds from Placentia to Rose au Rue, to Harbour Buffet, Haystack and Merasheen. The same craft has a sailing every week for Paradise, across the bay from Placentia town, and other ports down the east coast of Burin Peninsula, which are also served by the *Glencoe*, Placentia – Port-aux-Basques.

Placentia village covers a low spit of water-worn gravel beach, lapped on either side by long sea-arms whose tree-covered bluffs rise to a height of several hundred feet. Though it lies low on the water, no town in Newfoundland has a more gracious site. Students of nomenclature believe the bay was named by Portuguese voyagers who found it as fair as the situation of ancient Placentia on the Tagus. In 1662 Charles II sold to Louis XIV of France this portion of the southern shore. The French forthwith fortified it and on several occasions defended it against the English, who resented their sovereign's generosity. The French esteemed it " a post of the greatest importance and service . . . in regard that 'tis a place of refuge to the ships that are obliged to put into a harbour, when they go or come from Canada, and

even to those which come from South America when they want to take in fresh water or provisions."

Castle Hill, on the "Jersey side," had natural advantages for defence by which the French were quick to profit. Under the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht the settlements and its forts reverted to the English. The ghost of a French officer still keeps watch on Castle Hill over the treasure his mates left at the surrender of Placentia. Imaginative villagers have seen his pacing form arrayed in full uniform and an old-style army cap. When the garrison evacuated the fortress it was decreed, according to a very old tale, that one should be shot so that a spirit might sentinel the buried gold until the owners should come again to possess it. Similar traditions are heard about the coves of Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy and in out-of-the-way ports of northern Newfoundland. One of those to whom the Castle Hill ghost has appeared is the Irish night-guard of the freight vans at the Placentia dock. Though not often lonely in the still watches (the spirits of dead "townies" keep him company) yet it is a bit melancholy to be alone in the caboose when the voices of the ship-wrecked are wafted on an in-shore wind. . . .

Placentia is a dog-less town. Not so much as the flirt of a tail will give you greeting as you ramble the sea-washed streets. Anti-canine legislation was deemed necessary to rid the country-side of the sheep-killers. Some of the people protested

whose big woolly dogs helped to drag cod into the dories and hauled wood and deer-meat in the winter, but they were in the minority and were voted down. So all the dogs of the Placentia district were done away with. When you see those who survive at other outports you regret that in mercy to the brutes themselves the law has not been applied throughout the colony.

In the Church of England grave-yard are the broken head-stones of a Basque fisherman and the officer of a French frigate; the first-named bears the date 1676. The inscriptions,

Ioanes Sara

and

Nis
Dehir
Iart

have been deciphered by Monsignor Légasse, of whom we shall hear more in connection with the church at St. Pierre-Miquelon.

If the constable is not away somewhere on his forty-mile beat up and down the east shore of the bay, he will with good grace leave his ploughing and exhibit the relics of church and court house: the communion silver given by the Prince of Wales who became King William IV and who visited this southern village in 1787; the Hanoverian staff in the court-room; the service of Channel Island silver lustre owned by the widow of the jailer.

Quite as proud is he to show the cells devoid of prisoners, but cluttered with broken chairs and paint cans and the jailer's widow's spinning-wheel.

The *Glencoe's* run across the bay to lovely Marystown on the eastern margin of Burin Peninsula is accomplished in six or seven hours. Great Burin is the second call on the way from Placentia to Port-aux-Basques. The force of the ocean is broken by natural breakwaters about the mouth of this matchless harbour—"the best in Newfoundland." The steamer winds among hillocky islands to the town which perches wherever it can gain a foot-hold about the sides of rough knolls. Intersecting channels are spanned by walks laid on wooden piers. One of the highest hills is named for Captain Cook who made a complete survey of this coast in 1763. On the top is the cairn he erected. The inlets and "back arms" of Burin invited the establishment by Jerseymen and West-of-England firms of important fishing-rooms whose trade with foreign countries once made this harbour one of the most active of the southern outports. A "room" in Newfoundland parlance is the premises of a fishing firm or individual. "A family room" descends from father to son. Originally the term was applied only to the hall where the commercial transactions were consummated. Later it came to include warehouse, docks, stores and drying-stages.

One of many likely and unlikely tales which im-

brue Burin with romance relates to the wife of a fishing magnate who belonged to the gay world of Paris and was obsessed by a love of gambling. By degrees she wagered and lost all the profits of her husband's business in far-away Burin. When at last she staked in one grand coup two whole cargoes of cod, and lost again, the firm was thrown into bankruptcy, the direst poverty fell upon *la belle française*, and she and her husband were reduced to receiving alms.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Burin is a physician of New England ancestry and a graduate of Harvard Medical School to whom fishermen from Lamaline to Isle Valen bring their sick and injured in sailing boats. Burin has no connection by road with any place except Fortune, 20 miles across the elongated boot of the peninsula. Construction has been commenced on a railway which, starting at Northern Bight, below Clarenville, will unite all the towns on the west side of Placentia Bay with the main highway of traffic, 100 miles to the northeast.

The steamer puts in at St. Lawrence at the heel of the peninsula before breasting the heavy seas which mark the passage between May Point and the Miquelon Islands. Unless fog obscures them the bare peaks of French St. Pierre will show black against the southwestern horizon. An occasional schooner or gasolene launch carries passengers from Grand Bank, on Fortune Bay, or the tourist

may cable for a tug to come from St. Pierre at a cost of $20 to $30 for the three-hour passage back to the island. These considerations aside, the only alternative is to go on to North Sydney from Port-aux-Basques and catch the mail steamer which runs between Halifax, North Sydney and St. Pierre, and which with regular and intermediate summer sailings leaves the Cape Breton port about every seven days.

Once safely around Dantzic Head,— or Point Mal de Mer as under average sea conditions it might more fittingly be called,— the *Glencoe* makes Fortune and Grand Bank, staying long enough at each port to discharge and load cargo. Grand Bank prides itself on its Methodism and the prosperous appearance of its neat stores and white-faced, shutterless houses. Fortune Bay is nearly as long as Placentia Bay but only half as wide. The best scenery of this marvellous coast which turns broad-side to the Atlantic is found beyond Belleoram in the fjords of Harbour Breton, Hermitage, Pushthrough, Burgeo-of-the-many-isles and Rose Blanche (280 miles from Placentia). The disadvantages of the tour are the fogs and choppy seas which attend the journey except on favoured mid-summer days. If one is of a mind to leave the seaworthy little *Glencoe* and sojourn in a fascinating village that clutches the ledges above a cliff-bound haven he may find it difficult to secure lodgings. There are no hotels, but hos-

pitable housewives sometimes surrender their spare chambers to the travelling salesman and to that much rarer *avis*, the summer tourist.

The habits, the speech, the folk and sea-lore of this remote fringe of a far-north island are of distinct and absorbing interest. The manners of the people are winning. Crime is almost unknown. If a constable dies in even so comparatively important a district as Burgeo, it may be months before one is appointed in his place. Occasionally a man who has signed for the Banks fails to appear at the hour of his schooner's sailing, or a master runs his vessel ashore to collect fraudulent insurance. The courts rarely have other offences to deal with. Sometimes the stranger comes upon a fact startling in its primitiveness. One may be cited, almost unbelievable and yet reasonable enough when local conditions are weighed: few of the inhabitants ever saw a horse. A frowsy little beast of the Newfoundland pony type being transported to Port-aux-Basques on the deck of the *Glencoe* drew wide-eyed groups at every port between its point of embarkation and its destination. At Rencontre beyond the whale factory at Balena, there were some older folk who remembered a blind horse that had died thirty years before, but those whose memories were more restricted found of the utmost interest the pony's tail, its rough brown coat and flexible ears. Once upon a time a south coast inhabitant received as a present a white horse.

"The animal strayed away. It was shot for a caribou, and the hunter called up the neighbours to see the white stag with iron shoes on his hoofs."

The bi-weekly arrival of the mail boat is of prime importance to the outport population. Even the village dogs know when the funnel shows off the harbour and race down the hills for the tidbits that a kind-hearted cook throws from the galley. Fed on scant doles of dried herring, regarded only for the services they perform and burdened with dreadful yokes to prevent their jumping the bars to rob sheep-pens, these mongrels of the south coast form a pitiable crew. By law, all dogs that run at large must wear suspended about the neck a seven-pound piece of wood eighteen inches long and three inches in diameter. The weight of the dragging rope causes unspeakable sores on the poor necks. The dogs attack the sheep because they are starved. They are starved by masters who will not humanely kill them but keep them alive because of their value as *chiens de trait*. Needless to say there is no society in Newfoundland for the protection of animals from cruelty.

A harrowing vision often seen by the folk of this shore before a storm is a white eight-oared gig manned by a headless crew. Another ghostly apparition is a headless Frenchman who haunts the fish-houses of one of the harbours. On one of the rare beaches that are good for landing, no boat

HUMBERMOUTH, NEWFOUNDLAND

painter will stay tied. Spirit hands loosen the firmest knots.

The *Glencoe* has gone in and out of these granite orifices and beaten along the reefs and straight cliffs of this remarkable coast for nearly twenty years, through September gales and March hurricanes, and never lost a life. Before the advent of steam vessels so many fatal wrecks were recorded every year between Cape Race and Cape Ray that the inhabitants were able to construct and furnish houses and even apparel themselves from the flotsam scattered on the waves. Judge Prowse in *The Newfoundland Quarterly* relates the story of an Anglican clergyman who held service in an isolated south port. "Having been formerly an officer in the army, he was very particular about his clothes. His plain black coat was of the very best material. The old fisherman, his host, eyed him for some time; then laying his hand on the coat sleeve, smoothing it down, he said: 'That's a mighty fine piece of cloth, sir; never seed such a splendid bit of cloth in my life before. Get'ee out of a wrack, sir?'" In those days the best that any one had was reaped from the sea.

Four miles east of Port-aux-Basques are the Isles aux Morts, the Islands of the Dead, where a hundred years ago the immortal George Harvey rescued from ship-wrecks many scores of human beings. Cape Ray, the extreme southwesterly

headland, is approximately the same distance on the other side of the Port of the Basques.

Bonavista Bay.

The rail journey from Shoal Harbour (133 miles northwest of St. John's) to the town of Bonavista is fraught with inconveniences. Three days in the week the "Accommodation" leaves at 1:22 in the morning, and on the remaining week-days, if the express is on time and the stars are propitious it departs five hours later. Six hours are consumed in making the journey of 88 miles. A less strenuous and more picturesque route is via the *Dundee* which leaves Port Blandford (18 miles beyond Shoal Harbour) on Mondays and Fridays for a three days' tour of twenty ports in the isle-fretted bay. At Bonavista, the chief town, connection can be made with the Reid and Bowring Labrador steamers.

Looking on the fearsome reefs of Cape Bonavista one wonders how Cabot and Cartier had courage to approach so inhospitable a land. The harbour of Catalina to the south is believed to be the one the Norman voyager named St. Katherine. There his ships remained ten days until the weather was favourable for a continuance of his first and most memorable journey in the New World.

Between Port Blandford and Notre Dame Junction (94 m.) the main line of the railway crosses

the Terra Nova, Gander and Triton Rivers, all of which traverse an unsurpassed hunting and fishing country.

Notre Dame Bay.

A 10-mile rail journey from Notre Dame Junction terminates at Lewisporte at the bottom of Notre Dame Bay. Twice a week a steamer goes as far to the northeast as Fogo, calling at Exploits, Herring Neck, Twillingate and other harbours en route. Another steamer has bi-weekly sailings toward the west and north to Leading Tickles, Pilley's Island, Springdale, Green Bay ports, Nipper's Harbour, Snook's Arm and Tilt Cove. Either way there are inconceivably beautiful views of green heights and islands "numerous as glittering gems of morning dew," and of armlets that environ farm and fishing hamlets with placid deep-blue streams.

Exploits is due north of Lewisporte at the delta of Newfoundland's largest river. Twillingate, "the northern capital," is 14 miles beyond. One of the crowning vistas of the whole bay is disclosed at Herring Neck. Southward is Dildo Run with unusual rock formations. Fogo, situated on two islands, was formerly reputed for its pure-bred Newfoundland dogs. The species has now so far degenerated that when the King of England, then Prince of Wales, visited the island a few years back there was a great to-do to find one thorough-

bred animal in the colony worthy to be presented to so illustrious a guest. At present England breeds the only Newfoundland dogs that emulate in type Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society" painted in 1838, and later chosen as the model head for a now somewhat rare Newfoundland stamp. According to the best standards the coat should be liver and white, black and white, or all black. If all black, white hairs are permissible on chest, toes and tip of tail. A strong active male dog should stand 29 inches tall and weigh 120 to 140 pounds. Other distinguishing points of the thorough-bred are web-feet, a broad massive head, small ears and an expression intelligent, kindly and dignified. Robert Burns' poem "Twa Dogs," written in 1786, extolled the qualities of the Newfoundland. To a noble member of the same species Byron erected at Newstead Abbey a monument

> To mark a friend's remains . . .
> I never knew but one, and here he lies.

On Fogo Island was born toward the end of the eighteenth century a child whose beauty in later years fascinated all of France. As Pamela Sims the young Newfoundlander became a member of the household of the Duc d'Orléans and was taken to wife by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish revolutionist. The poet Sheridan also fell under the spell of this "very Hebe, such as Thorwalsden

might have wrought," whose portrait may be viewed in one of the galleries at Versailles.

Passengers on the *Clyde* can transfer at Exploits to the *Home* without returning to Lewisporte. The eccentric sculptured cliffs of Leading Tickles appear beyond Fortune Harbour. Springdale, at the mouth of Hall's Bay, is the starting point for noted trout and salmon streams. The *Home* continues across Green Bay to Nipper's Harbour where weird-looking rocks rising out of the sea remind one of scenes about Brigus. This coast is so pregnant with minerals that in places the ore may be seen glittering beneath the water. The Tilt Cove Mines have produced in the fifty years of their operation nearly $20,000,000 worth of copper.

Tunny-fish, often six feet in length, enter this northern bay in great numbers. In the summer, Green, Trinity and Bonavista Bays are visited by fleets of fishing-boats in quest of the tentacled oddity known locally as squid. When a few inches long they make tempting cod bait. Grown to maturity they become devil-fish. They are caught by hanging unbaited hooks over the side of the boats and "jigging" them up and down. In this economical manner many barrels of bait are annually secured.

The Bowring steamer *Prospero*, St. John's – Battle Harbour, a comfortable craft of a thousand tons, calls in Bonavista, Notre Dame and White

Bays and proceeds up the exposed east shore of Newfoundland's uppermost arm to St. Anthony, and across the Strait of Belle Isle to Labrador. At St. Anthony Dr. Grenfell has successfully bred large herds of Lapland reindeer.

A small Reid boat leaves Lewisporte every Wednesday for Tilt Cove, Coachman's Cove, St. Anthony, Battle Harbour and intermediate points.

Notre Dame Junction — Grand Falls — Grand Lake — Humbermouth — Spruce Brook — St. George's Bay — Doyle's — Little River — Port-aux-Basques.

Beyond Notre Dame Junction the main railway penetrates the forest lands of the Exploits River. At Grand Falls (276 m. from St. John's) the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company has created a new city, well built, well paved and lighted, as an adjunct to the mammoth pulp mills whose product feeds the presses of the Harmsworth publications in England. Bishop Falls is the seat of a similar industry. Grand Falls is situated a little way off the railway near the dam above the rocky plunge of the Exploits River. A tall sulphur tower marks the site of the mills. The bulk of the timber used is spruce. The forests of Newfoundland, which cover about a third of its total area, have until recent years been practically untouched by commerce. At the present rate of development, the island's timber tracts and its iron,

copper and coal deposits bid fair to rival the fisheries in value. One of the most extensive lumber districts centres about Red Indian Lake, south from Millertown Junction. This region was one of the last strongholds of the now extinct tribe of Beothics, the aborigines of Newfoundland.

The road climbs the higher levels of a spreading plateau. Here above the steppes that in spring and fall are frequented by migrating caribou, "the Topsails" spring upward with strange and telling effect. Snow often rests on these pyramidal buttes until the summer is well advanced. The rough-fashioned landscape has its own charm, but from the railway few mellow scenes appear until the Humber is approached. On the way is Grand Lake, the largest of the myriad fresh-water seas that strew the island. Near the railroad the plain is bereft of trees due to forest fires, which to a large extent have been ignited by sparks from passing engines. Settlers who live near the iron way complain that they must now take a day's journey to secure fire-wood, whereas all the heights hereabouts and still further east were formerly cloaked in green. Away from the railroad, abutting the long-drawn shores of the lake, are deep plushy growths of spruce, juniper, fir and pine which are the chosen haunts of sportsmen. In this district the Reid Syndicate have profitable coal-fields.

At the completion of the branch from a place

beyond Grand Lake to Bonne Bay, this pictorial gem of the west coast will be accessible without recourse to steamer.

The game country of the Upper Humber is reached from Deer Lake station. Two days are usually needed to arrive at the salmon pools below the Grand Fall. The Humber rises in Birchy Lake, a few miles south of the lowest inlet of White Bay. Gliding downward between pale-coloured hills, twisting by the impasse of wooded spurs that seek to bar its course, the river flows through Deer Lake and sweeps with broad mien past Humbermouth. There are few river views more inspiring than the one which stretches to the west through Birchy Cove to Bay of Islands.

This intensely blue estuary of the Humber 13 miles distant from the railway, is crossed by the Reid steamer *Meigle* on its Wednesday trip from Humbermouth to Battle Harbour, via Bonne Bay and other points on the west coast. See last section of this chapter.

At Curling, 3 miles beyond Humbermouth, good accommodations are available in a new and attractive summer hotel. Excursions up and down the Humber and to Bay of Islands can be arranged by launch. This spot more nearly approaches a tourist resort than any place on the island.

Rivers and lakes are so commonplace in Newfoundland, a third of her surface is absorbed by inland waters, that fair-sized streams are as often called brooks as rivers, and even Grand Lake, 60

miles long and 6 miles wide, is named on the map a pond. Spruce Brook and Harry's Brook thread a realm renowned for fish, big game and alluring canoe-ways. The Log Cabin at Spruce Brook Station is a pleasant inn at which even on the border of the wilderness the conventions are not disregarded. At Stephenville Crossing is another hotel for sportsmen and tourists, near the head of lovely Bay St. George. This is a famous lobster region. In season one may feast on the toothsome crustacean at an absurdly small outlay. They are offered by fishermen at 11 cents each. Salmon is 5 cents a pound. Trout cost 25 cents for a dozen weighing one and a half to two pounds each. Emptying into this bay are numerous other streams inhabited by the mystic *salmo salar.*

At South Branch the rails bridge the Grand Codroy on its way to the gulf. From this station and from Doyle's (25 miles above Port-aux-Basques) the pools are conveniently fished. From Doyle's store the river is a mile distant. Almost on its banks is a genial house on a five-hundred-acre farm frequented year after year by a loyal clan. "Doyle's" has an individuality that is not to be ascribed to the merit of near-by pools nor to the scenery, which here comprises a wide curving river, apple-green intervales and two rows of grim snow-flecked ranges. Though past three score and ten, the mother of the Doyle boys, "mother" also to all her hungry boarders, assumes the tasks of

housewife, cook and waitress — nimbly broiling new-caught trout, emerging with platters of fat salmon from the steam-misted kitchen where the guides are supping, piling plates with brown biscuits, surreptitiously filling half-emptied milk glasses from the quart cream pitcher, hovering with heaped ladles to replenish dwindling portions, beaming on the guests who take two helpings of everything, chiding those who for most excellent reasons cannot.

In the morning early the fishermen are off to the Cascade or the Overfall. Rubber-breeched and stoutly booted, their pockets bulge with fly-books, hooks and reels. The guides shoulder poles, gaffs and frying-pans and a Mother Doyle sack of provisions. They descend to the boats and pole two or three miles up river between fruitful meadows and knolls dotted with browsing sheep. Across the wide flats the Anguille Mountains make a wall to bar out the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Above tidewater good pools occur at short intervals. On these Newfoundland streams the first rod holds possession. In other words, a pool is a man's own until he deserts it. The price he pays is the $10 fishing-fee to the warden. The custom of leasing water rights obtains nowhere on the island.

At the close of the day catches are weighed and compared, adventures recounted, condolences exchanged over the gamey ones that got away after hours of sulks and rushes. Some of the salmon

are consigned to the smoke-house. The biggest are ice-packed and shipped home to friends.

A fine road goes down the valley 7 miles to Searstown facing the gulf. Here one sees salmon by the dory-load taken from nets set a specified distance off the river mouth. The cod brought in to Searstown is sold in pickle to a firm from Gloucester which buys from all the little rooms up and down this coast.

Tompkins', on Little River, is another resort in favour with American and Canadian anglers who are rewarded by big catches of salmon and lake and sea trout. Port-aux-Basques is 20 miles south of Little River station. The train runs alongside the steamer landing for the boats to Cape Breton. The main settlement is at Channel, a mile away.

Port-aux-Basques — Battle Harbour.

The tourist arriving from St. John's by rail or coasting steamer can make connection with the *Portia* (as already outlined under "Transportation," Chapter XIV) for Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay (250 m.). Rounding Cape Ray and Cape Anguille the first to be reached of the five main indentations of this west coast, known still as the French Shore,[3] is the broad-mouthed Bay of St. George, whose lower margin is overlooked from the railroad. At Port au Port on the other side

[3] See "Chronology," Chapter XV.

of the bay one can walk a short distance and come to the lower arm of a second inlet which opens to the north, almost cutting away an immense section of land at whose point is Cape St. George. There is a reflex here of former French occupation in the names, Port au Port, Le Petit Jardin, Le Grand Jardin, Les Vaches. English names are less euphonious, Charlie Sheare's Cove, Black Duck Brook, Rope Cove, Bear Cove. Over-topping the latter is a mountain which bears the familiar name of Blomidon. This peak over 2000 feet high exceeds Blomidon of Minas in altitude and scope of vision if not in romantic association. To the west is the open gulf; to the north, the Bay of Islands (90 miles from Bay St. George) and the crest of Mount St. Gregory. The longest of the bay's three great arms is the one which receives the Humber. To do justice to this lovely sheet of water and its cleft shores one should tour by launch along the arms and among the sylvan islands which lie off the course of the *Portia* and the Reid steamer *Meigle*, down from Humbermouth. Both steamers go on to Bonne Bay (40 m.) where the most sophisticated tourist will experience new sensations. About the margin of this peerless fjord are arrayed the island's sublimest pinnacles. Above tiers of red headlands climb barren hills, and above the hills massive, deeply undulated summits whose crevices are inlaid with glittering snow.

Bonne Bay village makes a white line along the

base of these wild sea mountains. At this point one may turn back with the *Portia* or continue on the Reid craft to the northern limits of the island — a journey of nearly 300 miles. The Long Range follows the coast from Bonne Bay to Hawke's Harbour and Ingornachoix Bay. Sportsmen leave the steamer at Port Saunders for salmon streams that lead up toward the mountains.

Isolated summits peer above Bay St. John whose uppermost promontory is New Ferrole, which lies on the fifty-first parallel north latitude. At Flower's Cove the *Meigle* crosses the Strait of Belle Isle to Salmon Bay on the coast of Canadian Labrador, and in doing so cuts the waters which in February are overlaid by the Arctic floes that form the breeding grounds of the seals of Greenland and Hudson's Bay. Blanc Sablon is on the boundary line between the Dominion of Canada and the in no wise related state, the Colony of Newfoundland.

The steamer loops in and out of desolate ports on the upper side of the strait, calls at Chateau Bay and then at Battle Harbour, due north of Cape Bauld, the topmost of Newfoundland's headlands.

From Battle Harbour, St. John's may be reached direct by the *Kyle* or the *Prospero*.

A HOLIDAY ON THE MIQUELON ISLANDS

CHAPTER XVII

A HOLIDAY ON THE MIQUELON ISLANDS

. . .

Draw a line from Cape Cod to Newfoundland and it will cleave an island group where the three-barred pennant of France snaps from mast and pole, and hamlets are guarded by French gendarmes. Shrines at the angle of low-gabled streets, groups that play at Basque Ball on the square, dogs that strain at burdens denote the nationality of this archipelago, which lies only a little way off northern steamer lanes, but is less familiar to travellers than many isles in remote seas.

Here, cafés that smell of *byrrh* and good Bordeaux are served by damsels Gallic in tongue and gesture, and *place* and quay are cumbered by the tread of wooden-soled boots which, like smiting pink socks, broad caps and swaggering sashes call to mind the costumes of Brittany and its neighbour provinces.

Steamers from New York and Boston tie up at Halifax near the mail packet which leaves twice a month for St. Pierre. If arrival and departure are well-timed, a fair weather voyage of scarcely three

days separates the capital of New England from the chief town of the Miquelon Islands, last fragment of New France.

When not only the capital of New England but that of Scotland's namesake had been put behind us, the Adventurer and I, and Happy the terrier, betook ourselves from the cold mist which obscured receding Halifax to the packet's trim cabin. About the table where tall bottles stalked, the ship's company — buyers of oil, sellers of motors, visiting Pierrais from the States — made reference to crossings quite the opposite of fair, when a week of days and nights had been needed to make this passage alone. We were fortunate, so every one said, to find ourselves in these waters in mid-summer. At other seasons, buccaneer gales of the St. Lawrence Gulf and the Atlantic not infrequently exact toll from far prouder ships than the little craft on which we had somewhat fearfully embarked for a vague land of Fog, Fish and Frenchmen.

At break of a sullen morning, the port-holes framed, first, a long barren island which was Great Miquelon, then a grassy one which was Langlade, then another, steep and green — Colombier. On our right rose a lofty rock wall whose length of three or four miles was the length of the island called for the Great Fisherman. There were other islands, those of the Conquerors, the Massacre, the Pigeons and the Dogs. But the one in which

travellers are most interested is that of St. Peter.

When we had rounded the promontory which faces Newfoundland, 18 miles to the north, our altered course disclosed the capital of the Miquelons ascending from an oval harbour toward the heights which crown the island. Inside the basin's reefy gate the drying nets of over-sea trawlers bellowed like brown ensigns; in the misty wind, schooners' sails breathed to and fro as gulls lift waking wings. On the out-reaching cliff of Galantry Head the mighty pharos that flashes afar the menace of these shores, still did duty through the dawn. Here and there, lights glimmered from cottages that bossed the hillside above our prow, but for the most part the grey village of St. Pierre still stretched on its ledge asleep.

At the foot of the gang-plank the same uniform confronted us as confronts one at Villefranche or Boulogne. And we answered, as there, "*Jai rien à declarer, Monsieur,*" and were chalked free with a negligent smile. A few men, broad-bodied, dressed in sea clothes, leaned against the walls of shuttered stores to watch the disembarking of passengers and the unloading of the cargo, mainly composed of food-stuffs from Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, hardware from Connecticut and brick and cement from Bangor. Below the quay dorymen busied themselves with spark plug and petrol. But in the silence of early morning the wide embankment was blank and still except

for a whistling baker-boy who halted before doorways set deep in white stucco to deliver little breads from his ample head-basket. The round-skirted women who answered his call, the roofs that sloped toward the lintels of the opened doors were as veritably French as though the mother country were not an ocean apart from this colonial child.

We inquired for a hotel. A lusty idler replied in surprising pure accent that there were boarding-houses only, and but three of those. The coiffeur's behind the *magasin* of Monsieur Frecker might suit, only — Madame would perhaps find it not to her taste having to pass always through the hair-dressing shop to reach the family rooms. So that left two. . . . And both were on corners of the same streets, and the cuisine was as reputed at one as at the other.

Thus with no prejudices to guide us we sought a cinder road which left the quay near an archaic and water-less fountain and took its up-hill way past windows wherein watches and demijohns, tinted saints and merchandise would later in the day induce custom. Houses and shops were nearly all of dun-painted wood. Door-steps rose immediately from the roadway as in other French villages. And upper casements gazed directly upon the heads of the two strangers who paused to tap discreetly, for it was not yet seven o'clock, upon a certain green panel.

If we had known that Madame C—— had but

recently announced herself heir to a legacy and indifferent to trade, we should better have comprehended the stir of draperies, the whispered peering of heads at neighbouring panes. Better have understood, also, the reluctant flap and shuffle of slippered feet which preceded the narrow gaping of the door, and the curt "*Eh Bien?*" which was our greeting.

"We seek breakfast, Madame," with caution, noting the chill of the appraising eye.

"*Seulement déjeuner?*" from lips that were keen as the glance.

One could not be sure . . . if the terms were right —

Whereat the green door snapped shut.

No more decisively, however, than another that had been waiting flew open. "Over here if you please," summoned a voice so compelling that over there we went to engage a chamber which resembled the best room in any French cottage from its gold wedding clock to its wedding four-poster. The furnishings, so it was volubly disclosed, had to the very image of Saint Mary been brought across the sea in a Brittany sailboat. In the same way is still conveyed much that the good people of Miquelon wear, eat and use.

During the fortnight we spent as guests of Madame Miller we slept, as in rural France, upon and beneath a ticking of down, and were wakened each

morning by Albertine piping *chansons* as she dusted the stair. Appetizing odors drew us often to the dining-room where through an open door we could see the genie of the kitchen peering into kettles, sniffing under lids, mincing with fastidious, pottering hands herbs into a sputtering pan. At the table, we shared the concoctions of Madame, likewise tinned delicacies from France, good wine and puffy *gateaux*, with a monsieur lately arrived from Paris to install a new plant for the mogul called Thélot who dictates to St. Pierre how many watts it may have for its centimes. So potent is the name of this luminary that in his orbit it is synonymous with the light itself. "*Où est Thélot?*" mothers ask to invite their babes' reply, "*Là est Thélot!*" at the turning of the switch. If the evening current is belated, householders sigh in the dusk, "Thélot is late tonight," or if the light is poor, "Thélot is dim."

The broad world, its habits and terms mean little to St. Pierre. Many born on the island have never left it for so much as a day's excursion to Big or Little Miquelon. Their universe is this pinnacled isle bounded by the Atlantic.

A short way down a shabby street from our *pension* was the square about which the social and religious life of the village rotates, even as the quay is the hub of local commerce. Near-by is Government House. Facing the *place* is the café of the high world. But the most significant struc-

ture is the long, two-towered church deeded to the parish under exceptional circumstances by a bishop, member of the island's Basque aristocracy. This bishop made it his mission to preach the needs of St. Pierre from the north to the south of France. As the result of his campaign, half a million francs were given him to be used as he found best. Even the windows in the church he built bear the inscription, "A gift to Monsignor Légasse." The building, its altar ornaments and feast-day hangings became the property of the cleric, and he gave it outright to the parish, thus thwarting forever its forfeiture to the State. For the inhabitants of St. Pierre had felt the heavy hand of secularization, and like the ardent Churchmen they are had rebelled against it. In 1908 they made a demonstration before the Governor's house following the closing of the parochial schools, and threatened with vehemence to transfer their allegiance to the United States. Whereupon the home Ministry came tolerantly to terms.

Tolerantly, because these possessions, referred to by Voltaire in his *Life of Louis XV* as the Isles of Michelon, are no longer of value to France. Drastic conditions have affected the trade of St. Pierre, the capital-port. For years it has waned in population and prosperity, and those who stay on in its weather-worn houses wonder dully what is to become of them and their children. A fourth of the buildings are empty and only a score of

schooners remain from the fleet of more than ten score which formerly bore "St. Pierre" at the stern.

Most of the inhabitants descend from those Norman, Basque and Breton companions of Champlain and de Razilly who were the forefathers of the exiles ruthlessly driven from New France by the English. Acadian outcasts found an asylum on these islands which had been known to Norse, French and Spanish voyagers in the Middle Centuries, and which Jacques Cartier is said to have visited before touching the mainland of America. In 1713 a troublous history began when they were granted with Newfoundland to Great Britain. Following Wolfe's victory on the Plains above Quebec, they were conferred upon vanquished France as a sop, with the stipulation that they be used henceforth only as an unfortified fishing-station. During the next fifty years, England and France were the alternate masters of Miquelon, but in 1815 the islands were definitely ceded to the French.

Recognising that Britain's prowess on the sea was first established by the ancient crews of Devon and Dorset who sailed a stormy tract to the Newfoundland feeding-grounds, France utilised the advantageous depôt of St. Pierre as an aid in training her naval recruits. The cod industry was encouraged for two reasons: it yielded boundless riches,

and it afforded hardy practise for marine conscripts.

In 1884, St. Pierre was the premier fishing-port of the world. A visitor of that period, contributing to the *Century Magazine*, said of it, "Only at the wharves of Liverpool or New York can crowds of shipping be seen gathered in such dense masses of masts interlocked by ropes and yards." The commerce in salt and fish alone then approximated 40,000,000 francs a year. Each spring, passenger ships left the French coast towns of St. Malo, Dieppe and St. Brieuc for the little island on the other side of the sea. There the local fleet of fishing vessels was outfitted and despatched to the Banks with its Breton and Norman crews. When holds were full, schooners returned to land the fares of fish and take on new stores. While the fleet was away, fisher-wives and beach-boys spent their days on the gravel-flakes "making the cod." On every quintal of 112 pounds of fish the Government granted, and still grants, a bounty of nine francs, or about one-third the value of the catch. But in those royal days of thirty years ago St. Pierre had twice its present resident population of three thousand, and in addition, from May to October, ten thousand "Frenchmen from France" swarmed thither at enriching intervals. Everything they consumed was brought to the island and sold at a profit by merchants and shipowners whose swollen purses provided expensive

houses and living, whose children were sent abroad to be educated, and returned to adorn functions that reflected the lustre of Paris.

As St. Pierre's wealth had been drawn from finny depths, so it dwindled, not through lack of cod, but through want of small fish to bait them. For without herring upon the hook, what avail the hordes that swim the shallows of the Banks? Newfoundland was the traditional source of dependable bait supply, and Newfoundland, long resentful at having to compete in open market with French codders who benefited by a Government bonus, took her revenge. A law was enacted making it illegal for her fishermen to sell bait to any vessel of a foreign nation. Thus was accomplished the ruin of St. Pierre.

With the local run of bait uncertain, *armateurs* hesitated to engage and pay the transportation of the sailors from France. Gradually, new methods prevailed. Vessels outfitted in Brittany, secured periwinkle bait on the Banks, shipped their catch in brine direct to France by transports provided for the purpose, and called at St. Pierre only when in need of repairs or minor provisions.

A fleet of one hundred and fifty brigs, brigantines and barkentines now leaves France in normal years for the Banks. Besides, there are twenty trawlers or more which have no need for bait, but like their brothers of the North Sea, trail cornucopia nets behind them.

The village "journal of Social Democracy," *La Vigie*, in its issue of June sixth, 1914, comments editorially that the colony of St. Pierre-Miquelon, "sole débris of our important possessions in New France," is to-day on the point of vanishing completely. Said a shop-keeper as he gazed at impoverished shelves, "We are only poor relations now, hanging to the skirts of France. Our flakes are bare, the wharves where vessels once ranged in a treble row stern to stem are nearly deserted. If our *patrie* contrives no new industries for us, then we must find occupation elsewhere, as hundreds of us have already done — some in Canadian mines and factories, some in Gloucester and Lynn. We Miquelonais do not like Canada, the land from which our ancestors were expelled by British usurpers. Nor do we forget that we owe all our misfortune to the vengeance of a British colony. Most of us, like the Acadians, will find our refuge in America. Our island will be left alone with its staring houses."

Despite predictions justified by the present state of commerce, new projects are being discussed for the sustenance of the colony, and beach and wharves still show activities fostered by the presence of an ever-changing fleet. Each year, many English vessels as well as French are placed under the economical and expert hands of St. Pierre workmen. As we walked one morning along the harbour road, the air was lively with the tapping

of riveters renewing the plates of a rusted prow. On the dock near-by was a group squatted about a heap of ruddy sails that ruddier hands struck the needle through. Other groups were sorting cod on the deck of *Our Lady of Good News.* In dusky sheds, bare-footed girls laughed and sang as they shovelled pyramids of Cadiz salt into barrows for other girls to wheel to outgoing ships. Constantly we marvelled at the speech of even these humble natives of St. Pierre who have no uncouth accent or *patois* but speak the pure tongue of Tours and Orléans.

On the road to Galantry there are shops fragrant with tar and oakum, where anchors and hard-tack are sold by the pound, squid-hooks by the card, and rope by the metre. In this direction are the premises of a corporation euphoniously known as The French Codfish, *La Morue Française.* Besides flocks of trawlers, *goëlettes* and cod transports, it owns a great drying-plant at Fécamp, near St. Malo on the Norman coast.

A stony hill behind the company's warehouses surveys the town, rising from its mast-fringed water-front to cheerless terraces. As a "symbol and work of faith" there stands above this village of fading hope a crucifix on a far-seen mound. Beyond a ravine are other mounds and crosses enclosed by a fence — a "sad colony" that the grave-blaster will guide you about. He blasts because one cannot dig rock, and St. Pierre is an

island whose ribs are stone beneath a veil of earth. He blasts in summer because the frost and the rock together defy his tools in winter-time. So you find him in July preparing the sometime bed of one knows not who — his own perhaps, as he reminds you.

Catholic and Protestant lie in the common plot. One corner is reserved for sailors; the graves of the shipwrecked are marked by nameless crosses.

A fog winds in from the Atlantic, and we hasten down to the quay where yard-arms stretch dark and stiff in the mist and moisture stains the flagging. Before the despatch board of the French Cable office a group of black-shawled women is discussing the report that an Emperor's heir has been murdered. "A bad business," they murmur, knowing no more than the rest of the world, what a very bad business it should prove to be.

Some one taps on the window. "*Entrez mes amis!* There are fresh cables — a fine wedding for Madame, *la boxe* for Monsieur. . . ." It is forbidden, this "leaking" of small news, but if one has spent an amiable evening with the director who is one's landlady's brother-in-law, rules need not be too strictly kept.

In the grimy booth we hear that the French cabinet is in difficulties, that Carpentier has invaded Britain, and a submarine has gone down — to stay. Opinions are launched and disputed, argument runs high among the loungers in the office.

Only a stalwart with his back to the winking stove says nothing. He is a grappler just in from a job at splicing, from the deck of a repair-ship, two finger-thick cables leagues down in the sea. Laws and athletics are tame talk to him.

When we go out again to the Quai de la Roncière the fog has passed and the sun is pushing through. St. Pierre's gloomy moods are not always so quickly dispelled. Often she sulks in a mist for days together, but through the late summer one may be reasonably sure of bright days.

A brusque wind makes sport of hats and petticoats as we cross the broad pavement. Café doors slam shut on drinking sailors; oxen, drawing carts which move on Roman wheels of wood, bend still lower their wool-padded heads; on the landing, an old dame in long cape and muslin bonnet waits shiveringly for the boat to Dog Island. But no one complains of the wind, for it rends the fog, bane of St. Pierre.

The Governor's Residence, a modest mansion flanked by offices of the island's bureaucracy, is on a parterre fronting the harbour. One called merely an Administrator has succeeded to the chief office, and even his powers are not infrequently confided now to a lesser official. Though the rank of the appointee from Paris has declined with St. Pierre's glory, France maintains an appearance of maternalism in suave cablegrams which deceive no one, but which explain with what care the Govern-

ment is considering the choice of a new and worthy head for the neglected colony.

The Island of St. Pierre, the Isle aux Chiens and Miquelon Island have each a municipal council elected by the townsfolk. The mayor is chosen by the council and serves without compensation in the liberal way Latin mayors seem to do. The civic head to whom we paid our *devoirs* came by appointment from his clerk's desk at The French Codfish to receive in the municipal sanctum. Politics rage with fervour in St. Pierre. We knew that the gentleman who was at the moment occupying the official swivel chair had been the candidate of the family Légasse, who control *La Morue Française*, and have at least two fingers in every St. Pierre pie.

The wedding salon of the *Mairie* was arrayed in green dust sheets quite discouraging to sentiment. "November is the marriage month," explained the mayor, and cited the thrifty reason that in November the fishing season is ended and would-be grooms know better then the state of their finances.

In St. Pierre's heyday, this chamber witnessed many unions between Newfoundland girls of Irish descent and native lovers who made them a home on the island, or took them back to Brittany, there to bear a Franco-Celtic progeny which is represented now among crews of visiting fishermen. The maids of Burin and St. Lawrence emigrated as servants to the great houses of St. Pierre and

had a share in the life of a generation ago. Now one finds them in the public wash-house, or spreading fish to dry for winter use, or stringing cod tongues for their French-speaking children to sell. The cartloads of tongues, cheeks and sounds which the little hucksters vend are drawn by dog-teams, harnessed with rope and gingham-bound collars and bitted with a straight twig of wood. The dogs of Miquelon merit an ode to their fortitude and docile sagacity. Most of them boast a strain of that Newfoundland breed of which even a trace seems to ennoble the most outlandish of mongrels. Nearly all fishing vessels carry dogs as retrievers of cod which fall from the deck in loading; as fog detectors — it is said they can scent approaching vapour as well as land — and as augurs of good luck. When the master puts out to his vessel, Jacko swims after, though the distance may be upwards of a mile and the water wintry cold.

One comes to the beach where the dory fishermen land their daily catch by following the Street of the Army of Italy, which begins at the north end of the quay. On the way, one passes the three cannon which overlook the channel, and which comprise the last French armament in North America. The antiquated trio was formerly a quartette. But upon the occasion of a national fête a patriot thought to discharge a blast, and annihilated both the gun and himself in doing so. Thus he attained

THE QUAY AT ST. PIERRE-MIQUELON, WITH DOG ISLAND BEYOND.

The Procession of the Virgin, August Fifteenth

the distinction of being recorded the sole victim of this historic battery.

As the weather had been favourable for fishing, the wharves on the channel beach presented a characteristic picture when we strolled one day to the little cove to watch the unloading of the dory fleet. The gleaming cod were tossed from the bottom of capacious motor-boats to platforms about the workers' benches. Women with white kerchiefs tied about their heads helped in the various processes and lightened the somewhat sombre scene with their banter. On adjacent wharves long tables were devoted to the dressing of the tiny caplin which "strike in" each June or July, burdening the breakers, and littering the shore with stranded fins so that buckets are filled by being merely dipped in the surf. Fried fresh they excel in tastiness the smelt or sardine. Salted and dried they are in demand in the delicate-eating shops of Paris at a sou apiece. Their preparation is mainly carried on by women, and by Breton beach-boys who come out to serve a year on shore before spending another two years on the Banks to complete their naval apprentice-ship.

Many of these boys speak the language of Brittany, which resembles English more than French. "Count for M'sieur and Madame," urged his employer of one who stood stockily in his sabots before a fish-laden table. When he complied, to the amusement of his nudging companions, we could

understand nearly every number from one to twelve. The *patron* of the Breton boys was Basque. He courteously demonstrated the throaty difficulties of Eskuara, the rugged tongue of the mountain dwellers on the shores of Biscay Bay.

There was another Basque. We saw him first in the uniform of the "Suisse" at the ceremony of the First Communion in the white church on the square. Cocked hat and gold-braided coat were no grander than his stride. At proper moments he brought his sacristan's staff ringingly to the floor. When veiled little figures defiled beneath pended models of sailing-ships, which hang in this church of St. Peter as they hang in the fanes of Normandy and Brittany, Jean-Baptiste led off, significant in bearing and array of the dignity of Church and State. "I should like to see him on a week-day," said one, following with respect the departing figure. "Do you imagine he carries such pomp into every circumstance?"

The next day, a sunny Monday, we were on the hill road which runs below the ruin of the old barracks when we heard at some distance the heavy plod of oxen's feet and the chiding of a driver. The camera was hastily uncased. "*Arretez, s'il vous plait . . . un moment*—" as the attelage hove round the corner. The wheels paused. Readily the driver gave permission to make the photograph, which, so it appeared, he had long desired, for he loved his *boeufs*,—which were of

course not his at all but his employer's, who sold coal to the villagers. However, when one walked all day beside the patient brutes, what would you? They became like one's own, was it not so?

We heard in a daze. Cap and baggy breeches, slothful gait, rough shoes, warming smile — to what had our "Suisse" descended? For him it was we had so peremptorily halted. Obligingly he drew the oxen toward the sun and posing his elbow on a glossy back, shouldered his goad. "*C'est bien?*" he inquired, and without being asked looked pleasant.

When the exposure was made we took his address. "Jean-Baptiste Barnèche, St. Pierre-Miquelon,— only it is unnecessary to write more than Baptiste," he added with a hint of the Sunday air. "Every one knows me, the sacristan." Gently he prodded a flank. "*Bon jour, M'sieu, Bon jour, M'dame.* I shall look for the picture you have promised."

"*Bon jour,* Monsieur Barnèche," we answered, recalling the ring of a staff and blare of gold.

"*Hu dia!*" he summoned the oxen. Then looking back, "In this way Basque drivers everywhere address their *bêtes.*"

"That explains the manners, the versatility, the honest smile," said my companion as we continued up-hill. "He is Basque."

On the way to the first height that tops the town, palings were decked with multi-coloured woollens hung there by women who busily paddled and

rinsed, each in an individual pool which had been made by the damming of a juvenile stream. From the peak of the hill, the bare summits of the Sentinel and the Sugar Cone were in full view behind us. Below was the ocean, level to-day as a pavement of lasuli laid to the round rim of the sky. The vast interval between sky and ocean was filled with a blue lustre characteristic of these northern summer seas.

Wild flowers grew feebly in the scant earth about us. We were at pains not to crush them knowing with what effort they had bloomed at all. The few gardens of St. Pierre are enriched each spring by mould brought from Newfoundland in the holds of fishing-boats. On our way down hill we lingered to flatter a patch of zinnias inside a decrepit gate. The one who had planted them came out of the house. She looked as French as any Pierraise, but she was a Terra Novan who spoke English with a French accent. It was her boys we had photographed as they toiled up hill with a hand-barrow full of linen, aided by a dog tethered at the side. "What had the *étrangers* meant by 'Turn around' and 'Hold still'?" they had run to her to ask, so she related, untying her head *mouchoir* as if by so doing to fix more firmly her claim to British birth. As we talked she told us of the St. Pierre vessel that had foundered years before. Thirty-six fathers had been drowned, her husband among them. Her eldest son was now at sea.

"On windy nights we mothers lie awake," she said . . . "Did you hear the wind last night?" No, we answered, ashamed to have slept so calmly.

"Do the wives and mothers of fishermen never get used to the worry?" we asked, feeling very unlearned in sorrow in this woman's presence.

"Never used to it. But if there has been a storm and the boats are late in coming in, we don't give up so quickly as others might. 'Hopes from the sea, never from the grave,' we say, and keep heart till wreckage drifts ashore, or somehow we *know*."

In the American consulate there is a chart which displays in vivid manner the frequency with which the shores of these islands have witnessed the last hours of tortured ships. Langlade and Miquelon are joined by a bar where until a hundred years ago the tide swept through. The map designates by a series of dots the wrecks which have occurred on this shoal alone. There are double rows of such dots on either side the sand-bank. Vessels approached thinking to pass between the islands, and went to their fate. Over the dead hulks the sand has crept to form a heavy shroud, and one walks over them as over sunken graves in a cemetery.

The mail-boat makes the 30-mile trip to Miquelon on stated days, calling at Langlade on the way. The farms and lobster-pots of the latter supply produce for St. Pierre tables, and its streams being famous for their trout, officials and employés of

the Government and of the two cable stations — the French and the Anglo-American — come here to spend their holidays.

The town of Miquelon is laid out along a single street and has a population of about five hundred. Most settlers chose St. Pierre as a residence because of the harbour.

Dog Island, a mile distant from St. Pierre, is a sprawling flat of land humped in the middle and strewn with rocks, drying-flakes, fisher huts and drowsy dogs, whose numbers give the island its name.

The village kindergarten had just been dismissed as we arrived opposite the shop of Madame Auguste Pinson, who for thirty-nine years has taught school behind the shop. Her pupils having been duly posed, with a few mothers hovering on the border, we were pressed to view the school-room where walls were ringed with four-inch benches, and adorned with the injunctions, "Never lie," and "Love your parents," together with other mottoes equally calculated to affect the morals of little Dog Islanders.

Returning across the harbour we hailed a boat-load of fishermen rowing to the French vessel whose banner of smoke foretold early departure. They waved flat blue caps at our bobbing launch, happy deep-chested fellows who, though no one guessed it then, were soon to be ordered home to a sterner task than setting trawls and baiting hooks.

As their ship went to sea, we knew eyes would turn, as do the eyes of all who leave and approach St. Pierre, toward the niche in the cliff where the Virgin of the Waves stands serenely above the coast road to Cap à l'Aigle. It was among the crags of this point of land that there appeared to Chateaubriand the sailor-girl to whom he refers in *d'Outre Tombe* as his "Cap à l'Aigle sweetheart."

We sauntered the road to the Eagle's Cape; we drove behind one of the island's few horses to the hamlet of Savoyard, where the odour of curing cod betrays the vocation of its inhabitants; we climbed and descended steeps to the shelter where the Anglo-American cable rises out of the sea; we visited the cable quarters where messages are relayed from New York and Duxbury to Heart's Content on the Newfoundland coast, and thence to England.

One evening, above the toot and boom of the village band practising *Sambre et Meuse* for an approaching holiday, came the wailing alarm of the fire trumpet. In a moment, the road below our hinged windows was alive with running feet. "*Feu! Feu!*" the women cried, while husbands lent a hand with the water-cart and little boys raced up and down to point the way. An empty house had caught fire. The blaze was soon drowned. The town was apprised of the fact by the ringing of the church bell, and the desisting of the horn. But long after bed hour excited voices

bore up to us the meagre details of the conflagration.

The holy days of the Church are observed with true French ardour. On Corpus Christi Day the route of the procession from one street altar to another is marked by a brave showing of damask and fine linen hung on outer walls in lieu of the silken draperies of more affluent communities. At the Feast of the Mother of God on August fifteenth banners are borne through the town in fulfillment of a vow made at the burning of the old church a decade ago. In March a service is held by the island fishermen to ask a blessing upon the coming season, and in November thanks are given for what the season has brought forth.

There is no theatre to furnish frivolous amusement; even the cinema impresario has deserted St. Pierre for a more lucrative field. The Fall of the Bastille is celebrated by parades of French marines and receptions to visiting officers. Dog Island is host on a Sunday in August at the blithest function of the year when the greased pole and sack race vie in hilarity with games of more essentially local invention.

The salons of the Cafés de Joinville, du Midi and Biarritz which were formerly bright with balls and sprightly cabarets are dull now except at the "green hour" when merchants and officials gather to discuss news dripped by the cables, or announced at street corners by the paid crier of auctions,

sales, lost articles, rewards and municipal decrees.

Shopping in St. Pierre is a profitable pursuit provided one's wallet is filled with American coin or bank-notes. Though articles are priced in francs and centimes, the currency of the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, England and Switzerland is accepted, and change is made in any one or all of these. Strangely, very little French money is in circulation, and a bonus of two per cent. is demanded on French gold wherewith to pay customs fees. An American dollar, silver or paper, is worth 108 sous. Observe then: one enters the Bureau des Postes near the square and tenders an American quarter of a dollar in payment for stamps approximating in French money 1 franc, 25 centimes. Instead of taking a discount on the foreign coin, the uniformed representative of the Government returns with the stamps two copper sous. With these two sous another stamp may be purchased which has a carrying value of two American cents.

Again, one yearns for a certain chocolate bar, made in the States and sold there for five cents. St. Pierre shops offer the confection at five sous each. You buy two for ten sous, and receive in change for a fifty-cent piece, forty-four sous, instead of the forty expected. Four sous is the price of a siphon of soda which if desired will be sent to your door as a bonus on two bars of American candy, whose cost is less here than in the States.

For no apparent reason, French tobacco which

sells for a franc the package in Paris may be had in St. Pierre for half the amount, unless the supply is low, when a bounty of ten or twenty centimes is asked until a ship comes in.

We found stores lacking certain stocks because of the loss of the *Marie-Amélie,* which had sailed from France with the spring orders of the island merchants and had disappeared with its crew — had never reached its haven. A favourite brand of cigarettes, the *Elegantes Jaunes,* were wanting — "*Je regrette, Monsieur — la Marie Amélie, vous savez* —" And the re-order had not yet arrived. So every one smoked something else until shelves could be replenished. There was a certain kind of silk. We searched for it in the tidy shops, but always came the answer, "Ah, yes — there should be bolts of it — *mais, la Marie-Amélie* . . ."

It was the same with French biscuits at Madame Littaye's whose establishment is a little Louvre from perfume to hats; and with Fourteenth of July lanterns at Monsieur Briand's, who makes photographs, besides selling butter and Algerian wine; and with the buttons needed for a coat. The loss of the *Marie-Amélie* affected rather keenly our shopping tours. But increased, also, the sense of romance and tragedy which pervades isolated St. Pierre.

TOURIST TOWNS AND RESORTS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES

POPULATION * — HOTELS † — BANKS ‡

(The presence of an American Consulate or Consular Agency is designated thus ¶)

NOVA SCOTIA

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Amherst; pop., 9000; hotel, St. Regis.

Annapolis Royal ¶; pop., 1000; hotel, Hillsdale and cabins.

Antigonish; pop., 1780; hotel, Royal George.

Arichat, Isle Madame (20 miles from Mulgrave by boat); hotel, Commercial.

Baddeck (12 miles from Iona by boat); pop., 1700 (district); hotels, New Bras d'Or, Telegraph.

* Where population of towns is not given, figures are not available in Canadian census volume, 1911. Population of Nova Scotia, 492,338; New Brunswick, 351,889; Prince Edward Island, 93,728.

† Hotels are conducted on the American plan. Principal hotels in Halifax, Sydney, Yarmouth, St. John and Charlottetown charge $2.50–$3.50 a day up; smaller hotels and boarding-houses, $2–$2.50. Rates in other important towns and at frequented resorts, $2–$4 a day (average $2–$2.50); $8–$10–$12–$20 a week. Hotels and boarding-houses in unimportant villages, on farms and at sportsmen's retreats, $1–$1.50 a day; $5–$7–$8 a week. Whenever possible, essentially commercial hotels have been excluded from this list in favour of those best suited to fill the needs of the tourist and sojourner. The Intercolonial, Dominion Atlantic and Halifax and Southwestern Railway vacation folders give the address of numerous private boarding-houses and camps.

‡ In most Provincial towns branches will be found of at least one of the banks given opposite principal places in this list.

Barrington; hotels, Barrington House, McMullen's.

Barrington Passage; pop., 750; hotel, Victoria.

Bear River; hotels, Bear River, Commercial.

Bedford (9 miles by rail from Halifax); pop., 1100; hotel, Costen.

Bridgetown; pop., 1000; hotel, St. James.

Bridgewater ¶; pop., 2775; hotel, Clark's, Fairview; banks, Royal, Montreal, Commerce.

Caledonia; hotels, Alton, Camp Rossignol.

Canning; pop., 600; hotel, Waverley.

Canso (20 miles from Mulgrave by boat) ¶; pop., 1600; hotels, Wilmot, Hilton.

Centreville, Digby Neck (reached by road from Digby or boat from Weymouth); hotel, Dakins.

Chester; pop., 1000; hotels, Hackmatack Inn and cottages, Lovett, Columbia, Venture, Pinehurst, Carroll furnished bungalows.

Cheticamp (Eastern Harbour); hotels, Mrs. Lawrence's, Royal.

Church Point, Clare; hotel, Comeau's Boarding House.

Clark's Harbour, Cape Sable Island (steam ferry from Barrington Passage); hotels, Sea View, Symonds.

Deep Brook (9 miles by rail from Digby); hotel, Sea Breeze.

Dartmouth; pop., 5000; hotel, Thorndyke.

Digby ¶; pop., 1250; hotels, New Lour Lodge, annex and cottages, Myrtle, Manhattan, Trefry, Columbia, Winchester; bank, Royal.

Freeport, Long Island, St. Mary's Bay (boat from Weymouth and Tiverton, Digby Neck); hotel, Morrell's.

French Village; hotel, Dundella (6 miles from station).

Glace Bay (9 miles from Sydney); pop., 16,500.

Grand Pré (3 miles by rail from Wolfville); hotels, private houses in the village, Prairie View Farm.

Grand Narrows; hotel, Grand Narrows.

Guysboro (24 miles by road from Heatherton; 30 miles by boat from Mulgrave); pop., 1000; hotel, Grant.

Halifax ¶ (Office Board of Trade Tourist Committee 231 Hollis Street); pop., 47,000; hotels, Queen, Halifax, Elmwood, Waverley, Hillside Hall, Grosvenor, Birch-

dale and Azimghur (North West Arm); banks, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank of Canada, Bank of Nova Scotia, Union Bank, Bank of British North America.

Hawkesbury; pop., 680; hotels, Farquhar, American.

Hubbards; hotel, Gainsborough and cabins.

Ingonish; hotel, Peters.

Inverness; pop., 2700; hotel, Imperial.

Kedgemakoogee Lake (35 miles by road from Annapolis; 12 miles from Caledonia); Rod and Gun Club House and cabins, Minard's Camp.

Kemptville (12 miles by road from Brazil Lake Station); Walton and Oakland Camps.

Kentville; pop., 2300; hotel, Aberdeen.

Kingsport; hotel, Central.

Little River, Digby Neck (by road from Digby or steamer from Weymouth); hotels, Hillcrest, Central.

Liverpool ¶; pop., 2100; hotel, Mersey.

Lockeport; pop., 780; hotel, Hillcrest.

Louisbourg ¶; pop., 1000; hotel, Louisbourg.

Lunenburg ¶; pop., 2600; hotel, King's.

Margaree Valley; hotel, Callie McLeod, Northeast P. O. (23 miles by road from Inverness; 28 miles from Baddeck; 13 miles from Margaree Harbour where steamer calls en route from Mulgrave to Cheticamp).

Mahone Bay; hotel, Royal.

Middleton; pop., 800; hotel, American.

Milford (15 miles by road from Annapolis); hotel, Milford and cabins.

Mulgrave ¶; pop., 770; hotel, Seaside.

New Glasgow; pop., 6300; hotel, Vendome.

North Sydney; pop., 5400; hotels, Vendome, Belmont.

Parrsboro ¶; pop., 2850; hotel, Grand Central.

Petite Rivière (20 miles by road from Bridgewater); hotel, Sperry,

Pictou; pop., 3200; hotel, Wallace.

Port La Tour (reached by road from Barrington); hotel, La Tour.

Port Maitland (12 miles by road from Yarmouth); hotel, Ellis.

Port Medway; hotels, Kempton, River Bank (Mill Village).

Port Mouton; hotel, Scotia.

Pubnico; hotel, Goodwin's.

Sandy Cove, Digby Neck (reached by road from Digby or boat from Weymouth); hotels, Sandy Cove House, Hillcote Farm, Bonnie Brae Croft.

Saulnierville, Clare; hotels, Potter's, Acadia Villa.

Shelburne; pop., 1400; hotel, Atlantic.

Sherbrooke (40 miles by road from Antigonish); pop., 500; hotel, Caledonia.

Smith's Cove (3 miles by rail from Digby); hotels, Harbour View, Out of the Way Inn, Argonaut Knoll and Shoemaker furnished cottages.

Springhill Junction; hotel, Lorne.

Stellarton; pop., 3900; hotel, Tremont.

St. Peter's; pop., 500; hotel, Morrison's.

Strathlorne, Lake Ainslie; Dunbar Farm, North Lake P. O. (4 miles from station by road).

Sydney ¶; pop., 18,000; hotels, Sydney, King George; banks, Montreal, Royal, Commerce, Nova Scotia.

Truro; pop., 6100; hotels, Stanley, Learment.

Tusket (10 miles by rail from Yarmouth); hotels, American, Killam's.

Westport, Brier Island, St. Mary's Bay (reached by boat from Weymouth or Yarmouth); hotels, Central, Morrell.

Weymouth; pop., 650; hotels, Goodwin's (Weymouth station), Bay Side Farm.

Whycocomagh (8 miles by road from Orangedale; 25 miles by boat from Baddeck); hotel, Bay View.

Windsor; pop., 3450; hotels, Victoria, Somerset.

Wolfville; pop., 1450; hotels, Acadia Villa, Kent Lodge, many private boarding-houses.

Woods Harbour; hotel, Harbour View.

Yarmouth ¶ (Office Board of Trade Tourist Committee, Main Street); pop., 6600; hotels, Grand, Bay View (opposite Yarmouth on an island), Markland (Cape

Fourchu), many private boarding-houses; banks, Nova Scotia, Royal, Montreal.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Bathurst; pop., 960; hotels, Robertson, White.
Bathurst Beach; Youghall Cottages (20).
Boiestown; hotel, Duffy's.
Bonny River; hotel, Bonny River.
Campbellton ¶; pop., 3800; hotels, St. Louis, Waverley.
Campobello Island, Bay of Fundy (16 miles from St. Andrews by boat); pop., 1400; hotels, Tyn-y-Coedd, Tyn-y-Mais, Owen.
Caraquet; hotel, chateau, Blanchard's.
Charlo; hotel, Bay Shore.
Chatham; pop., 4660; hotels, Touraine, Adams; banks, Montreal, Nova Scotia.
Dalhousie; pop., 1650; hotels, Inch Arran (on bay shore), Queen (in town).
Dorchester; pop., 1080; hotel, Windsor.
Edmundston ¶; pop., 1800; hotel, Royal.
Fredericton ¶ (Office Tourist Association, 608 Queen Street); pop., 7200; hotels, Barker, Queen; banks, Montreal, British North America, Nova Scotia, Royal, Commerce.
Gagetown; pop., 230.
Grand Falls; pop., 1580; hotels, Curless, Commercial.
Grand Manan Island, Bay of Fundy (reached by steamer from St. John's, Eastport and St. Andrews); hotels, inns and farmhouses at North Head, Whale Cove, Sprague's Cove and Grand Harbour.
Hampton; pop., 550; hotels, Wayside Inn, Riverview.
Lakeside, Hampton P. O. (Kennebecasis River); hotel, Prospect Knoll.
Matapedia, Quebec, see under Gaspé Shore.
McAdam Junction; hotel, McAdam (Canadian Pacific management).
Moncton ¶; pop., 11,300; hotel, Brunswick; banks, Nova Scotia, Montreal, Royal, Commerce.

Newcastle ¶; pop., 2900; hotel, Miramichi; banks, Nova Scotia, Royal.

Point du Chene; hotel, Point du Chene.

Rothesay; hotels, Kennedy, Hillhurst.

Sackville; pop., 2000; hotel, Brunswick.

Salisbury; pop., 300; hotel, Depot.

Shediac; pop., 1400; hotel, Weldon.

Shippegan; pop., 600; hotel, De Grace.

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea; pop., 987; hotels, New Algonquin, St. Andrews Inn (both under Canadian Pacific management).

St. George; pop., 990; hotel, Boyd's.

St. John ¶ (Office New Brunswick Tourist Association, 23 King Street); pop., 42,500; hotels, Royal, Victoria, Dufferin, Prince William, Clifton, Lansdowne House; banks, Bank of Montreal, Bank of Nova Scotia, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Royal Bank, Union Bank, Bank of British North America.

St. Leonards; pop., 1000; hotel, Cyr.

St. Martins; pop., 2800; hotel, St. Martins.

St. Stephen ¶; pop., 3100; hotels, Queen, Windsor; banks, Royal, Nova Scotia, British North America.

Sussex; pop., 1900; hotels, Maplehurst, Spruce Lodge.

Woodstock; pop., 3800; hotel, Carlisle.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Alberton; pop., 700; hotel, Albion Terrace.

Brackley Beach (by road from York or Hunter River); hotels, Shaw's, Sea View.

Cape Traverse; hotel, Railway.

Cardigan; hotels, Smith, Cardigan.

Charlottetown ¶ (Office Publicity Bureau, Royal Bank Building); pop., 11,200; hotels, Victoria, Queen, Rocky Point Dining-room and cottages; banks, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank, Bank of Nova Scotia.

Georgetown; pop., 1200; hotel, Aitken.

Hampton; hotel, Pleasant View.

Hunter River; hotel, Hunter River.
Kensington; hotel, Clark.
Malpeque; hotels, North Shore, Hodgson.
Montague; pop., 600; hotel, McDonald.
Mt. Stewart; hotels, Ross, Savoy.
Murray Harbour; hotels, Prowse, Albion.
Murray River; hotel, Hume.
Pownal; hotel, Florida.
Rustico (by road from Hunter River); hotel, Orby Point.
Souris; pop., 1000; hotel, Sea View.
St. Peter's; hotel, Bayview.
Stanhope (by road from Bedford); hotels, Cliff, Mutch's.
Summerside ¶; pop., 2600; hotel, Clifton; banks, Nova Scotia, Royal, Commerce.
Tracadie Beach (by road from Bedford); hotel, Acadia.

THE GASPÉ SHORE (QUEBEC)

Carleton; pop., 1000.
Gaspé; pop., 600; hotel, Baker's; banks, Toronto, Nationale.
Matapedia (New Brunswick frontier); pop. 600; new hotel building.
New Carlisle; pop., 1500; hotel, Caldwell's; banks, Nationale, Nova Scotia.
New Richmond; pop., 2500; hotel, Gauthier's.
Paspebiac ¶; pop., 500.
Percé (by road from Cape Cove or Caron's Crossing; by launch from Corner of the Beach); hotel, Percé Rock House.
Port Daniel; pop., 350; hotel, Le Grand.

NEWFOUNDLAND *

Population of the Colony, 1911, 238,000; of the Labrador coast, Blanc Sablon to Cape Chidley, 4000.

Bay Bulls; pop., 800; hotel, Fern.

* At places where no hotels are indicated board can usually be secured in private houses. At very few outports are there hotels of any sort, or even boarding-houses which an-

Bishop Falls; pop., 340.
Bonavista; pop., 3911.
Bonne Bay; pop., 1130.
Brigus; pop., 1160; hotel, Cabot.
Burgeo; pop., 1040.
Burin; pop., 500.
Cape Race; pop., 27.
Carbonear; pop., 3450.
Catalina; pop., 1000.
Channel; pop., 880.
Curling, Bay of Islands; pop., 600; hotel, Fisher's; bank, Montreal.
Doyle's; hotel, Doyle's.
Exploits; pop., 90.
Ferryland; pop., 480.
Fogo; pop., 800.
Gambo; pop., 340; hotel, Gambo.
Grand Bank; pop., 1600.
Grand Falls; pop., 1640; two new hotels.
Grand Lake; sportsmen's hotel.
Harbour Breton; pop., 600.
Harbour Grace; pop., 4300; hotel, Gordon Lodge.
Heart's Content; pop., 100.
Holyrood; pop., 600; hotel, O'Rourke.
Kelligrews; hotel, Anchorage.
Lewisporte; pop., 500; hotels, Lewisporte, Somerset.
Port-aux-Basques; pop., 350.
Placentia; pop., 560; hotel, Phippard's.
Renews; pop., 580.
Rose Blanche; pop., 680.
Salmonier; pop., 460; hotel, Riverside.

nounce themselves as such. The people of all classes are well-disposed toward strangers and willingly give assistance in finding accommodation. All things considered, terms throughout the colony are higher than in the Provinces. The rates at the sporting hotels on the railway are more reasonable in proportion to the service than at many less attractive houses. At Tompkins, Doyle's Stephenville Crossing, Spruce Brook and Grand Lake the minimum rates vary from $1.50 to $2.50 a day.

Spruce Brook; hotel, Log Cabin.

St. John's ¶; pop., 32,300; hotels, Crosbie, Balsam, Waterford Hall (on the outskirts); banks, Bank of Nova Scotia, Royal Bank, Bank of Montreal, Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Stephenville Crossing; pop., 150; hotel, St. George's.

Tilt Cove; pop., 800.

Tompkins, Little River; hotel, Tompkins.

Topsail; hotel, Seaside.

Torbay; hotel, Seaview.

Trepassey; pop., 650.

Trinity; pop., 500; hotels, Royal Oaks, Sea View.

Twillingate; pop., 3500.

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